

# THE ECLECTIC MAGAZINE

SEPTEMBER, 1905.

## CONTENTS.

Jerome, the Candidate: Two Views of the Man (with portrait).

### FOREIGN LITERATURE.

- I.—The Battle of the Sea of Japan.....*Quarterly Review*
- II.—Coryat, the First Tripper.....*Blackwood's Magazine*
- III.—The Plot of "Edwin Drood." By Andrew Lang.....*The Academy*
- IV.—Literary Associations of the American Embassy. By F. S. A. Lowndes.  
*Fortnightly Review*
- V.—Death. By Ebenezer Jones.....*The Academy*
- VI.—The Autobiography of a Wandering Friar. By G. G. Coulton.....  
*Nineteenth Century and After*
- VII.—The Woman Out of Scotland. By Stephen Gwyn.....*Blackwood's Magazine*
- VIII.—Germany and Her Subjected Races. By Erik Givskov..*Contemporary Review*
- IX.—From a College Window—II.....*Cornhill Magazine*
- X.—What Is Christianity? By Samuel McComb.....*Contemporary Review*
- XI.—The Dark Man. By Nora Chesson.....*Longman's Magazine*
- XII.—Crocodile Fishing. By George Maxwell.....*Blackwood's Magazine*
- XIII.—The White Peril. By George Lynch.....*Nineteenth Century and After*
- XIV.—The Down by Moonlight. By Ralph Hodgson.....*Saturday Review*
- XV.—Sweden and Norway.....*Quarterly Review*
- XVI.—In a Copy of "Ionica." By C. R. S.....*The Academy*
- Druella's Banburys.....*Bertrand W. Babcock*
- The Delicate Child.....*Harold D. Meeker, M. D.*
- The Editor's Miscellany.

THE ECLECTIC MAGAZINE, 116 NASSAU STREET,  
NEW YORK CITY.

Single Numbers, 25 Cents.

Yearly Subscription, \$3.00

Application made for entry as second-class matter at the New York Post Office.



Copyrighted, 1905, by R. Wilhelm.

**WILLIAM TRAVERS JEROME**  
FROM HIS LATEST PHOTOGRAPH.

# THE ECLECTIC MAGAZINE

VOL. 145.  
THIRD SERIES VOL. XIV.

SEPTEMBER, 1905.

No. 3.

## Jerome, the Candidate.

Two Views of the Man.\*

I.—By an Independent Sympathizer.

That the effort of a district attorney of one of the counties included in the city of New York to obtain a re-election should possess national significance is unprecedented. That such is the case, however, is shown by the instant attention given by the press of nearly the entire country to the recent appeal of William Travers Jerome over the heads of the politicians to the voters themselves to nominate and elect him for another term as District Attorney of New York County. Appeals for independent nomination by petition, regardless of the regular political parties, are not new. Denunciation of recognized political leaders as bosses is far from original. The effort of a public-spirited official, who has discharged his duty well but has not endeared himself to a party organization, to persuade the people to give him the second term which the politicians would deny him has many parallels in American public life. But that such an appeal, such a denunciation and such an effort should mark the deliberate course of a man whose fearlessness, honesty, efficiency and hold on the public mind had made him a valuable asset for any political campaign, a terror to evil-doers in the second city of the world, and a character of rapidly increasing national importance is without precedent. Should that appeal be crowned with success, it would mark the dawning of a new epoch in the development of free institutions. Here is Mr. Jerome's declaration of individual freedom in New York State politics:

"The most crying evil of the day is the solidarity of the political machine. The result is that a little group of men who control a convention stand between public officers and the people they are elected to serve. The only Democratic

\*Editor's Note.—The anonymity of the two monographs is due in each instance to the position of the writer.

organizations in this State which control any votes are Tammany Hall and the Brooklyn Democracy. The State machine is so weak that it is only waiting to be pushed off the earth. My quarrel, however, is not with parties—I am a Democrat—but with the principle which binds them together: the cohesive power of public plunder.”

Such a declaration, followed as it was by an appeal for independent support which would render him free of obligation to any political organization for his preferment in public life, is a blow to the corrupt power of money in politics. Success at the polls in November would put courage in the heart of many an honest but weaker official in many an American city, and put a corresponding damper upon the arrogance of the present masters of many a local political organization, whose methods have been doubtful and whose respect for public opinion has been lingering near the vanishing point.

In the formal announcement of his candidacy, Mr. Jerome recited that the party machinery and the nominating conventions were controlled by a small group of men, and not infrequently by a single man, who stood between the public servant and the voters, with the result that a man in public office had “to choose between a termination of his public career or subserviency to such a man or group of men.” “The public officer, as a consequence,” he declared, “frequently feels no responsibility to the people, but only to those who can secure for him a return to office or future promotion.

“In the exercise of their power such men and groups of men are wholly selfish, almost entirely irresponsible, and not infrequently corrupt.

“A man who works with such a group and receives favors at their hands comes under implicit obligations which cannot honorably be disregarded. He cannot take office by their favor and still be free to deal with them and their demands as obedience to his oath of office requires.

“The statements I have frequently made in public as to the duties of a citizen I believed, and still believe, to be true, and I am determined to act in accordance with them.

“Should the people of New York County desire me to serve them for four years more as District Attorney, I shall gladly accept at their hands the office. I shall feel that my obligation is to them, and I shall serve them faithfully and as efficiently as my abilities enable me.

“Should the command of the people be to retire from public office there will, of course, be no choice but to return to the practice of the law.

“But I do not propose to remain in office by the grace of any man or group of men such as I have indicated, and I shall retire from office only in consequence of the mandate of the people.

“When I say ‘the mandate of the people,’ I mean precisely that; and I know of no way, other than that provided by ‘the election law,’ of ascertaining what the people desire in such a matter.

“Therefore, if at the proper time there are two thousand electors in the county of New York who desire to have me again run for the office of District



Attorney of that county, I shall cause a petition to be filed nominating me for election to that office, and in this way submit it to the people of this county to say whether or not they desire me to serve them for another term in the office I now hold.

"To my friends it is not necessary to say that there have been absolutely no dealings with any political organization, political leader, or group of politicians with reference to my candidacy to this or any other office, and that I am now simply making public a purpose formed and communicated to a number of my friends as early as February of this year."

The boldness and the strength of Mr. Jerome's appeal are alike attested by the entire absence of any attempt by politicians to ridicule either the appeal or its chance of triumph. During his term of office as District Attorney, he has been under the fire of constant criticism by political opponents, by clergymen who opposed his demand for the license of liquor selling in restricted hours on Sunday, and by financiers of high personal character who were directors of corporations accused of obstructing efforts to reform the city.

One illustration of the fearless disregard of offending the cherished opinions of good men, when he believed they were blocking the pathway to better government, will be sufficient to show Mr. Jerome's courage, where a weaker man would have compromised to save himself from political extinction. He went before an assemblage of evangelical clergymen who had denounced his Sunday saloon ideas, and declared his conviction that a considerable majority of the voters of New York City wished to be able to buy alcoholic drinks on Sunday, and that the law on the statute books, because of the hypocrisy and cowardice of both political parties, was unenforced and a fruitful source of police blackmail. He pleaded for an amendment to the law in the interests of honesty and pure government, and put the clergymen to confusion by saying:

"If you refuse to aid me in amending the law so as to permit Sunday liquor selling, then you must aid me in going to the proper authorities to ask that the present law forbidding Sunday selling be vigorously enforced. Such an enforcement will bring amendment with it. If you 'duck' this proposition, I say that your action will commend neither your intelligence nor your integrity."

Since his accession to the District Attorneyship, he has witnessed the retirement of numerous police officials who were under fire, he has driven the well-known proprietors of large gambling houses out of business, he has co-operated in the successful war on policy gambling among the poor, he has reorganized the District Attorney's office and severed all connection between political influence and the prosecution of crime, he has striven to make dishonesty in business legally hazardous and he has maintained a headquarters in the heart of the tenement district where the wronged and the ignorant might come for justice and advice. By his public appeal for re-election he has struck a blow at political bossism in the large cities of the United States, which

will not be underestimated by those who realize that in the future of the cities lies the future of the country.

---

## II.—BY A POLITICAL OPPONENT.

If honesty, courage and a thorough disregard for the organization leaders of political parties constitute the sole essential equipment of a successful man in public life, it may be granted that William Travers Jerome has arrived. His methods and his achievements, his failures and his shortcomings are a matter of acute concern to the people because of his appeal over the heads of nominating conventions to the suffrages of the people. To many patriotic citizens, who believe that the greatness of American institutions is closely associated with the principle that ours is a government of laws and not of men, New York's District Attorney stands as a product of one of the most perilous tendencies of the time.

Those who have not been fascinated with his appeal to local prejudices, his denunciation of an entire political organization for the sins of a few who were quickly deprived of their power for harm by that same organization, and his never-ending prominence in the newspaper limelight of the metropolis, have often asked themselves what are the mainsprings of Mr. Jerome's public career, if they are not to be found centered in a consuming care for the future of William Travers Jerome. No American, truly impregnated with the spirit of his country's need for a union of high ambition and honor in her sons, would be otherwise than proud of evidences of either quality in those who desire political preferment. But if Mr. Jerome's public appeal for office is to be regarded as deserving of approval because of the manner of its making, what becomes of the American belief that the office should seek the man? What becomes of the notion that he is a stronger and broader man who must be sought after and persuaded that his fellow-men desire him to serve them?

Again, if a clear title to political preferment is to be won by constant declarations in favor of square dealing and a determination to exact human perfection in others on pain of instant public condemnation, is it to be concluded that Father Knickerbocker is a modern Diogenes, who after years of vain search can at last without the aid of a lantern gaze upon one honest man? If it is to be doubted whether even Mr. Jerome's enthusiastic adherents are prepared to follow to a conclusion the logical inferences of his public attitude towards his contemporaries in politics.

The broad principles of city, State and federal government have received slight contribution from Mr. Jerome. Declaring himself a Democrat, he yet shows no hesitation to disapprove of some of the cardinal tenets of the political creed of Thomas Jefferson. A prominently discussed candidate for the Democratic nomination for Governor of the State of New York which went to Judge Herrick a year ago, Mr. Jerome's views on the question of taxation and other State political problems were practically unknown. Those who urged his nomination at the time seemed to stand on a platform of one plank, "The Man, Never Mind the Issues."

Elected to his present office by voters in a time of moral wrath, which was fanned by his own stump speeches of extreme indignation, his denunciation of opponents as lawbreakers and the declaration of his intention to start a procession of official evil-doers to prison, his nearly four years of service as the prosecuting officer of New York County have been strikingly barren of final results. The kaleidoscopic nature of public interest and the rapidity with which Mr. Jerome has associated himself boldly with each new cause that seems to call for fearless endeavor, have combined to shield from the general public the poverty of results, as compared with the announcements of high intentions.

Perhaps the most marked consequence of the campaign which placed the District Attorney in office was seen during the first two years of his term, when the city government of New York was in the hands of men elected on the same platform with him. The ante-election denunciations of the previous city government had convinced the voters that their public affairs were being conducted shamelessly and their virtue dragged in the mire. The desire of the new officials was to make a public show of punishing the men who had held the power of the city government. So difficult did they find it to obtain legal substantiation of their indiscriminate charges that soon spectacular raids and wholesale arrests became the programme, in order to make the public believe that the city was being purified. To such extent was this line of action pursued that the old notion of a man's house as his castle was treated as simply the defensive plea of that element of the community with which all decent citizens could have no sympathy. Raid followed raid, despite the instant dismissal of case after case in court, until in what was an honest desire to check the worse element of a great city, precedents were fast becoming established which would tend to deprive honorable citizens of any redress for unwarranted invasion of their houses by the city police or county criminal authorities. A year's record, which showed an increase of police oppression in geometrical progression towards its close, brought this protest from Supreme Court Justice William J. Gaynor:

"The idea that the police may trample under foot the law regulating their conduct, in order to make other people observe the law regulating theirs, is strange indeed. It is wholly inconsistent with free government and belongs to despotism.

"There seem to be more lawless and brutal arrests and house invasions than ever before in the city of New York. Within a few weeks over 1,000 persons, men and women, have been arrested in batches and locked up over night, without being even so much as accused by the police or any one else of any criminal acts whatever. Many of these people were mere visitors to the city, who stepped into the cafe of some licensed place, and in a little while found themselves locked up for the night. The recent lawless and brutal arrest and incarceration in that way of 126 persons in Manhattan is only a sample. The captain and a retinue of his policemen arrested these people at the cigar counter and bar and seated at tables in the cafe on the street floor of a hotel open to the public under a license from the State, and where any one had a right to be. They did not let a soul escape.

"The prisoners being arraigned in court the following morning, the magistrate asked the captain: 'What charge do you make against these prisoners?'

"'I make no charge,' answered the captain.

"'Then why did you arrest them and bring them here?' asked the magistrate.

"'To suppress vice,' answered the captain, wholly unconscious, appar-

ently, that there are more vices than one, and that he was guilty of a most dangerous vice by his lawless conduct.

"Did you see them commit any criminal offense?" inquired the magistrate.

"No," said the captain.

"The magistrate told him he had committed a great wrong. He could have told him that he had committed a grave crime of oppression, defined in the penal code, and held him for trial therefor. In the same way a batch of seventy were arrested while seated at tables in a public restaurant licensed by the State over here in Brooklyn, locked up over night and discharged by a magistrate next morning for lack of any charge against them. No one knows why they were raided and arrested. They were in a restaurant which is a rival of another restaurant for after-theatre custom. Are the police to serve one rival by extinguishing the other?"

"Batches of 63 persons, 230 persons and so on through a long list were recently treated in the same way in Manhattan."

The degeneration of democracy into despotism has seldom been anything but gradual, and its usual downward stimulus has been given by the people themselves, who in their desire to see real abuses corrected have pardoned and even lauded officials who have taken it upon themselves to invade the rights of individuals as the only, and therefore to them justifiable, means of getting what they hope the courts will receive as incriminating evidence against the prisoners they make. It is a trite saying that eternal vigilance is the price of liberty, but it behooves the American public to bear in mind that history is full of illustrations of the fact that the invasion of liberty in a good cause by one generation of officials becomes the legal justification of tyranny for selfish and unworthy purposes by the next generation of officials. To many thoughtful lovers of their country the present tendency to lose sight of the necessity of preserving a free government in order to accomplish the destruction of political abuses bids fair to substitute for the grave need of cleaner politics the future peril of a government by men superior to the restraint of laws drawn to safeguard individual liberty.

Of this tendency Mr. Jerome stands as a type in the minds of many, who have watched the popularity of his course with serious forebodings of its future significance. The vice of arbitrary exercise of power outweighs all other vices in its influence upon not only the growth of a democratic community, but its very democratic character, its guarantee of free government. Distinguished and powerful members of such a community are plotting to undermine the foundation on which their own prosperity rests, when they fail to denounce the invasion of the equal rights of the weak and the unfortunate. That officials have not brought about a cessation of evil practices is due to no remissness of their duty, provided that they have exhausted all the powers entrusted to them by the people on statute books. The period of police lawlessness in behalf of aims, good in themselves, which followed the propaganda of the campaign that elected Mr. Jerome District Attorney, is a serious subject for thoughtful consideration, when the man, to whom the reform victory of 1901 in New York City was largely due, appeals directly to the voters for another term of office. Especially is this true when it is realized that a sweeping indorsement of Mr. Jerome at the polls would probably have large consequences for not only his own political future in the State of New York and perhaps in the nation, but also the tendency to substitute his ways of doing things for the individualism which has made America great.

## FOREIGN LITERATURE.

### The Battle of the Sea of Japan.

(From the Quarterly Review.)

#### (I.) THE NAVAL LESSON.

**I**T is too much the fashion to regard naval warfare as a mere matter of strategy and tactics, forgetful of the fact that the greatest genius in the world, born to command, can never retrieve a long series of administrative blunders. The French navy in the Revolutionary war was a signal example, for administration was in an especial degree responsible for its inefficiency. In the mutiny of the *Nore*, and in the improvement in the condition of our navy due to the reforms of fifty years ago, we ourselves have received emphatic warning of what administration can achieve for good or evil in a fighting profession. It is a commonplace that in a navy the command is everything, that the efficiency of a ship depends on her captain, and that of a fleet on the admiral; but it is not so clearly recognized that the Admiralty, with the Cabinet behind it, is the supreme authority whose vivifying influence should animate the whole body of the profession. The efficiency of the navy is the direct result of their combined wisdom as translated into action in the fleets and dockyards.

Of Russia it might be said, as Macaulay once wittily described a phase of our own history, that only the Tsar could be the head of the navy, for he was the only person who could be trusted not to rob the Tsar. It was administration

that was responsible when, for corrupt reasons, the attempt was made to build a navy with Russian materials, under a protective system such that the ships cost 50 per cent. more than those ordered by Japan in England. To some nations difficulties are a spur to further exertions, to others they are an excuse for doing nothing. It is evident from the attempt to train a navy for only four months in the year, and and this too at child's play resembling that of the young princes in their brig on Virginia Water, that the climatic conditions of the Baltic were made an excuse for doing nothing. In a year of war the Black Sea fleet's training began as late as June 17; and the result last year, as this year, was mutiny. Oceanic training, then, was wanting to the Russians; and no more signal illustration of the value of such training could be given than the utter failure of the Russian gunnery in the last great battle because the sea was rough. If, instead of devoting his attention to nursing a number of subsidiary and useless fighting craft to their far-off destination, the Russian admiral had concentrated all his attention on the battle training of his best ships, much better results might have been attained.

The Russian navy, officers and men, was incompetent; and the blame of such incompetence must be laid on the nation itself. When two such navies as the Russian and Japanese are pitted



against each other, in fairly balanced material strength, the result is a foregone conclusion. Material strength is an important element of comparison; but, with the immense cost of battleships and armored cruisers, with war-training translated into the expenditure on coal bills and ammunition, this material strength depends on the earning power of the nation and the wise administration of its financial resources. So we are once more driven to finding the source of naval strength or of its deficiency in the nation itself.

Many considerations lead one to think of the battle of Trafalgar in connection with Togo's victory in the Sea of Japan. The two battles formed the culminating and decisive points of great naval campaigns whose influence extended far beyond the sea to the interior of continents where armies stood face to face. The crushing disabilities with which the Russian admiral weighted his chance of success when he attached an armada of more than doubtful vessels to his seven battleships, have no parallel in Trafalgar; but Villeneuve at least worked under one great handicap in the well-known difficulty of combined action which attaches to every naval alliance and even to a junction of any two fleets which have not previously manoeuvred together. If we suppose that the third Baltic squadron brought something more than the apparent accession of strength which the mere mention of its eighteen heavy guns might suggest, it would still remain true that it reduced the speed, coal-endurance, and manoeuvring power of the squadron, and was in the position of a doubtful ally of whom the Russian admiral knew next to nothing.

In both battles the nominal superiority of gun-fire rested with the defeated fleets. A French 74-gun ship fired a considerably heavier broadside than a British 74; and the French and Spanish guns were of greater smashing power than those of similar calibre in Nelson's fleet. The number of guns, according to the rates of the ships, showed a superiority for Villeneuve's fleet of 22 per cent. In the battle of the Sea of Japan, the Russian armored fleet, if we reckon its strength in a similar way, had a de-

cided superiority. Regarded from the point of view of a long-range action, the mere enumeration of guns, without consideration of the training and morale of the men, the efficacy of the weapons and the designs of the ships, would have led to erroneous forecasts of the result. Apart from better handling and greater speed, the superiority of Togo's fleet in battle lay in aim and rapidity of fire, just as did that of the British fleet at Trafalgar, when they fired nearly twice as fast as their opponents, and nearly every shot told. As a matter of fact Togo's ships did not attempt to fire so rapidly as their opponents, but strove to make every shot tell.

The ablest judges before the battle paradoxically declared that the Baltic fleet stood its best chance if it went forward at once, shedding all its slow vessels, transports and other impedimenta, such as destroyers, and concentrated the coal on the efficient battleships. Rozhdestvensky's distrust of the training of his crews no doubt operated to prevent this. Moreover, the attraction of Vladivostok was as fatal as that of Port Arthur had been. The sailor who goes into action with a view to having a dockyard always at call has come under the influence of the most paralyzing notions of armchair strategists. If Dewey had thought of it he would never have attacked Manila.

The Russian principle of aggregating fighting force so that every vessel that mounts guns or torpedoes is sent forward in a great armada, is a fallacy that has persisted from the beginning to the end. It began with Admiral Wärenius in the battleship *Oslabya* prior to the war, when he felt he could not go on without his destroyers, and for them he was afraid of the monsoon. Instead of going straight forward with the ships he had, Rozhdestvensky leisurely awaited the obsolete vessels of the third Baltic squadron. Instead of sending all his useless vessels, including the destroyers, which could not be fit for fighting after such a voyage, by a circuitous route to Vladivostok, he took the whole force into action in one massed armada disposed in the impossible fighting formation of three columns, with the cruisers held up



as a sort of propitiatory sacrifice by being placed between his own battleships and those of Togo. Is it too much to hope that the belief in mere numbers will be discarded forever, now that a vast armada, far stronger than the Port Arthur fleet, has done so much worse than the latter against the same, or even a diminished force?

Unless we assume that there were bad miscalculations in the design of the four Borodinos, these vessels should have possessed large coal-endurance; but this would become valueless the moment their strength became the strength of the weakest link in the chain of ships to which they were riveted. There could be no breaking through unobserved so as to obtain battle in the open sea, for the crowd of vessels, instead of being a single thin line of less than two miles in length threading at night a channel thirty times as broad, was forced to become an ideal target. Captain Mahan, in the *Times*, advanced the view that a mass of vessels, by causing dispersion of shooting, tends to protection. This is surely incorrect, for inefficient vessels cannot themselves come into action against a small effective fleet. If fired at, they are so easily disposed of that the mere horror occasioned by their loss is calculated to break up the cohesion and fighting efficiency of the armada, so that it becomes a *sauf qui peut*.

As it was, Togo acted on Nelson's maxim, as he had done on August 10, that, in fighting with such a fleet as the Russian, one should confuse the head of his line. The task was only rendered infinitely more simple by the hostages given to fortune in the impossible cruising formation more or less forced on Rozhdestvensky by his decision to advance in one mass, and possibly impressed on him by the consideration that he could not trust his subordinates. On the other hand, Togo retained under his sole control the six best armored ships, which were the only vessels fit to lie in the line of battle. The armored cruiser squadron was ordered to follow astern of the armada and enfilade it. The remaining vessels, including the obsolete battleship *Chen Yuen*, were kept in sight and ahead of the Russian fleet, so as to tempt it eastward into the worst position for engaging Togo's battle force.

One of the most notable contrasts with former wars is the immunity of the motive power. Ships have been sunk both by gun and torpedo fire; their steering-gear has been disabled; guns have been put out of action; but the motive power and the engine-room staff have survived

to the last. At the battle of the Nile one British battleship dismasted her opponent in five minutes; and two others accomplished a similar process in a quarter of an hour. The argument advanced for making all officers engineers, on the ground that they can reinforce the engine-room, is therefore discredited.

The sinking of vessels by gun-fire shows once more the importance of stable ships, for the steady gun-platform enables better shooting to be achieved, while the armor-belt is not rolled out of the water, so that a shell has no chance of doing vital damage below it. On both these counts the four Japanese battleships had decided advantages. The Russian practice of attaching narrow belts of only seven feet, as compared with those of fifteen feet on British battleships, required that great steadiness should be insured, especially when the ships were light owing to expenditure of coal. The problem of filling compartments with water does not appear to have been thought out; and yet it is of great importance to be able to fill them of set purpose according to the trim of the vessel. Our own experience in the *Victoria* disaster taught us the danger of longitudinal bulkheads confining the inflow of water to one side. Such knowledge is the outcome of years of study and practice; and that the Russians lacked these is shown by almost every detail of the battle.

The Tokio correspondent of the *Times* has told us that the Japanese provided a complete reserve of guns for all their ships. The British reserve of guns is only 25 per cent. of the guns afloat; and this peace reserve necessarily includes a large number of guns under repair. In addition, the Japanese cordite M. D. powder has shown itself very superior to our own cordite. We are now introducing cordite M. D. into our new ships. The erosion produced by cordite, the numerous failures of the A-tubes of our heavy guns as the result of the very slight strain of target practice, must bring home to the Admiralty the need of a larger reserve of guns. The rifling is worn smooth by this erosion; the projectile ceases to rotate properly; the gun, in fact, becomes temporarily useless and takes several months to repair. No fleet which fought such a battle as the one we are now studying could hope for success with worn guns against one of similar ships equipped with new guns.

The want of training and the inferior gunnery of the Russians are shown by the fact that the Japanese reserved their fire until the range was 7500 metres,

and then fired six trial shots, of which three scored hits, while the Russians opened at 12,000 metres. The trained mind of the expert would at once see that the Japanese knew their business and that the Russians did not. Ammunition and lives of guns are things to be husbanded; and there is nothing that so rouses the spirits of one side as to see the enemy's shots missing, or depresses the other as a steady advance until shots can really be scored as hits. In addition, owing partly to the fact that the Russians were so deficient in cruisers that they were bound to advance blind, Togo had the advantage of the sun behind him for his shooting; and he also adjusted matters so that the Russians had their own smoke in front of them owing to the wind. The battle was practically won within half an hour of its commencement. The result was that three Russian battleships and two other ships were sunk by gun-fire alone, the mass of vessels being attacked by Togo's six principal armored vessels on the port hand, and by Kamimura's fast armored cruisers from astern, while on the starboard hand they were worried by the remainder of the Japanese fleet. The detachment of the armored cruisers by Togo has been called an act of "incomparable courage." It is difficult to see that it was more than a piece of ordinary commonsense, for the vessels could never have been in danger unless Togo had kept them with him and put them into his own battle line, for which they were too weak.

When night fell the torpedo boats finished the work. Some experts had expected that Togo would make use of them first. The fact that he actually reversed this process does not prove that in different circumstances he would not have followed it; for instance, if the enemy had anchored within his reach, or had come into touch with him during the night. Under existing conditions he adopted the only possible course. At night the Russians could hardly distinguish friend from foe; and, after the pounding they had received, their guns and searchlights would hardly be in a condition for effective use against the numerous torpedo craft of the Japanese.

The only question is: Were the torpedo attacks wise? were there not far too many vessels sunk and too few captured? After the event it is easy to say, as was done when the Japanese torpedo boats sank the Chinese battleship *Wei-hai-wei*, that it is waste to sink what might otherwise have been captured. It

may be true in this case; but after all, the great end is to destroy or capture; and destruction, at any rate, makes sure. This much, at all events, is certain, that on the two occasions on which torpedo craft have been successful in this war, it has simply been the power of the battleships behind them that has enabled them to achieve their purpose; and that, had half the expenditure devoted to torpedo craft, which are so easily and quickly multiplied during war, been expended on battleships, Togo would have had an infinitely more simple task.

## (II.) THE RESULTS IN RUSSIA.

In no country in the world are the reciprocal relations between foreign and domestic policy closer than in the Empire of the Tsar, although his subjects are less solicitous about their international status than any other European people. Since prestige abroad could be effectively employed as a weapon against discontent at home, it had to be cultivated with assiduity. The need of some such weapon has of late years become pressing. The supporters of system have therefore had to choose between internal reforms destructive of the autocracy, and territorial aggrandizement which rendered the Empire unwieldy and sapped the foundations of national prosperity. In the interests of self-preservation they preferred the latter. For a time everything moved smoothly and softly, but only with the softness of an unchecked fall. "This is simply delightful if it would only last," exclaimed the man described by Voltaire who had fallen from a high window but had not yet come to the ground. It is not the fall which is painful, but the impediment to its continuance.

Of such a contingency the Russian autocracy has hitherto had no fear. After a reverse it is wont to relax its grasp for a time and to tighten it again after a success. The same tactics were adopted during the present crisis. Empty promises on the one hand and stringent police measures on the other constituted the programme of pacification, which for a time was successful enough. But the battle of the Sea of Japan has damaged, if not destroyed, its efficiency. Before the two squadrons met, the autocratic party merely dallied with reform, deluding the nation in order to gain time. Just one week before the naval engagement in the Sea of Japan Nicholas II had said to one of his trusty advisers, "Rozhdestvensky will correct the fortune of war and put an end to domestic

sedition. He may never return, and we may even have to sacrifice our best ships; but what of that, provided that we gain command of the sea? And of that we may be certain. Then we shall wage successful war abroad and establish permanent peace at home." It was not until Admiral Togo had sunk or captured the Russian fleet that these hopes were dashed, and the Government was compelled by the nation to show its hand.

The first symptoms of Russia's real awakening now began to reveal themselves. The Zemstvo delegates met in Moscow, in spite of the prohibition of the police, and drew up an outspoken address to the Tsar, in which, addressing him in the name of the people by whom his ancestors were invested with power, they summoned him to listen to the voice of the nation. Although these delegates were the "mutineers" and "sedition-mongers" whom the Government had so often publicly stigmatized as traitors, although every number of their press organ has been confiscated by the police, and although their spokesman was being prosecuted as a criminal, the Tsar swallowed his scruples and admitted them to an audience. He even went so far as to assure them that he would carry out without fail the measures of reform for which, less than a year ago, he had declared that the people was neither anxious nor ripe.

"We believe your promises to be sincere," Prince Trubetskoy had said; "but alas! their fulfilment is entrusted to persons who are determined to defeat them." "Fling aside your doubts," answered the Tsar; "the admission of elected representatives to the work of administration will be properly carried out. I daily watch over it and devote myself to its accomplishment. You may announce that to all your friends in the country as well as in the towns." This was a new departure indeed, the like of which was unimagined and unimaginable a twelve-month ago. What it implied was the end of absolutism and the beginning of parliamentary government. Never before had a Russian monarch permitted his subjects to utter truths so unpleasant in his hearing; never had one returned such an answer to expostulation. "His Majesty was, we are sure, heart and soul with us, and is bent on carrying out his promises loyally and royally." So spoke one of the delegates next day. Bureaucrats might throw dust in the eyes of the nation and deceive the people with promises made merely to mislead, but of such unworthy shifts

the Tsar was incapable. Deceived, indeed, he might be, for he is but human; deceive he cannot, for he is truthful and self-respecting. Thus his subjects argued and hoped.

But the events which should have justified these hopes did not take place. Journalists asked that the Emperor's benevolent words might be read to the people from the altars, as his fateful exhortations to the masses to defend him against "sedition-mongers" had been read. But the request was merely laughed at. His Majesty had asked the delegates to announce his decision to all their friends in the country; and they dutifully set about announcing it. But they were brusquely stopped by the Tsar's own trusty officials, who promptly put an end to all discussion on the subject, garbled Prince Trubetskoy's speech, mutilated the Tsar's reply, and forbade the people to contribute in any way to the success of the Imperial scheme. It was all a mistake; the Emperor had not uttered the words attributed to him, and what he did say was misinterpreted. No changes were to be made in the system of government; and any new representative body which might be called into being must restrict its activity to such work as would fall into line with this autocratic regime. Such was the orthodox comment. The newspapers were forbidden to write differently, and those which disagreed with the official interpretation were stopped or suppressed.

Did Nicholas II really intend to dissipate the corrosive doubts which were eating away his people's confidence? Was he in truth resolved to grant their just demands and break away from the bureaucratic ring? Assuming that he had the interests of his dynasty at heart and was normally capable of gauging the relations between means and ends, one cannot for a moment call his good faith in question. The tidings of the battle of the Sea of Japan must have come to him with all the force of a revelation; and the gist of its message was "thus far and no farther." Prince Trubetskoy emphasized this message in his speech to the Tsar: "We come charged by our fellow-countrymen to lay before you imperative reasons why you should set aside the old order of things which you have yourself condemned. . . . Summon the elect of the nation, and listen to them. For 'herein lies our only hope of escape from civil war.'"

In the danger of civil war and its dire consequences, not only for his people but for himself, Nicholas II presumably disbelieves. But the prophecy of the

Zemstvo delegates is already coming to pass. Strikes prevail throughout the length and breadth of the land, in Siberia, in the Baltic provinces, in St. Petersburg, and in the Caucasus. To the dragonnades of Cossacks correspond the bombs and pistol-shots of revolutionists. The Prefect of Moscow has just followed Plehve and Prince Serge. Coal and iron mines, factories and foundries, universities and schools, are closed in consequence of strikes. Arson is making havoc of the country houses of landlords. Poland is up in arms. After the battle, or rather the massacre, which took place in the manufacturing city of Lodz, the wounded lay untended for days and the dead were piled up in heaps. Cossacks shot down women, stabbed children, fired on old men, wallowed in the blood of Jews and Christians. Order was restored; but it was one of those fatal victories which are destructive for the victors.

After the massacre of Lodz came the mutiny in the Black Sea, which bears a stronger likeness to what western Europeans are wont to term revolution than any deed of violence which has taken place since Tsar and people first stood fronting each other in hostile camps. The dissatisfaction of the sailors on board the "Kniaz Potemkin," the fastest and best ship of the Black Sea Squadron, had its proximate cause in the badness of the food served out to them; but the mutiny in which it culminated was the result of the revolutionary spirit which Nicholas II. might have allayed. The unbending spirit of his government towards the popular movement was faithfully mirrored in the violence of the officer who killed the spokesman of the crew and was cut down in turn by the comrades of his victim.

The picture is sombre and the outlook dismal. Yet the Tsar and his irresponsible advisers appear to see no danger; their only doubts are said to turn upon the degree of severity with which the revolt may safely be put down. The Empress-mother sees the danger and is powerless to avert it. Her role is that of Cassandra. But there are warnings that the military authorities cannot long answer for the fidelity of troops ordered to massacre the people. At Lodz a section of a cavalry regiment refused to fire on the mob, and was immediately transferred to some other place. This incident and, in a still more marked way, the mutinies of the sailors in the Black Sea and in the Baltic mark a stage of revolutionary progress more advanced than that of January 22, when only one

man, Vladimiroff, refused to fire and was summarily tried and punished. Now there are hundreds of Vladimiroffs. Hitherto the Romanoffs have relied upon the loyalty and devotion of the army; and their trust has been warranted by the heroic devotion of the obscure gray-coated soldier to those who treat him as though he had little feeling, less intelligence, and no soul. But the army is discontented in Manchuria, the navy is humbled and disaffected everywhere; and, although it would be a gross exaggeration to speak of the Russian troops as supporters of the reform movement, at present only the Guards and the Cossacks fully merit the implicit trust reposed in them by the Romanoffs. It was clear that, so long as the army and the navy remained firm in their allegiance, the Government could, for the time, suppress the reformers by force; but it was at least highly probable that the revolutionary spirit would eventually permeate these bulwarks of the autocracy. Recent events seem to indicate that this has taken place, even sooner than was expected.

Unfortunately, the spirit which animated Prince Potemkin when he delighted the eyes of the Empress Catherine with flourishing villages and idyllic scenes cunningly arranged overnight, like the decorations of a theatre, is still living and active in the courtiers of Nicholas II. They deliberately throw dust in his eyes. He daily receives servile addresses from the peasantry in various districts of Russia, who beseech him not to waive one iota of his absolute power which is so necessary to their spiritual and material wellbeing. Thus the moujiks of the Vellooshky district forwarded an address to the Emperor which is typical of the rest. They condemn austere the restlessness of other peasants less loyal than themselves, and stigmatize the liberals who are a disgrace to the fatherland. They want no reforms but such as the Little Father himself deems needful.

"We firmly hold that the Most High Chief of the Russian people, ever indefatigably working for the public weal, is himself solicitous for the betterment of the life of the nation, which he effects by satisfying local needs and raising the peasantry to the level of perfect prosperity. . . . Dearly beloved Monarch! Rule with the force of autocracy. Lead our mighty Russia and our Christ-loving army—in the strength of whose arms we place our trust, calling down God's blessing upon it—to greatness and to glory!"

The Tsar, charmed with the simple



directness and single-mindedness of his peasants, wrote an appropriate commentary on the margin of the address. He would have torn the document to pieces had he known, what is common knowledge throughout the district, that the peasants were terrorized into signing the paper which they had neither written nor read. "Whoever does not sign the document is a rebel. So speaks the Tsar," exclaimed the government agent, Amoyeff, at a meeting of the peasants. "Oh, Little Father, we will all sign. Who would be a rebel?" was the meek reply. And the government agent, Amoyeff himself, then affixed the names of sixty-one peasants to this warm and loyal address. In this strange way is the Russian nation governed.

Everybody admits and many publicly proclaim the impending danger. Even the Tsar's intimates are alarmed. One of his recent unofficial prompters, M. Demchinsky, writes as frankly as Prince Trubetskoy spoke:—

"The absence of legality and the utterly arbitrary action of the administration have engendered discontent, not in one class only, but in the whole dense mass of the Russian nation. The peasant, deprived literally of all human rights, and dealt with merely as an article to be taxed, has been changed into a half-savage, hungry, ragged, and therefore ready at a moment's notice to pillage the granary of the nearest landlord. . . . The population of Russia is a mass of 150 millions living in a state of famine. Physically and spiritually they are starving." (Slovo, March 4, 1905.)

That is the verdict of a man who knows his own country, and is believed by the Emperor to be patriotic and honest.

Among the Grand-dukes one or two of the most intelligent side up to the popular party and sow bitter truths broadcast. For example, the Grand-duke Alexander Mikhailovitch, whose shady transactions on the Yalu are believed to have contributed to bring on the war, is one of the principal frondeurs of the palace. His opposition, however, is vicarious; he operates through journalists. His organ the *Slovo* writes (May 31, 1905):

"Russia is perishing. She is perishing from internal decrepitude and the demoralization of our ruling class. That class has wholly spent itself, and has lost those living sources of strength which maintained it during the past two centuries. . . . The Russian nation will either end its days in bloody domestic

disorders and infamous thralldom, or it will be born anew to a life based upon new ethical and civil principles. What terrifies us at present is less the external difficulties than our internal impotence, the evaporation of every moral principle in the Government, the weakening of the bonds of Empire in society, and the decay of patriotism in the masses. Already above our glorious land hangs the miasma of a decomposing corpse."

No Muscovite politician, be he Grand-duke or petty journalist, could have forecast the future of his country with such confidence and precision before the battle of the Sea of Japan, which was the turning-point in the history of contemporary Russia. That great disaster brought domestic affairs to a head; and for a moment the fate of the Tsardom seemed to tremble in the balance. It was certainly for a short time in the power of the monarch to turn the scale on this side or that. But, although he actually spoke the saving word, he did the baleful deed which is now in the seed-pot of the future. There may yet be time for repentance. The future cannot be foretold, for it hangs upon the action of one man. The peasants are still faithful; the army, if not intact, is not yet hostile. Thus supported, the Emperor can afford to make concessions; and a little, if it were only genuine, would rally the Moderates to his side. But the sands are running out. The longer the bargain is delayed, the higher will be its ultimate price.

### (III.) THE BALANCE OF POWER.

Down to the moment of the receipt of the telegrams announcing the decisive nature of the Japanese victory in the Korean Straits, many thought there was a chance for Russia to wear down the few battleships which were left to Admiral Togo; and the changes consequent on the fall of Russian power had not been discounted by the Governments. France still had illusions: Germany had not yet fully seen her opportunity.

Our country is directly interested in the consequences of the destruction of the Russian fleet. But the first reflection on its immediate result concerns the evidence that a reign of force still predominates in Europe. The German Emperor, in his complete appreciation of the profound weakness of Russia, and of the equally profound peacefulness of France, has now humiliated the republic by forcing her into the dismissal of M. Delcasse. M. Delcasse

had been long in office. He had gathered round him the usual hostilities, multiplied by the many years during which, unlike his rivals in France, he had held the direction of foreign affairs. He was fiercely assailed in France itself; and the failure of his attempt to bring about an alliance between the United Kingdom and Russia, followed by the collapse of the Russian forces, would in itself not unnaturally have produced his fall. M. Delcasse's Morocco policy was not an easy one to carry out with rapidity, and offered, only to Germany, but not to his French opponents, an immediate reason for getting rid of him; while his personal relations with his colleagues obviated the necessity for taking official notice of the real cause of his forced resignation.

We have treated as the main factors of the situation the recent blows to Russia and the peacefulness of France. Even after the destruction of the Russian fleet, the French Government were aware that a war with Germany would not have been conducted under altogether unfavorable conditions. Although there are rumors of some shortness of artillery ammunition, the French guns are still superior to those with which the German army is equipped; and the delay of rearmament in the latter case tends to show that war had not been planned in advance, if at any time intended. It is stated by high German military authorities, who desire through their press to reassure their public as to the military supremacy of Germany, that the experience of the Japanese war has shown that artillery has not the importance attached to it down to two years ago, and that infantry is more than ever "the Queen of Battle." In the Manchurian campaign, however, neither side possessed, as the main armament of the principal part of its artillery, a true quick-firing gun, so that field artillery did not have its chance. Military truth, we fancy, would also add that the German infantry is not the Japanese. France, however, rightly and wisely, is for peace, and will push her desire for peace to the utmost limits which self-respect can tolerate. Her preparations at the beginning of June in the districts of two frontier army corps were not unnatural, and remind us of the Fashoda episode, when there was even less risk of a collision. It will be remembered that it was not till after some time had passed that we became aware of the huge preparations which had been made by France in Tunis to resist a possible English attack.

Was it wise of Germany to give pub-

licity to her triumph? In the time of Bismarck, when France was weak as now she is strong in her frontier and in her army, the French Government had often to take its foreign policy from Berlin. Bismarck avoided with the utmost care any revelation of the fact to the outside world. Now, when France is not forced to take her policy from Berlin, and when any concession which she makes for the sake of peace is not extorted from her fears, it seems unwise to strike theatrical attitudes at her expense. The German army is not now in a position to crush French resistance on the frontier; and, although Belgium has alienated many sympathies, and has suspended defense preparations, few now believe that the German Emperor is preparing to march on France through Belgium. What a commentary on our civilization is the fact that we should be forced in 1905 to be considering such questions, forced, perhaps, by the lasting influence of the territorial cession, unwisely (in her own interest) imposed by Germany upon France in 1871!

As soon as M. Delcasse had resigned, the German Emperor again became the closest friend of France. For his policy in both its phases a great deal can be said, but little on behalf of the method of execution. Tact is essentially necessary in dealing with national self-love, and doubly so in the case of a German dealing with Frenchmen. It may have been necessary to get rid of the French Minister who had dared to forget Germany and to attempt to add the United Kingdom to the Franco-Russian alliance, now weakened by the Japanese success. It may be wise to embarrass with abundant hospitalities every Frenchman who voluntarily or under charge of a mission may visit Berlin. But to celebrate in semi-official journals the fall of M. Delcasse on a Monday, and to spend the following Thursday in parading a French general and admiral, who could not help themselves, on a private imperial motor-car, showed a deficiency in that faculty for disguising disagreeable facts which was the distinction of the old diplomacy.

M. Delcasse had used an alliance with Russia which had existed in fact before it was thought of in name. Support of France by Russia, backed by a letter of Queen Victoria to the German Emperor, was effective against German aggressiveness in 1875. M. Delcasse had wished to show that the alliance had restored to France freedom of action in the Mediterranean; the understanding with Italy as to Tripoli and Morocco, and the subsequent arrangement with Great Britain



and Spain as to Morocco, were the result. If Russia had kept the peace and her prestige, Germany would have deferred the attempt to reassert supremacy upon the Continent. Is Russia likely to recover her strength and her prestige? Is she willing to accept her exclusion from Manchuria, and, as a great naval power, from the Pacific? That is the question which M. Rouvier has to ask himself. If Russia is to look forward to future conflict with Japan or with Great Britain, her alliance will be rather embarrassing than useful to France. The Russian alliance, which had been so used by M. Delcasse as to produce an impression that Germany had been forced into isolation, would, if Russia is not to be a peaceful colossus, bring about in the future a virtual isolation of France. A temporary patch-up of the Morocco question is easy: a permanent policy for France is more difficult for her to find. That policy seems to depend on the future of Russia; her future is unknown, and depends chiefly upon the caprice of men who are the sport of fortune. Nothing, however, that France can do can affect the continental future of Germany, whose voice in the destiny of Austria, carrying with it that of the Adriatic and of the Near East, must be the preponderating voice.

The work which was done in the time of M. Delcasse—not entirely by him, but in part by M. Barrere, in part by the King of England—will survive his fall. That the rigid alliances, dual and triple, should gradually drop apart is inevitable, and is well. The good understanding between France and Italy, which has been the work of M. Barrere, will, we may hope, continue. The great and sudden improvement in the relations between the English-speaking world and France is largely due to the wisdom and the courtesy with which the King made clear to France that there was no ground for the suspicions which prevailed. These have now been first disavowed, and then forgotten, by the majority; and there is little risk that the unconvinced minority will be able to revive them. The only danger is lest France should take too much to heart the lesson which the Kaiser apparently wished to impress upon her, that, in a conflict with Germany, British support would be useless.

As for what is called the grouping of the powers, which is to follow upon any peace between Russia and Japan, it has rightly been suggested by a high authority upon the question, that a main factor in the future situation will be the desire of Japan to avoid having to spend all she has on battleships and guns from Tyne

and Thames. He thinks, however, that she has the choice of two alliances, Russia and Great Britain. That surely is not so, if Japan is wise. A Russian alliance for Japan means perpetual risk of quarrel and of change. A British alliance, or else a close understanding with the United States and a limited alliance with Great Britain, would mean for Japan security guaranteed by naval supremacy.

In order to strengthen her British alliance, Japan may, unwisely, suggest the possibility of an alternative alliance with Russia. But she can hardly go further and translate the suggestion into fact. Japan had better recognise that others can see this part of her situation as well as she can herself. If the British alliance with Japan is to be strengthened, it is to be hoped that care will be taken about its terms. Some which have been suggested would force us to go to war for every possible object of Japanese policy, while leaving Japan unaffected by the most probable of our wars under such an hypothesis—war against Germany and her allies to resist developments connected with what is commonly called the Baghdad railway, a project which, now that Russia is weak, will probably be revived. The future of the railway to the Persian Gulf depends upon the restoration of fertility to the plain by irrigation from the mountains that bound it on the northeast. The dams would have to be on Russian soil; and, from the military point of view, the railway would have been exposed to the danger of interruption had Russia remained strong. Opposition to the German scheme was as fierce in Russia as among ourselves; but in present circumstances the German Emperor may be expected to resuscitate his project.

A grave decision will, indeed, have to be taken when the war draws near its end, as to whether we should merely continue the limited alliance with Japan in something like its present form or whether it should be extended into a more or less complete offensive and defensive alliance. The scheme for a direct defence of India by the use of Japanese troops does not attract us, although indirect defence by the despatch of a Japanese expeditionary force against the point of Russian territory nearest to Japan would not be open to the same objection. It is generally assumed that Japan desires a full alliance; but this is far from certain, although she is prepared to send a force to India, at least as a demonstration of her common interest with ourselves. It is possible that, as we should shrink from

complete alliance with so ambitious a power, Japan might, in her great caution, also fail to see advantage in so far-reaching a connection with a power having, as Mr. Balfour puts it, so many "commitments" as the United Kingdom. The alliance would certainly have to be limited at least to the Old World.

Our first object must be to keep on good terms with the United States and with France, for which purpose we ought to be free from complete entanglement in an offensive alliance, which, moreover, is opposed to our unbroken practice. This great object, as well as the secondary purpose of retaining an open door in China, we can secure by a limited alliance. To Japan it would give protection from a possible combination of two or more great powers against her, the danger which alone she has to fear. To us it gives a voice in the Pacific policy of Japan. We thus become useful to France as protecting her in Tonquin, and to the United States as helping her preserve her new cables and her interests in the western Pacific for the few years which must pass before she obtains her own naval supremacy on both her coasts. The United States also would receive from such a limited alliance between ourselves and Japan the same guarantee of the open door in China which we should ourselves obtain, and one equally useful to her. Such maintenance of the status quo would assist us in resisting the completion to the Persian Gulf of a Germanized railway, such as could only be achieved by the co-operation of other powers with the Kaiser. The position of Germany in Kiaou-Chau indeed constitutes a hostage from Germany to Japan, and is of advantage to the latter power in the peace negotiations now proceeding, inasmuch as it prevents Germany from taking sides against Japan, as she did in the intrigues which followed the Chino-Japanese war.

The main advantage of the limited form of alliance is that it seems sufficient to prevent, for the time at least, a combination against either England or Japan in the Far East. Such an alliance seems virtually to offer Japan all she wants. It leaves her with a dominant voice at Peking, and prevents any further disintegration of China. All for her depends upon the sea; and on the sea, at least in the Pacific, at present only Great Britain and the United States, besides Japan, can be said to count. It may be contended that the present form of the alliance led to the present war. But even if this were so, and even if it was intended, by one side, for that pur-

pose, the conclusion would not follow that such a limited alliance would fail in the future to be a guarantee of peace. Whatever the objections to peace entanglements, the public alliance with Japan is at least infinitely to be preferred over the secret understanding with Italy against France which virtually bound us for some years to a particular Mediterranean policy. The vagueness of this Italian understanding was in itself a cause of danger. There may also be added the argument for continuing a limited alliance, that to drop it now would in any case be difficult, and would probably have a dangerous effect upon the opinion and the action of the powers.

The Japanese, says Dr. Dillon, if they want a closer alliance, will assert, when they propose their bargain to us, that a limited alliance gives them nothing, because a combination against Japan is now unlikely. But is it impossible? The view of Dr. Dillon seems to be that Germany is proposing to France an alliance which she tells France would make France and Germany together all powerful in Europe, and that for "France and Germany" we may read "Germany." Germany, as we have just remarked, is hampered by Kiaou-Chau. The fact that France in Indo-China and on the frontier of Siam is also open to Japanese intrigue, if not attack, equally hampers the policy of France in the Far East. A combination of these two powers would therefore not be impossible, if France failed to see that the British alliance with Japan, even in its present form, would virtually give her a still more effective guarantee of her possessions in the East. Such a combination would be dangerous for Japan and would revive, though in less favorable conditions, the league which coerced her in 1895.

Apart from this, a combination of Germany and Russia would still be possible. Such an alliance, though not popular in Germany, would be in accordance with Hohenzollern traditions; and, with Austria disjoined and Italy Gallophil, Germany has no valuable ally. The combination would not be dangerous to Japan if her limited alliance with England were maintained; it would be very dangerous to France, and therefore indirectly to ourselves. But is it likely? What has Germany to give? Constantinople and the abandonment of the Baghdad railway? It is a heavy price. On the other hand, what has Russia to gain? She is not likely to contemplate aggression for some time; the recovery of her prestige in Asia must be her chief pre-

occupation abroad; and, so long as she is quiescent, she need not fear attack. She could hardly link herself to Germany without forfeiting the good will of France, unless indeed France were drawn in, which would mean, ultimately, the extinction of French independence. And why should she desert France? It is not to the interest of Russia to promote German schemes, still less to see France crushed and Germany alone in western Europe. A Russo-German alliance is improbable. A new Triplice is the great danger to the rest of Europe; and, if France were bellicose, she might be sorely tempted. But in such a combination it is France that would run most risks. Why should she endanger her colonies in order to pull German chestnuts out of the fire?

True friends of Germany, not carried away by the triumph of the moment, would probably feel inclined to warn her against an over-ambitious policy. In Morocco she will receive Platonic satisfaction rather than valuable consideration. Her wishes to protect simultaneously the Roman Catholics and the Orthodox Mohammedans in the East will not always be reconcilable; and, of all her supposed designs, those which have in view Asia Minor are probably the least dangerous to herself, for it cannot be to the true advantage of Germany to destroy the Austro-Hungarian Monarchy. For the moment, however, the fall of the military power of Russia leaves Germany without restraint. If the Emperor fails to take the uttermost advantage of the temporary situation, it is because he is, in fact, wiser and more cautious than even his admirers suppose him to be. France will not take the first step toward thwarting his ambitions; Russia is unable to take any offensive action; and it is difficult to imagine a British Ministry embarking on the formation of a coalition against Germany. The Gulf end of the Euphrates railway we command; and there, for the present at all events, we are at home. But, if a crash should come in Turkey or in Austro-Hungary, the action of Germany will be regulated only by her own conception of her own advantage, and not by the chances of external interference. If, on the other hand, the trouble in Austria-Hungary should be postponed, the policy of the powers will come in to support the dictates of wise reflection on the part of Germany herself. One thing which may tend to keep Germany quiet is the prospect of having to march troops into Russian Poland in order to restore order. Nevertheless, one of the results of the

battle of the Korean Straits is that, at the moment, if Germany prefers to absorb rather than to direct Austria, there is nothing except the Austrian army to prevent her. The scare in France fomented by the Nationalist party, which expects attack on France by Germany in order to force the cession to Germany of the French colonies, points, we are convinced, to an imaginary danger, as contrasted with the real one referred to above.

In considering the grouping of the powers in the near future, it may be taken for granted that the Japanese and ourselves will be together; and we may reject with little hesitation the fanciful suggestion that Russia and Germany may unite to induce the President of the United States to favor a Russo-Japanese alliance. We are equally convinced, if only for commercial reasons, that the project of close union between France and Germany is as fantastic as is that of an alliance between Russia and Japan.

While there is no chance of permanent alliance between France and Germany, prudent powers invariably insure against all their risks; sometimes even in somewhat tortuous fashion. Much light is often thrown upon the future by the public expenditure of frugal states in time of peace, which seems to contemplate wars very different from any which those powers apparently anticipate. Thus, before the Franco-Russian alliance, and in the time of the alliance of the three Emperors, German expenditure had in view the possibility of war with Russia. Now when we look at the telegraph map and note the change since the South African war, we are struck with two main facts; the evident anxiety of France to strengthen herself in Africa in view of a war in which she would not possess the command of the sea, and the desire of Germany to use the United States, France and Holland as stations for German strategic lines, rather than any spot under British control. The French direct cable from the fort at the northern entrance of Brest to Dakar, laid in February, 1905, is an example of the first class of line. Of the second class, it will be enough to say that, since the completion of the American cable to the Philippines, France and Germany and Holland have set up a network of strategic cables. By the end of the present year these powers will be able to communicate with their colonies without using any British cable or touching anywhere upon British soil.

The strategic group of lines which have been linked to the American Pacific

cable is laid partly by the Dutch Government at its own cost, partly under arrangement between Germany and Holland, partly by arrangement between France and Holland. The new French cables from Saigon receive large financial support from Germany and from Holland, and are state-owned. Other cables between colony and colony have been purchased or brought under conditions of eventual purchase, as, for example, that between two parts of French Indo-China, which was formerly owned by a British company receiving a subsidy from France, but now belongs to the French Government. Germany has two trans-Atlantic cables subsidised by government, and France has two, all of which communicate, through the United States and the American Pacific cable, with the new combined strategic lines. France is also laying a cable of her own to communicate with the state-owned strategic line from Brest to Dakar. The new trans-Atlantic French state cable will connect with the South American lines. It is a flattering tribute by the non-British powers to the impartiality of the United States that they have thought it worth while to spend enormous sums of money in order to gain neutral protection for their possible strategic combinations of the future.

These facts seem to show profound and general distrust of Great Britain, and the existence of a belief that a coalition against us may some day be necessary. It may, however, be hoped that the fact that we are as profoundly peaceful as is France herself may sooner or later come to be recognised by those abroad who at present shut their eyes. To us in our island it seems incredible that we should be suspected, not only by German opponents, but even by French friends, of a desire to attack Germany and to destroy her fleet before it be-

comes too strong. On reflection, we must admit that we have not invariably pursued in recent years a policy which, viewed from a distance, looks as pacific as we may think it; but in fairness to us it should be conceded that the influence of the King and that of Lord Lansdowne may be relied upon to maintain peace.

One great popular misconception which affects international conditions at the moment, is that which assumes that peace negotiations, following upon a national war, of necessity mean peace, or at least bring peace so much nearer as to justify the optimism exhibited by public funds. The Japanese are not less astute than the governments of Napoleon, of Great Britain, and of Austria during the wars at the commencement of the nineteenth century. The Convention and the Directory set the example of carrying on negotiations during wars which were destined to continue. While Bonaparte was achieving some of his greatest victories, his negotiators were constantly engaged either with the British or with the Austrian, sometimes with Russian, plenipotentiaries; and his terms went up or down, according to the condition of his forces. There is still much reason for doubt as to the prospects of peace. Both combatants wish, as Napoleon wished, to show their supporters that they are not unreasonable. If, however, Japan is in a position to take Vladivostock and to drive Russia from the Pacific coast, she will not, in her own interest, make peace except on terms which will discount the effect of these hypothetical victories. Peace may result from the progress of anarchy in Russia—itsself largely the result of the Russian defeat at sea—or the fears of the Emperor Nicholas that Germany may attack his only ally.



## Coryat, the First Tripper.

(From Blackwood's Magazine.)

**I**T has long been a superstition that the tripper was invented in the nineteenth century. This is nothing more than a superstition. It is true that our modern facilities of travel encourage him, and that cheap tickets give him a chance to visit places which before were out of his reach. But the potential tripper was always there, and no better specimen of his class can be found than Thomas Coryat, of Odcombe, whose famous book of travels, first published in 1611, has been recently reprinted by Messrs. Maclehose. The title is sufficient to give us some measure of the man. "Coryat's Crudities," thus it runs, "hastily gobbled up in five Moneths travels in France, Savoy, Italy, Rhetia, commonly called the Grison's country, Helvetia alias Switzerland, some parts of High Germany and the Netherlands; Newly digested in the hungry aire of Odcombe in the County of Somerset, and now first dispersed to the travelling Members of this Kingdome." From this it is clear enough that Coryat was fantastic both in speech and thought.

And above all things he lov'd Greek and travel: he would cover many a weary mile to see a strange sight or to hear the sound of the Attic dialect. To these two passions he was constant all his life. "The word travel," says Ben Jonson, "affects him in a wainox or pack-horse. A carrier will carry him from any company that hath not been abroad, because he is a species of traveler, but a Dutch post doth ravish him. The mere superscription of a letter from Zurich sets him up like a top: Basel or Heidelberg makes him spin. And at seeing the word Frankfurt or Venice, though but on the title of a book, he is ready to break doublet, crack elbows and overflow the room with his murmur." But it is difficult to understand for what reason he loved travel with so constant a heart.

At the outset he had neither the wish to learn nor the patience to investigate. His "Crudities" were all gobbled up in five months; he made a longer sojourn than two days in very few towns; and he

was so busy in shaking off the miles as he went that he tells you very little of that which passed by the way. He was not, like Montaigne, a wise man ambling along on a horse, happy in the mere movement and in the shifting scene, still happier that he had left behind him the cares of life and the management of his house. Nor could he, like the French philosopher, look from a particular instance to a general idea, for a general idea never entered his flighty vapid brain. And, as he did not travel for travel's sake, so the knowledge which he picked up by the way was scant and fragmentary.

His curiosity was wide, not deep, and though he had a marvelous trick of acquiring languages, he had not a great deal to put in them when they were acquired. But it was probably this facility which led him abroad as much as any other ambition; for there is no doubt that it flattered his vanity to speak strange tongues, and there is no doubt whatever of his prowess.

"There was a woman, a laundress, belonging to my Lord Ambassador's house," thus writes Edward Terry, who was in India soon after Coryat, "who had such a freedom and liberty of speech that she would sometimes scold, brawl and rail from sunrise to sunset; one day he undertook her in her own language, and by eight of the clock in the morning so silenced her that she had not one more word to speak." This anecdote has got into all the biographies, and is surely sufficient for a common reputation. But an indiscriminate knowledge of languages is not the highest gift to which man can attain, and, as Antony a Wood most wisely says, "it made Coryat not a little ignorant of himself, he being so covetous and ambitious of praise that he would hear and endure more of it than he could in any measure deserve, being like a ship that hath too much sail and too little ballast."

However, though a pride in the gift of tongues had doubtless much weight in sending Coryat abroad, he was by nature a real tripper. Had he lived to-day he would have been wise concerning ex-



cursions; he would have known by what route you might arrive most expeditiously at the remotest point of Europe; and he would have carried back not much more trustworthy information than falls to the lot of the familiar tourist. He would have argued theology and politics against all comers with the insular urbanity which consists in taking it for granted, as a basis of argument, that you are always right, and that your interlocutor is a poor, doited fool and heathen. And he would have done all this and much worse beside, for he carried beneath his Elizabethan doublet the heart of a modern tourist.

But after travel, as we have said, he best loved Greek, and herein he differed from the moderns. Ben Jonson declares that he would, if he could, buy his eggs, his puddings, his ginger-bread and even cobbles his shoes in the Attic dialect; and, greater wonder still, that he would leave the greatest Politick in Paul's to go and talk with the Grecian that begs there. This proves that, at any rate, Coryat was not a snob; and as he impressed his generation as few of his contemporaries impressed it, it is worth while to consider what manner of man he was, or in what shape he would have appeared to us had he never gone abroad. There are a few episodes in his career which will give us a clue. He was born at Odcombe in Somerset—"my dear natalitall Odcombe," he calls it—where his father was rector. He left Oxford with a vast amount of Greek, and without a degree, and presently we find him doing his best to pick up a living at court. For a while he was attached to the household of Prince Henry, who allowed him a pension, and never wearied of his company. "Sweetmeats and Coryat," says Fuller, "made up the last course at all court entertainments." And this explains for us one secret of Coryat's character. He was a scholarly buffoon, ready to jest and laugh with the first comer. His vanity was so great, or his sensibilities so dull, that he did not know when the laugh was against him. Indeed, to quote Fuller once more, "he was the courtiers' anvil to try their wits upon, and sometimes this anvil would return the hammers as hard knocks as it received, his bluntness repaying their abusiveness." So it was that Coryat had a shining gift of familiarity. He was the kind of man who knew every one by his Christian name, and who was known to all the court as Tom Coryat, dear old Tom, good old Tom Coryat. But to be a buffoon has its ills as well as its advantages, and doubtless Tom Coryat, the

least dignified of men, did not always find it easy to preserve the little dignity that was his.

We can easily imagine, too, that the courtiers of James I. were not famous for their consideration. Yet Coryat's high spirits and energy were a match for the best of them, and it is clear that he resented the impertinence which sometimes he brought upon himself. As Coryat was on his way to India, he met one Steel, who told him that when he was in England King James inquired after him, and when Steel told the king that he had met Coryat on the way, James replied: "Is that fool living?" Coryat, we are told, was much troubled at the king's contempt, but he turned it off with an ingenious loyalty, saying that kings would speak of poor men what they pleased. On another occasion he was described in a letter sent by Sir Thomas Roe, who ought to have known better, to the British consul at Aleppo, as "a very honest poor wretch;" and with perfect truth Coryat complained that "my Lord Ambassador had spoiled his courtesy in the carriage thereof." But these are the insults of pedants, and we may easily believe that Coryat most often held his own. The wits were on his side, in gratitude maybe for the excellent whetstone he offered them, and he was always ready with wild pranks for their entertainment. Once upon a time he was carried in secretly to a mask at court in a trunk, to which exploit, performed by "so catholic a coxcomb as Coryat," Ben Johnson refers in his *Masque of "Love Restored."* Indeed, he was not a wise man, though he had the shrewdness to be contented with the present, and to account those men guilty of superfluity who had more suits and shirts than bodies. Nor was he a fool, though he "carried folly, which the charitable called merriment, in his very face," and though the "shape of his head had no promising form, being like a sugar-loaf inverted, with the little end before; as composed of fancy and memory without any commonsense." No, he was merely a lively, amiable, brisk, foolish, familiar fellow, who loved notoriety with a whole heart, and who was better skilled at self-advertisement than any of his contemporaries. But it is impossible to reproach, even for the worst of modern vices, so pleasant a companion, who, if you travel abroad with his book, gives you little enough information, but at least spares you the pain of picturesque reporting, and affords you not a little excellent entertainment. \* \* \*

In five months, then, he had hastily



gobbled up his "Crudities," and was back in Odcombe digesting them. But when once they were "digested" there was some difficulty in giving them to the world. There still exists a letter addressed by Coryat to Sir Michael Hicks, requesting him to intercede with the Lord Treasurer that his book might be printed in London without delay. Prince Henry, too, gave his aid, but still the enterprise tarried, until at last Ben Jonson collected commendatory verses from many of the most famous poets of the time, and the success of the book was assured. The wits wrote epigrams and sonnets and poems of a longer flight to "topographical typographical Thomas," to "the most single-soled, single-souled, and single-shirted observer." They wrote them in English and French, Latin and Greek, and always in a spirit of friendly ridicule. Among the contributors to Ben Jonson's Anthology were Harrington and Donne, Dudley Digges and Lawrence Whitaker, George Sydenham and Inigo Jones, William Fenton and Michael Drayton, and finally the great Ben himself, with many others. It must have been a poor book that could not profit by such an olio as this, and the verses have always been more famous than the "Crudities" which they preface.

Yet Coryat keeps a place apart in the history of letters, and his style is a lucid expression of the man. As Ben Jonson said, he is "a bold and great carper of words," whose voice, when the reader hears, "it is doubtful whether he will more love at the first, or envy after, that it was not his own." The passages already quoted will give some impression of his manner in writing; but a man who can describe the Swiss as "cluster-fisted lubbers" is at no loss for words, and his natural faculty was improved by the study of that merry French writer Rabelais, whom he is one of the first of Englishmen to quote. As he was in his book, so he was in life—an insatiable chatterer. Ben Jonson hit off his characteristics in a few lines. "He is alwaies Tongue-major of the company," says the great man; "and if ever the perpetuall motion be to be hoped for, it is from thence. He will aske, How yow doe? Where yow have bene? How is it? If yow have travelled, How yow

like his booke? With what newes? and be guilty of a thousand such curteous impertinences in an howre, rather than want the humanity of vexing you."

"To conclude this ample Traveller in some bounds you shall best know him by this: he is frequent at all sorts of free tables, where, though he might sit as a Guest, hee will rather be served in as a Dish, and is loth to have any thing of himself kept cold against the next day." These words of the eminent poet, whom in his "Crudities" Coryat disguises under the name of "My friend Mr. Benjamin Johnson," show us best what sort of a man the leg-stretcher was, and best explain his popularity.

No sooner was his book published than Coryat was afoot again. His second journey was wider in scope and more ambitious in intent than his first, and in this at least he absolved himself from the reproach of being a tripper. By way of Constantinople and Smyrna he sailed to Joppa, and thence to Jerusalem. At Aleppo he joined a caravan for Persia, and finally arrived at Lahore. At Ajmir he spent eight months in acquiring the Eastern languages, and thence he journeyed to Surat, where he died.

It is to Edward Terry that we owe the circumstantial account of his death. The English at Surat had brought sack from England, and Coryat "calling for it as soon as he first heard of it, and crying, "Sack, sack, is there such a thing as sack? I pray give me some sack," drank of it, though I conceive modestly (for he was a very temperate man), yet it increased his flux which he had then upon him; and this caused him, within a few days after his very tedious and troublesome travels (for he went most on foot) at this place, to come to his journey's end, for here he overtook death in the month of December, 1617."

It was a fitting end of so tireless a traveler, whose journeys, in spite of Edward Terry, were neither tedious nor troublesome. Perhaps he himself would rather have ended his days beneath the shadow of Odcombe Church; but had he returned from Surat, his energetic spirit would have soon sent him on the tramp again, and it is not inappropriate that he should lie buried under a little monument in Surat churchyard.

## The Plot of "Edwin Drood."

By ANDREW LANG.

(From The Academy.)

**I**T is a pity that Dickens tried so often to write stories with secrets and elaborate plots. The task was not the task to which he was born, and his whole system of nods and winks and "blinds" and false clues is fatiguing. For one, I do not care whether Edwin Drood was killed, or whether Jasper somehow killed somebody else by mistake, and was "hunted down" by Edwin Drood in disguise. Mr. J. Cuming Walters' detective work on the story, "Clues to Dickens' Mystery of Edwin Drood" (Chapman and Hall, 2s. 6d. net), is, none the less, a pleasant piece of argument. He begins by saying that Dickens thought the secret of his plot "entirely novel, original, and baffling." But, if the secret has not baffled Mr. Walters, it is a pretty open and inexpensive secret in itself, though Mr. Walters has all the merit of a novel and probable suggestion.

We all admit that Jasper had either strangled Edwin with a black silk scarf, and committed his body to a heap of quicklime that lay about convenient, or that he thought he had done so. We all see that the crime is to be proved by a gold ring of rubies and diamonds, which Edwin has concealed about his person, though Jasper does not know it. Mr. Proctor thought that Edwin was not dead at all, but was watching round the corner, in Dickens' wonted way, though with no obvious motive, disguised as Datchery, a man with a white wig, black eyebrows, and apparently of middle age. All this is very Dickensian, and so obvious that Dickens could not have deemed the idea either original or baffling, unless he had some explanation as to how Jasper killed the wrong man, and as to how the wrong man came to be possessed of Edwin's tell-tale ruby and diamond ring. Certainly, if Dickens had found a way of explaining all that, his plot was, so far, baffling.

Mr. Walters concludes that Edwin was killed, and shoved into a heap of quicklime, and that the prowling Datchery was Helena Landless, sister of Neville Landless, on whom Jasper attempts to

throw the burden of the crime. Helena, we know, had often run away from her cruel step-father in the disguise of a boy. She was very resolute; she had to clear her brother's character. She had black eyebrows, like Datchery, and wore, as Datchery, a white wig over her own head of hair: hence her habit of not wearing her tall hat, which was uncomfortably warm. She could run up to town, dress in the costume of her sex, and meet Rosa Bud; and run down again to Cloisterham and spy, disguised as Datchery. She scored up a kind of diary in chalk lines, lest her female hand should betray her. But she would not keep a secret diary in chalk on the back of a door, in writing; nor is there any reason why she kept a diary at all, whether in Ogam, or in any other linear script; or why, if a diary she needed, she did not write it in Tamil (she hailed from Ceylon), and lock it up in her despatch-box. Granting that a very young girl could disguise herself, her voice, her hands, her feet, in the semblance and costume of a middle-aged "buffer, living idly on his means," then Helena may be Datchery. But suppose she is, the idea of Dickens is improbable with the worst sort of improbability, is terribly far-fetched, and fails to interest. It is the idea of a bad sixpenny novel. We are asked to credit Dickens with "the highest scientific skill," and this egregious invention is the result of his science! The idea would have been rejected by Mr. Guy Boothby, but it does not follow that Mr. Walters has not hit on Dickens' idea. If he has, "Edwin Drood" is far below "Count Robert of Paris" in its first uncorrected state, as the public will never know it.

Jasper, when he met Helena disguised as Datchery, would have known her voice; she had spoken out to a whole company of whom Jasper was one. Mr. Walters writes: "it is of the utmost significance that" (when Helena and Jasper met) "Dickens does not represent them as exchanging one single word." Helena, in fact, had thrice spoken to Jasper, among others, in her "low rich voice," on an occasion which Jasper could never

forget, and Jasper had thanked her for what she said. A professional singer, like Jasper, would certainly recognise the low rich voice of Helena in the lips of Datchery: the voice in which Helena had told him that she "would not fear him in any circumstances" ("Edwin Drood." First Edition, page 44). Yet, on Mr. Walters' theory, Jasper is not to recognise a voice that had spoken, in his hearing, words of significance remarkable to him. In short, if Datchery is Helena, the plot is about as lame and improbable a plot as can be imagined.

Mr. Walters is certainly wrong, I think, in his inferences from the drawings, by Dickens' son-in-law, on the cover of "Edwin Drood." These illustrations always gave an inkling of the story. On the observer's right, a wild figure of a man is running up a spiral staircase, pointing forward with one hand. Below, two men are ascending the staircase. Both are meant for gentlemen. They cannot, therefore, be Durdles, the dirty vagabond, and Jasper ascending the cathedral tower, as Mr. Walters thinks. Again, the running figure is Jasper, if Mr. Walters rightly identifies Jasper with the man who kneels and kisses a girl in a garden seat, in another design on the cover. But Jasper does nothing of the sort in any part of the story, and Jasper has whiskers like blacking-brushes, and this kneeling man has none. The three figures, one running up a stair, the others following him as he points upwards, are Neville, Grewgious, and Canon Crisparkle in a "Bible Reader's" hat. They are in full daylight, not in the dark with a lantern, like Jasper and Durdles when they climb the tower on the very "unaccountable expedition." Probably they are cheyving the villain, Jasper, and Crisparkle is kept in athletic training that he may overpower the said Jasper. The girl whose hand Neville kisses as she sits in the garden-chair is Rosa. None of these adventures is in the published part of the story.

The illustration at the bottom of the cover shows a dark man, in dark clothes; he has dark whiskers; he is opening the

door of a dark room; holding up a lantern, and revealing the figure of a tall fair young man, in a Tyrolese hat and a long loose great-coat, not "a tightish surtout," such as Datchery wore, and as no woman with a figure could wear without betraying her sex. The young man is more like Edwin Drood than any one else in Mr. Fildes' illustrations, while, if the dark man is Jasper, as Mr. Walters thinks, then the man kissing the girl's hand, and running wildly upstairs is not Jasper, as Mr. Walters holds. He certainly is not, I repeat, for he has no whiskers, and Jasper had dense black whiskers. Then the man revealed in the light of the lantern cannot be Helena, "the Avenger," waiting in the crypt. The man is fair, and has not a white wig, like Helena when disguised as Datchery; nor is he middle-aged, nor is he Helena in female costume, nor is there any reason why Helena should have two different male costumes, one to wear as Datchery, another to wear as "Avenger."

Moreover, if Drood's body was consumed in quicklime, how did Jasper put it into the crypt, quicklime and all? If not, why did Jasper go into a crypt to be sure that there was no remaining evidence against him? Let it be granted that Jasper did put a sufficiency of lime into the crypt, or tomb, or whatever it is, in company with Edwin's body, then people would still ask: "Who shovelled away the quicklime and put it into the tomb, crypt, or vault?" Mr. Walters thinks that Neville was with Helena-Datchery, in the place where the light of the lantern falls on a tall fair young man in a loose light great-coat, and that Jasper dirked Neville there and then. I reckon it more probable that Jasper polished off Neville on the top of the Cathedral tower, and was then mastered by the athletic Crisparkle. But, on either hypothesis,—and granting to Mr. Walters that the old woman who keeps the den for opium-smokers is Jasper's mother and Edwin Drood's aunt—what a plot have we here, what a farrago of unnatural nonsense!



## The Literary Associations of the American Embassy

By F. S. A. LOWNDES.

(From the Fortnightly Review.)

**T**HE American nation possesses a rich inheritance of history and tradition all its own in addition to those many centuries which it shares with the English. And, like all old nations when modified by the immigration of other racial strains on a large scale, it has shown an astonishing power of political and administrative adaptation. This is particularly seen in the effect of the American doctrine of equality on diplomatic appointments. It has given American Presidents, to say the least of it, a much wider range of choice in their recommendations to the Senate than an English minister has in his recommendations to the Crown. An English foreign secretary, in nominating to an embassy or legation, never goes outside the regular diplomatic service without the gravest reasons; an American President seldom does anything else. It would be more accurate, perhaps, to use the past tense, for of late years Mr. Hay has endeavored to confine the diplomatic service within the limits of a specialized profession, but we shall be chiefly concerned in the present paper with the results of what may be conveniently called the old system. That system illustrated the characteristic versatility with which an American of parts would try his hand, as a matter of course, at more than one pursuit or profession. If a lawyer might make a good soldier, or a schoolmaster a good cotton planter, why should not a merchant, for instance, make a good ambassador? Sometimes he made a very bad one, and stories are even now told of some strikingly undiplomatic personages who have in the past represented the great republic at foreign courts.

We in England, however, have been peculiarly fortunate in that we have always seen the very best side of the old system. Whatever may have been the state of Anglo-American relations, the republic has every reason to be proud of the ability and the character of the men

who have represented her here, of whom five afterward became Presidents—John Adams, James Monroe, John Quincy Adams, Martin Van Buren and James Buchanan. The roll of names is indeed full of interest in the history, not only of diplomacy, but also of political development in the widest sense. But we are here concerned only with its literary associations.

From this point of view alone, it is questionable whether any diplomatic mission in any country possesses literary traditions at all to be compared in interest and importance. The names of Motley and Bancroft among historians, of Lowell and Hay, of Washington Irving, of Hawthorne, and of Bret Harte, will at once occur to the mind, and there are others also who achieved a certain position in literature, quite apart from the able jurists and men of affairs whose writings belong to the class of *biblia abiblia*.

Perhaps the most obvious characteristic of the American representatives at the Court of St. James's whose names are remembered in the history of literature is that, with hardly an exception, they show a peculiarly racy gift of humor, generally expressed in a form of dialect, and of a literary quality much superior to the humor of mere comic exaggeration which flourishes so luxuriantly in America. We find this quality illustrated by the first and greatest on the roll, Benjamin Franklin, who, though he never was officially American Minister in London, yet virtually held that post as the Agent of Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Georgia, and Massachusetts. Each of these types of American humor—the racy, which has an underlying note of deep pathos, and that of merely comic exaggeration—may be regarded as a criticism of, and a reaction from, the florid rhetoric in which the masses in America have always delighted.

Benjamin Franklin must often have heard speeches conceived in a vein of gorgeous imagery against which his taste,

formed on such models as Bunyan, Plutarch's "Lives," Defoe, Locke, and the "Spectator," must have revolted. Certainly, in his writings he shows himself as the master of a singularly terse and direct literary style, as we see in "Poor Richard's Almanac," which suggested to Balzac an immortal character. He is extraordinarily like Defoe in shrewd mother wit, practical common sense, humanitarianism, and absolute unconsciousness of the things of the spirit, and his "Autobiography" has all Defoe's power of vivid narration without his excessive copiousness. One of Franklin's fugitive pieces—a letter to a London newspaper written in 1765, the year before his famous examination before the House of Commons—is of particular interest, because it is, perhaps, the earliest instance of characteristically American humor.

Of course, it is directly useful—Franklin would never have written anything for the mere pleasure of literary expression—as a reply to some foolish articles about the American colonies which had appeared in the Press. "I beg leave to say, that all the articles of news that seem improbable are not mere inventions. The very tails of the American sheep are so laden with wool that each has a little car or wagon on four little wheels, to support and keep it from trailing on the ground." And so on, until we come to the crowning absurdity that

The inhabitants of Canada are making preparations for a cod and whale fishery "this summer in the upper lakes." Ignorant people may object, that the upper lakes are fresh, and that cod and whales are salt water fish; but let them know, Sir, that cod, like other fish when attacked by their enemies, fly into any water where they can be safest; that whales, when they have a mind to eat cod, pursue them wherever they fly; and that the grand leap of the whale in the chase up the Falls of Niagara is esteemed by all who have seen it as one of the finest spectacles in nature.

The whole piece has this grave, candid and apparently well-reasoned, plausible air—the very same weapon which Swift wielded with such savagery in his "Modest Proposal," and which a whole school of American humorists have adapted each for his own purpose.

Some of the most interesting literary associations of the American Embassy are connected with Spain. Washington Irving's diplomatic career—although he was Secretary of Legation, and for a time Charge d'Affaires in London—was principally associated with the Madrid Legation, to which he was appointed in 1842. He had been an attache of the legation in

the twenties, and it was then that he wrote not only his "Life of Columbus" and his "Conquest of Granada," but also his delightful "Tales of the Alhambra," which is worthy to be placed by the side of "The Sketch Book," "Bracebridge Hall," "The Knickerbocker History" and "The Life of Goldsmith." Irving owed much in a literary sense to Rabelais and Sterne, and yet in the best of his work there is an entirely individual charm, the charm of delicate fancy, dry humor and an underlying pathos.

In both "The Conquest of Granada" and the "Tales of the Alhambra" he shows how deeply he was steeped in the atmosphere of Spain, and how completely the poetry and romance of her had seized his imagination. Although he accepted the Madrid Legation in the hope of completing there his "Life of Washington," he found little leisure for it from his official duties; but with all his longing to return to "sweet little Sunnyside," to sit on a stone fence and talk about politics and rural affairs, he shows in his correspondence of this period the keenest interest in the young Queen Isabella, the Queen-Mother Christina, the Regent Espartero, Narvaez and the insurrections of 1843.

With England, of course, Washington Irving's literary associations were many. He was brought up on "The Pilgrim's Progress," "The Arabian Nights," "Gulliver's Travels" and "Robinson Crusoe." He had seen Nelson's fleet leave Messina for Trafalgar; and he was actually in the theatre, enraptured with Mrs. Siddons, when the news of Nelson's death fell upon London. In the year of Waterloo he made the acquaintance of Campbell and Disraeli, and he visited Scott at Abbotsford—everywhere preceded by the fame of his "Knickerbocker History." With the famous house of Murray he had long and pleasant relations, and later on, in the 'thirties, when he was living in London in an official position, we find him the natural recipient of such honors as the Oxford D. C. L., and the medal of the Royal Society of Literature. It is pleasant to recall that the English appreciation of Irving's "Sketch Book" was more enthusiastic than had ever before greeted the work of an American author.

The influence of Spain on James Russell Lowell was not less marked. Twenty years before his appointment as American Minister in Madrid he learned the Spanish language, and he went on to master the literature and history of the country so thoroughly that his playful boast that he knew more Spanish than most Spaniards was really justified. Although he was a scholar, and to a cer-



tain extent a recluse, nevertheless he found himself curiously well fitted for much of the business of diplomacy. He could realize the dramatic possibilities of his position better than a mere man of affairs could have done; he could speak and act as a kind of personification of America with a dignity not unlike that which we find in the great representative characters in Shakespeare's historical plays, and this all the more because of his freedom from political ties at home. At the same time he knew he was not apt at business, and in every transaction of that kind he was always anxious to carry it through well for the sake of the reputation of literary men. As he writes to a friend: "It was not myself I was thinking of, but the Guild; I didn't wish another of those 'd—d literary fellers' to come to grief." To another friend he wrote that he had an instinctive sympathy with the Spaniards' want of aptitude for business. In his "Impressions of Spain" he included extracts from his official dispatches to the State Department, notably a lively description of the marriage of the young King in 1878, and in this he clearly reveals the nature of his interest in the ceremonial duties of his office; he shows his intense historical imagination, his sensitiveness to the associations and the pathos of gorgeous unreality, anachronism and decay.

Lowell's success in Madrid let directly to his appointment to London. The memory of his mission to the Court of St. James's, which lasted from 1880 to 1885—practically coinciding with Mr. Gladstone's second Premiership—is still so recent in the minds of all but the youngest of us that it does not call for many words here. Lowell himself seems to have remembered—perhaps too clearly—the frankness of his past criticisms of England. He had not minced matters, especially in the second series of the "Biglow Papers;" the recollection of his attitude toward England during the war of the secession, and his famous article on "A Certain Condescension in Foreigners," made him stand a little on his defense. All the best elements of English society, however, combined to give him a welcome such as none of his predecessors, not even Motley, had received.

If Lowell sometimes displayed a certain combativeness, it was due to his intense consciousness of his representative position—that he was the personification of America, just as he had been in Madrid. Max Muller tells an amusing instance of this. Some one had said in Lowell's presence that America treated her diplomatic representatives stingily,

whereupon he fired up and argued with much energy in favor of plain living and high thinking! It is even more amusing to recall that Lowell's maternal grandmother was wont, when Independence Day came round, to wear deep mourning, fast all day, and lament, amid the general rejoicings, "our late unhappy differences with his most gracious Majesty."

Mr. John Hay, who passed from the American Embassy in London, after an all too brief tenure, to what was destined to prove a most eventful Secretaryship of State in Washington, is another example of the influence of Spain upon a typically American man of letters. It is Mr. Hay's fate to be popularly known as the author of "The Pike County Ballads," the most famous of which are "Little Breeches" and "Jim Bludso." There is reason to believe that Mr. Hay wrote these performances—which from a literary point of view can hardly be said to exist—as skits on the popular dialect poetry of the day, notably Bret Harte's Californian ballads. There is a story, which is probably true, that he gave "Little Breeches" to Mr. Whitelaw Reid one night in the "Tribune" office, thinking that they might amuse his friend, but hardly believing them worth publication; and no one was more astonished at their instantaneous success than their author. Mr. Hay would rather be remembered as the author of "Castilian Days," a series of essays, full of observation, wit and sympathy for the mingled romance and pathos of Spain. In his poems, too, most of them written in 1870, there are some which are the direct fruit of the time he spent in Madrid as Secretary of Legation. "The Surrender of Spain" is an interesting experiment in rhymed elegiacs, of which the last stanza is:

Once again does Hispania bend low to the  
yoke of the stranger!

Once again will she rise, flinging her  
gyves in the sea!

Princeling of Piedmont! unwitting thou  
weddest with doubt and with danger,  
King over men who have learned all  
that it costs to be free.

There are poems also which remind us that Mr. Hay was in Paris when the cry of "a Berlin!" was heard in her streets, there are translations, chiefly from Heine, and there are poems of pure love; but perhaps the most memorable of all are those directly inspired by America and American history, notably "Miles Keogh's Horse," and "The Advance Guard."

After Mr. Hay, it seems natural to mention Mr. Whitelaw Reid, who is as-



sured of a warm welcome for his own sake, as well as for the sake of his predecessors, when he comes this month to take up the office of American Ambassador. Mr. Reid has achieved distinction in so many fields that his literary ability has been to some extent obscured by his public services. Mr. Reid is the Sir William Russell of America, and his exploits as a correspondent in the civil war placed him before he was thirty in the front rank of descriptive writers. It is, of course, the first duty of the war correspondent, and especially the American war correspondent, to "get there," to get ahead of the other correspondents, and to see that his paper receives his messages at the earliest possible moment. Literary graces and perfection of style are by comparison unimportant, but it is Mr. Reid's great distinction that he achieved both ends. Aided to a certain extent by good luck, but chiefly owing to his own native shrewdness, he managed to be present at great battles, and also to send descriptions of them to his paper, the Cincinnati "Gazette," which were not only of absorbing interest at the moment as news, but also possessed literary merit quite remarkable in view of the circumstances under which they were written. He described the whole Tennessee campaign, having contrived to obtain an appointment on the staff of Rosecrans; he was the only correspondent who saw the whole battle of Pittsburg Landing; and he wrote a memorable "story" of Gettysburg.

These achievements led directly to his long association with the New York "Tribune," and in the conduct of that journal Mr. Reid showed how great a power journalism may become when inspired by real literary culture. He himself, descended from a long line of Scottish Covenanters, received an education, both classical and mathematical, which enabled him to become not only an admirable writer himself, but also a shrewd judge of other men's work. Though he has written much for the "Tribune" himself, he has, nevertheless, always acted on the sound principle that an editor should rather be the cause of good writing in others. No doubt, remembering how he himself had sat at the feet of Horace Greeley, he showed an extraordinary flair in discovering writers, and also editors, of ability, of whom Mr. John Hay was the principal. Mr. Reid has always been a bookish man, and he thoroughly enjoyed his term of office as librarian of the House of Representatives, only giving up his post because he was anxious to write his book, "Ohio in

the War." This work is recognized as the most important of all the State histories of the war, and it is full of the most interesting biographies of the great soldiers on both sides. Mr. Reid has also written an account of a Southern tour which he took after the war, an introduction to the "Memoirs of Talleyrand," and a volume entitled "Problems of Expansion," published in 1900.

The two historians in the roll of American Ministers to the Court of St. James's—John Lothrop Motley and George Bancroft—although their historical studies were widely different, were yet alike in that they were both steeped in European letters and culture.

Motley was only Minister from 1860-70, when he was suddenly recalled in a manner which he regarded as humiliating, and which affected him so much as to shorten his life. But long before his official appointment he was well known in England, and was a notable member of the brilliant society which gathered at Holland House. In person he was extremely handsome, and Bismarck, with whom he lived in the closest intimacy at Göttingen, said of him: "He exercised a marked attraction by a conversation sparkling with wit, humor and originality. The most striking feature of his handsome and delicate appearance was his uncommonly large and beautiful eyes. He never entered a drawing room without exciting the curiosity and sympathy of the ladies." Lady Byron, indeed, said that he was more like her husband than any one she had ever known. He showed an early taste for acting and declamation, which was shared by his boyish friends, Wendell Phillips and Thomas Gold Appleton, Mrs. Longfellow's brother. He was sent to the famous Round Hill School at Northampton, Mass., which George Bancroft—who was destined to precede him as American Minister in London—helped to found on the model of the typical English public school. Motley paid more attention to reading novels and writing verses than to his school work, and the story goes that when one of the masters remonstrated with him on finding a pile of novels on his table, the boy replied that he was reading historically, and had just arrived at the novels of the nineteenth century! Famous also is his bon mot in reply to his father's remonstrances on his rather self-indulgent tastes, "I can spare the necessities of life, but not the luxuries."

His first work, "Morton's Hope," was an historical novel, and his second, also a novel, entitled "Merry Mount," was a

protest against the gloom of Puritanism, and both were about equally unsuccessful. This keen interest in fiction, which is of great importance in estimating Motley's literary position, was exhibited to better purpose in an excellent article which he wrote for the "North American Review" on the novels of Balzac. At the same time, Froude's observation that Motley's "History of the Dutch Republic" would "take its place among the finest stories of this or any other country" was unjust if it meant that he regarded history as so much romance writing.

On the contrary, Motley spent the most unwearying labor in research in the British, Dutch, French and Venetian archives, yet his historical work is very far from being the cold, bloodless production of the mere marshaller of authorities. It is all colored by his intense love both of religious and of political liberty; the style is fascinating, full of picturesqueness, vigor and humor, and informed by a natural historical sense. Indeed, from every point of view, Motley was extraordinarily well equipped for historical writing; his power of vivid, graphic narrative is always held in due control by his scholarly fastidiousness; the drudgery of historical research was really a delight to him; and his experience of public life and of public affairs was an advantage which many historians have lacked. It is true that his experience as a member of the Massachusetts House of Representatives was brief, and that he did not become Minister to Austria till 1861—that is to say, after the publication of the "History of the Dutch Republic," and of the first two volumes of the "History of the United Netherlands."

But it must be remembered that during all the years of preparation he had lived much in Europe, and in society, too, of a kind which gave him an insight into the political movements of the time. Of his mission to Austria, which coincided with the outbreak of the civil war, his daughter, Lady Harcourt, says: "In the first dark years the painful interest of the great national drama was so all-absorbing that literary work was entirely put aside, and with his countrymen at home he lived only in the varying fortunes of the day, his profound faith and enthusiasm sustaining and lifting him above the natural influence of a by no means sanguine temperament. Later, when the tide was turning and success was nearing, he was more able to work." His official dispatches are described by his successor in Vienna, Mr. Jay, as ex-

hibiting the same clear perception, scholarly and philosophic tone, and decided judgment which, supplemented by picturesque description full of life and power, gave character to his histories. It must be counted as not the least of Motley's good fortune that after his death his memoir was written by Oliver Wendell Holmes.

George Bancroft, the other historian on our roll—who was Minister from 1846 to 1849—is notable as the author of the monumental "History of the United States," of which the first volume appeared in 1834 and the last in 1882. The course of his education was such as to qualify him especially for historical writing. He did very well at Harvard, where he paid particular attention to metaphysics, ethics, and Greek literature, and then he spent five most formative years in Europe. At the University of Göttingen he studied Arabic and Hebrew, as well as modern languages and natural history, having for his teachers such men as Bunsen, Eichhorn and Blumenbach; but it is evident that it was the historian, Heeren, whose works he afterward translated, who first turned his mind toward history. From Göttingen he went to Berlin and made the acquaintance of von Humboldt and von Encke, and at Jena of Goethe. The political institutions of Prussia and the other German States were then emerging from the chaos which followed the Napoleonic wars, and Bancroft had the singular good fortune of being a spectator of this process.

Just as fiction first attracted Motley, so poetry first attracted Bancroft, who occupied himself with verse translations from Goethe and Schiller. He spent also some time in Paris and crossed the Alps on foot, making the acquaintance of Manzoni and Niebuhr. Unfortunately, we do not know whether he would have agreed with Edward FitzGerald in regarding the latter as "a great humbug." In Italy, too, he met Lord Byron, who on one occasion presented him to the Countess Guiccioli. He does not seem to have then visited England, although he returned to the United States in 1822 full of the notion of establishing a school on the lines of the English public school. This he did with his friend Dr. Cogswell, at Round Hill, in Massachusetts, where, as we have seen, Motley was educated. Without being exactly a regularly ordained minister like Edward Everett, who preceded him at the legation in London, he obtained at this time a license to preach. After some years he retired from the school and devoted himself to

the colossal task of writing the history of his own country.

It has been suggested that the coincidence that both John Adams and Thomas Jefferson died on the very day on which Bancroft delivered a Fourth of July oration, in which he set forth the doctrine of unfettered democracy based on universal suffrage, was really a determining factor in his decision. However that may be, the rest of his life, from 1830 till his death in 1891, was chiefly devoted to his historical labors. His term of office at the Court of St. James's was not eventful, and he had a good deal of leisure for historical study, frequently visiting Paris, where he made the acquaintance of Guizot, de Tocqueville, and Lamartine. Later on, he was able to continue his historical researches in Berlin, being appointed first Minister to Prussia, and afterward to the North-German Confederation; and finally, after the Franco-German war, to the German Empire.

This is not the place to estimate the value of his work in the 'forties as Secretary of the Navy in Mr. Polk's Cabinet, but it may at least be recorded that this "littery feller" founded the famous Naval Academy at Annapolis, and by his action in ordering the American Pacific squadron to California, was the means of securing that territory to the United States. Nor should it be forgotten that, having been appointed, in 1838, Collector of the Port of Boston, he gave a place in the Boston Custom House to Nathaniel Hawthorne.

With the two historians, Mr. Hay must also be mentioned for the "Life of Abraham Lincoln," in which he collaborated with John G. Nicolay. The two men were Lincoln's trusted secretaries and friends throughout his presidency, and the picture they have drawn of him is extraordinarily vivid, in spite of its elaboration.

Two men of great though unequal note in literature have conferred distinction upon the American consular service in this country—Nathaniel Hawthorne and Bret Harte.

Hawthorne, though he wrote much less than Lowell, is probably even better known to English readers, who have recognized as fully as his own countrymen his supremacy in purely imaginative literature. The son of a sea captain, Hawthorne had mixed much with sailors during his gaugership at the Boston Custom House, which, as we have seen, he owed to George Bancroft, and his appointment to be American consul at Liverpool was, therefore, not so uncongenial

as might be supposed, though, like his Boston appointment, it stopped for the time being his literary activity. But it relieved him of pecuniary anxieties, and enabled him to take those journeys all over the United Kingdom which were afterward recorded in "Our Old Home." This delightful book Hawthorne, with characteristic loyalty, insisted on dedicating to his old friend, ex-President Franklin Pierce, to whom he owed the Liverpool consulate, and who was then at the height of his unpopularity. It is difficult nowadays to understand the indignation with which these charming sketches of English life and scenery were received in this country, in spite of the acute but never ill-natured criticisms of our social order which they contain. It is pleasanter to recall the discriminating praise bestowed, as early as 1835, by the "Athenaeum" on some of the "Twice-Told Tales" which appeared in the Boston "Token," though Hawthorne did not come into his literary kingdom in this country until "The Scarlet Letter" appeared, fifteen years later.

Hawthorne's intensely reserved, shy nature was found to be impenetrable by Ellery Channing, Emerson, Thoreau and Margaret Fuller, but with his old school-fellow, Longfellow, he was another man, and the friendship between these two is one of the most beautiful in the history of literature. In England, with every advantage of person and address, he made acquaintances rather than friends. The fact may be recorded here for its literary interest that after his death Robert Browning helped his daughter Una to prepare for the press his romance of the elixir of life, "Septimius Felton." What this country helped to give Hawthorne was that wider experience of human relations, the lack of which he laments in an early letter to Longfellow. Such experience was, however, less necessary to Hawthorne than he supposed, for the most remarkable quality of his genius is its instant maturity; he seems to have had, in a literary sense, no youth, no struggle upward out of a period of crudity, but to have entered at once into the possession of his exquisitely lucid, nervous style and his uncanny powers of imagination.

Bret Harte, who was American Consul in Glasgow from 1880 to 1885, is perhaps the most universally popular writer of all those with whom this paper is concerned. His humor has extraordinary range and variety, and it is presented with a seriousness, touched with a kind of thoughtful melancholy, which makes it perfectly irresistible. In his poems, of

which Mr. Hay's "Pike County Ballads" are said to have been written as parodies, as well as in his stories and sketches, he creates a kind of dialect which, whether it truly represents the current speech of Western mining camps or not, becomes in his hands a wonderful instrument for the expression of both pawky shrewdness and simple homely sentiment. "The Luck of Roaring Camp" appeared in 1868, when railroads and telegraphs had already awakened a new America, which had outgrown the old-fashioned gaudily colored, hopelessly conventional fiction. To this new generation Bret Harte came, like a breath of fresh life from his own Californian pine woods, bringing a sense of reality, of real human feeling and human interests, as well as a power of presenting both the mystery and the beauty of nature, which must have seemed even more wonderful than to us with our wider opportunities of comparison and criticism. Whatever may be the ultimate judgment of posterity on Bret Harte, his part in the American realistic movement can hardly be neglected by the historian of literature.

There remain to be mentioned a number of names which, however important in the diplomatic history of the two countries, are of less interest from the literary point of view. It will be convenient to take first the three Adams—father, son, and grandson—each of whom was in his turn American Minister in London, while the first two, as we have already seen, became Presidents.

John Adams, the father—who was the first regularly accredited Minister to the Court of St. James's—although he was primarily a lawyer and political philosopher, possessed a crisp, pungent, and vivacious style, which he showed in some remarkable articles on taxation, appearing in the Boston "Gazette" up to the eve of the battle of Lexington—indeed, it was that battle which prevented the publication of the last article. Mrs. Adams, although she was treated with incivility by Queen Charlotte, as her husband was by George III., nevertheless made many friends in London. "Humiliation for Charlotte," she wrote on one occasion, "is no sorrow for me." She possessed a vigorous literary style, as may be seen in "Familiar Letters of John Adams and his wife, Abigail Adams, during the Revolution," edited by their grandson, Charles Francis Adams. Her father, who was a Congregational minister, seems to have been a man of some humor, for the story is told that the pretensions of John Adams to her hand did not please the congregation, as he was only the son of a small farmer,

though it was admitted that he was a model of good conduct. Whereupon her father hastened to preach from the text, "For John came neither eating bread nor drinking wine; and ye say, He hath a devil." His congregation, however, were probably accustomed to these topical sermons, for when another daughter, Mary, had made rather a good match, he took for his text, "Mary hath chosen that good part, which shall not be taken away from her."

The son, John Quincy Adams, who was Minister from 1815 to 1817, was only seven years old when he saw the battle of Bunker Hill, in company with his mother. He had a cosmopolitan education at Paris, Amsterdam, and Leipzig, and his first diplomatic post, when he was only fourteen, was as secretary to Francis Dana, who was sent as American Minister to Russia, but was ultimately rejected by the Czar's government. He did not, however, accompany his father to London later on, but returned to America, and graduated with distinction at Harvard, where he afterward became professor of rhetoric and belles lettres. His writings are chiefly political rather than literary, but his diary, edited by his son, is still worth reading, for it contains a vivid account of the Napoleonic invasion of Russia, to which country he was Minister in the eventful years of 1809 to 1813.

The third of the line, Charles Francis Adams, who was Minister to England from 1861 to 1868, was remarkably successful as a diplomatist, but he need only be mentioned here for his edition of memoirs of his father and his grandfather in twenty-two volumes.

Richard Rush, who was Minister here from 1817 to 1825, was rather a voluminous writer. Of the greatest interest is his lively account of his residence at the Court of St. James's, which was ultimately edited by his nephew and published in 1873. He was Minister to France from 1847 to 1851, and this bore fruit in a book of reminiscences of Louis Philippe and the revolution of 1848. Lastly, his study of Washington in domestic life may still be read with interest, for it contains, in addition to personal recollections, a number of letters of Washington to his private secretary, Col. Tobias Lear.

Edward Everett, who was Minister from 1841 to 1845, is remarkable as the only one on the roll who was also a minister with a small "m." He was nineteen when he occupied a Unitarian pulpit at Boston, where his eloquence is said to have exercised a singular attraction. He was only twenty-one when he was

chosen for the Greek chair at Harvard, and immediately proceeded to Germany for purposes of study. Although Mr. Everett was a fine classic scholar, his eloquence was of the popular kind, and abounded in flowers of rhetoric. He was editor of the "North American Review," for which he wrote a great many papers, and was also for three years president of Harvard; but still, it is as a consummate and fervid orator that he is chiefly remembered. His poetry is forgotten; no one now reads his "Defence of Christianity," and the "Life of Washington," which he contributed to an encyclopedia, need only be mentioned here because it was written at the instance of Lord Macaulay.

George Mifflin Dallas, who was Minister from 1856 to 1861, wrote a series of "Letters from London," which were edited and published by his daughter Julia. He was the nephew of Robert Charles Dallas, the friend and counsellor of Byron, who was, indeed, his nephew

by marriage, for Byron's uncle, Captain Byron, married Mr. Dallas's sister.

There are, in conclusion, two recent Ambassadors, Mr. Choate and the late Mr. Bayard, who, though primarily distinguished as lawyers, and as diplomatists, should be mentioned here for the literary quality of their oratory. It has practically become a part of the American Ambassador's official duties to deliver addresses on safe literary and philosophic subjects. Mr. Bayard's orations delighted English audiences, who appreciated his rather rotund style, as well as the breadth of thought and real culture of which it was the vehicle. Of Mr. Choate it is hard to say anything that does not seem an anti-climax after the unexampled demonstrations which marked his departure. His style is much drier and keener than Mr. Bayard's, but it has the same literary quality, and is informed with a like culture, which is perhaps most notable in his "Appreciations" of his great kinsman, Rufus Choate, and of Admiral Farragut.

## DEATH.

By EBENEZER JONES.

(From the Academy.)

In vain the young from youth's delights,  
From lips whose kissing bloom  
Bright chaos makes of days and nights—  
To thee defiant come.

In vain the old with trembling tread,  
And trembling hand apples,  
And strives to coax thy silence dread,  
And lifts beseeching eyes.

And vainly I desert my post  
In life's poor puppet game,  
To seek thee where this silent host  
Of tombs thy power proclaim.

\* \* \* \* \*

In vain, in vain; but one reply  
In thy sad realm I find:  
Sol... fresh grave only meets the eye,  
The ear some wandering wind.



## The Autobiography of a Wandering Friar

By G. G. Coulton.

(From the Nineteenth Century and After.)

**T**HE most curious and instructive autobiography of the Middle Ages is at the same time one of the least read. Brother Salimbene of Parma lived from the days of St. Francis into those of Dante, among the most stirring political struggles of his time and the most varied events of war; a wanderer by choice and profession, sitting one day side by side with St. Louis and at other times with Asdente, the simple-minded cobbler-prophet whom Dante has so rudely thrust down to hell. A man religious enough to have lived in close and sympathetic friendship with the greatest and most saintly men of his Order, yet not too ascetic to take the most Pepsian interest in all the gossip of the cloister; and, most precious perhaps of all, one who wrote with instinctive and unsparing frankness, not for curious modern eyes, but for friends and fellow-Franciscans, and more especially for the edification of his favorite niece, herself a nun of the same Order. "For the writer of history," he says, "ought to be impartial, and not merely to describe the evil that is in a man, while keeping silence as to his good qualities;" and again, "the spirit bloweth whither it listeth, neither is it in man's power to hinder the spirit \* \* \* nor can I tell my stories otherwise than as they happened in truth, and as I have seen with mine own eyes." With no attempt to conceal his prejudices; as frank as Boswell himself about his own weaknesses, he is the most valuable existing historian of Italian life in the period between St. Francis and Dante.

Why then is he so little known? His Chronicle was first printed in 1857, in an expensive form and a limited edition; which edition is itself grievously imperfect, being based on a transcript of the original MS. not only faulty in other respects, but mercilessly expurgated from the point of view of ecclesiastical propriety. Efforts were indeed made to print from a complete copy, but the MS. was bought into the Vatican in order to

prevent this; not until the late Pope's reign did the real Salimbene, together with all other Vatican MSS., become accessible to students. Since then, several complete editions have been projected, but the very number of separate projects seem to have hindered each other, though now at last the Chronicle is soon to appear in the great series of "Monumenta Germaniae." The present writer, having been enabled to fill up all important gaps in the text by the kindness of Professors Cleilat of Lyons and Holder-Egger of Berlin, to whom he owes a heavy debt of gratitude, has for some time been engaged on a complete translation of those very considerable portions of the Chronicle which are best calculated to interest the Dante scholar and the student of mediaeval manners; and meanwhile, by the courtesy of the editor of this review, he is enabled here to give a summary of a book so important for the study of Dante and of the thirteenth century Franciscans.

Our Chronicler was not related to the Niccolo Salimbeni whom Dante mentions. He was of the noble family di Adamo of Parma, and was born in 1221, the year of St. Dominic's death. The family lived next door to the beautiful Baptistery, and loved it as Dante loved his "bel San Giovanni." This house was sold later on to the grandson of an old noble, of whom Salimbene tells us that

whenever he was not at worship in the church, he used to sit with his neighbors under the public portico beside the Bishop's palace, speaking of God or listening gladly to them that spake of Him. Nor would he suffer that boys should throw stones against the Baptistery or the Cathedral, to destroy the carvings and paintings; nay rather, whenever he saw this he waxed wroth and ran swiftly and beat them with a leather thong, as though he had been set to guard the buildings.

We have a vivid picture of this home by the Baptistery. Guido di Adamo, the father, had been a crusader; his wife, Imelda, was

a humble and devout lady, fasting oft, and giving freely to the poor. Never was she seen to be wroth; never did she smite any of her maidservants with her hand \* \* \* She was wont to tell me how, at the time of the great earthquake, I lay in the cradle, and she caught up my two sisters, one under each arm, for they were but small; and, leaving me in my cradle, she ran to the home of her father and mother and brethren; for she feared, as she said, lest the Baptistery should fall on her, since our home was hard by. Wherefore I never loved her so dearly, since she should have cared more for me, the boy, than for the girls. But she herself said that, being better grown, they were easier for her to carry.

There were two more brothers, one of whom died young, while the other took the Franciscan habit; and so the name died out. "We destroyed our house here on earth, that we might build it in Heaven." A third brother, John, was the son of a concubine. There was a definite note of piety in the family; and, like the majority in Parma, it espoused the Guelf (or Church) side in that bitter war between Pope and Emperor. "My father's mother was a wise lady, and one hundred years old when she died. I lived fifteen years with her in my father's house; how often she warned me to eschew evil company and cleave to the good, and to be prudent and well-mannered and good, so often may God's blessing light upon her!" "The Lord Balian of Sidon, a great baron of France, who had come from the Holy Land to the Emperor Frederick the Second," stood godfather to the child, who seems to have grown up very much after his grandmother's pattern, for at home he was called Ognibene (All-good). After the elder brother's entrance into the cloister, the father's one hope for the family lay in this boy; yet he also, early in his seventeenth year, slipped away from home and entered as a novice into the Franciscan convent of Parma. The poor father's despair, and his vain attempts to recover his son through the mediation of Emperor and Pope (with both of whom he had influence) are told by Salimbene with more vividness than show of filial affection. Indeed, like Montaigne (whom in many other respects he so closely resembles) he seems rather to have felt a wide and kindly sympathy with all, than any specially strong or exclusive affection for his own kin. So long as the boy himself wished to remain in the convent, neither Emperor nor Pope would undertake to remove him; and Guido, though it was granted him to speak in private with his son, labored in vain against the "witchcraft" of those

"drivellers"—the actual word he used is hardly to be translated. At length,

despairing of my return, he threw himself upon the ground before the brethren and the laymen, who had come with him, and cried, "I commit thee to a thousand devils, accursed son, together with thy brother who is here with thee and who also hath seduced thee. My curse cleave to thee to all Eternity, and send thee to the devils of hell." And so he departed, troubled beyond measure; but we remained in great consolation, giving thanks unto God and saying to Him "They shall curse, but Thou shalt bless."

Guido went back to his dreary home, and in later year his wife entered the cloister; while his natural son, having gone on a pilgrimage to St. James of Compostella, settled in Toulouse on the way home, married, and died there. Ognibene, for his part, slept the sleep of the just that night in the convent, dreaming that the Virgin Mother came to comfort him and laid her Son into his arms to be caressed. Soon afterward, an aged friar—the last to whom St. Francis had given the habit with his own hands—gave our chronicler a new name for his new life. "My son, none is good save God alone. Henceforth, be thou called Brother Salimbene, for thou hast leapt well (bene salisti) in that thou hast entered this Order." Let us pause here to gather from Salimbene's own frank life-story of nearly seventy years, what sort of a world it was from which, and what sort of an Order into which, he leapt thus intrepidly at the age of sixteen and a half. For it was Dante's world; Parma and Florence are not 120 miles apart, and while the poet was born in 1265, the friar lived at least to the middle of 1288.

As to the outer world of that time, the most superficial perusal of the *Commedia* would lead us to expect that was a cruel one, though not so cruel, we are often told, but that it was redeemed by its knightly virtues and its living faith. If even the *Paradiso* reminds us frequently of violence and murder, yet the nobility of the poet's style does at least give another vent to our thoughts even in the *Inferno*, and we do not pause to consider too closely how it must have been to live in Ezzelino's city, or even under that most religious king whom Dante accuses of poisoning St. Thomas Aquinas. But Salimbene jots all these things down, chapter and verse, in a matter-of-fact way which gives the imagination no excuse for flying off at a tangent. Of the seventy-six years embraced by his chronicle proper, twenty-one only are free from the express record of war in the writer's own immediate neighborhood. Of these twenty-one years, three were desolated

by plagues which put a stop even to warfare: one was devoted to the mania of flagellation which succeeded the worst year of plague; two more were years of famine in which the poor died like flies; two again were darkened by the deaths of countless multitudes of crusaders. Nor does the chronicler leave us without explicit testimony as to the general character of those wars which, in detail, he often dismisses in half a dozen words. Here is his account (slightly condensed) of a period of some twenty years which he spent in Romagna:

Near the towns armed soldiers guarded the laborers all day long; this was necessary on account of the bandits, who had increased beyond measure. For they would take men and carry them off to their dungeons; and those who did not redeem themselves with money, them would they hang up by the feet or by the hands, or pull out their teeth. For they were more cruel than devils; and he that went by the way would as lief meet the devil as meet his fellow-man. For one had ever suspicion of another, lest he might purpose to carry him off to prison; and the land became a desert, wherein was neither husbandman nor wayfarer. And evil was multiplied upon the earth; and the birds and beasts of the field increased beyond measure, for they found no household beasts in the villages to eat according to their wont, since the villages were altogether burnt. Wherefore wolves came thronging thick together round the city moats, howling horribly for intolerable anguish of hunger; and they crept by night into the cities, and ate men, women or children that slept under the porticos or in wagons; nay, at times they even broke through the walls of houses and throttled babes in their very cradles. No man could believe, but if he had seen it with his own eyes, as I did, the horrible deeds that were done at that time, both by men and by divers kinds of beasts.

Nor was it much better within the cities. The whole book reeks of intestine wars, and the devilish cruelties of fellow-citizens. The Emperor, provoked by an absent noble, has his daughter, "who was a most fair damsel," cast alive into a furnace. When Alberigo da Romano was taken at last, the victors ripped out the bones from the living flesh of his sons, and dashed them into the parents' faces, in revenge for the not less sickening cruelties which the tyrant had practiced in the days of his power. One noble ruffian dashes out the brains of his own infant grandson against the wall; others, in the hour of victory, slaughter children in their cradles. Nearly a whole quarto page, in another place, is devoted to the fiendish tortures inflicted by political opponents who, in these degener-

ate days of ours, would simply bark at each other in the newspapers.

Nor is there much in Salimbene to countenance the ideal of knightly romance: seldom do we catch any glimpse of true chivalry among all these conflicts. Here and there we find a noble of real piety; here and there one who is capable, for instance, of sheltering a defenceless orphan in spite of a feud with the dead father. But the prevailing atmosphere is, to say the least of it, hardly favorable to the theory prevalent in some quarters that the medieval noble, though rough, was a specially genuine diamond under the surface. We find a noble forger of wills; nobles who permit themselves in public the grossest of words and gestures; casual but significant glimpses of filth and vermin, both literally and morally. A rich and well-born maiden is about to be left an orphan; Salimbene hastens to arrange a match for her—not very advantageous in many ways—but, as the dying father said, left to herself among the chivalry of the thirteenth century, "*forte facta fuisset meretrix.*"

All these things, however, show pretty transparently in other records of the time; nor can it be seriously doubted that this was a world from which thousands of peace-loving souls must have leapt into the cloister with the deepest possible sense of relief—even though it were one of the few cloisters which still adhered to their primitive asceticism. Salimbene, who hated war almost like a Quaker, may very well have felt small regret, even in a material sense, for the noble house which he had left to ruin on earth. Let us see then—for here his testimony is beyond all price—what sort of a house it was that he builded for himself in Heaven.

The thirteenth century is a period to which many souls have looked fondly back from modern times, under the perfectly true impression that the power of the Christian hierarchy has at no time been so great in the state, and that no century can show a brighter roll of names in religious history. And among all the glories of that age, there was assuredly none greater than the first beginnings of that Order in which our chronicler took refuge, yet it is known that even the Saint himself in his later years was driven almost to despair by the growth of a "moderate" or "relaxed" party within his Order; and the generation of those who had known him in the flesh had not yet passed away before those "Spirituals" who still clung to the strict rule of St. Francis and Pope Innocent found themselves treated as rebels and schismatics by the moderate party, strong now in the support of the reigning

popes. How under persecution the Spirituals developed first anti-papal and then definitely heretical tendencies, is rather a matter for later history, and Salimbene is not very communicative on the subject. Yet it is surprising, on the other hand, how little he has to tell us in general of the original apostolic poverty and simplicity, though he entered the Order within twelve years of the founder's death, and was intimately connected with several of his closest companions.

But Salimbene was no man of extremes; and, for the moderates, old things had already become new. Nothing had been more striking than the lay and unsacerdotal (though not, of course, anti-sacerdotal) character of St. Francis' mission; he himself never proceeded to priest's orders; yet so much had this already changed in a few years, that to Salimbene it is already "absurd" that laymen should be promoted to responsible posts over the heads of priests. Already the friars have splendid houses and churches; at Reggio they buy the Emperor's palace, and have to enlarge it; at Genoa they have no scruple in ousting a parish priest, with all due form of holy violence, from his own church. Everywhere they accept rich outsiders for burial, and break or evade the Rule in the matter of dress, food and private property; when a riot breaks out, the robbers at once scent pillage in a Franciscan convent. Nor does Salimbene show any remorse on the only two occasions on which he seems even aware of these changes.

His ideal of a pious city is one in which "a hundred Brethren Minor might live decently and conveniently, and abundantly supplied with all things necessary." There are saints enough in his pages—real saints, and not mere ascetics—yet his average friar is already far from the type of the "Fioretti" and the "Speculum," and fast approaching the modern Franciscan as described by Mr. Joseph McCabe. There is already the frank love of good cheer and good wine; the same collocation of hymns and drinking-songs; the same anecdotes unsuited for repetition in general company.

But at least there is one brighter side to Salimbene's picture. Mr. McCabe lays stress on the idleness and comparative uselessness of the modern friars; yet for the century that followed St. Francis' death, at least, they were the most powerful agents of civilization in Europe. We see from Salimbene how truly many of them loved learning (though here, again, in the teeth of the Saint's prohibition); how they worked to console the sick and the captive; their ef-

forts to make peace between conflicting factions; their missionary labors among the people—though they had now begun to write out their sermons for learning by heart; and the worthy friar describes with singular naivete the working of a bogus miracle by a missionary coterie for the edification of the vulgar. One of its authors was a coryphaeus of the Order, who worked real miracles later on, both in life and in death. It is quite amusing, indeed, to note how often our author, recording the decease of some particular friend, ascribes thaumaturgic virtues to his bones; and one almost fancies that he cherished the hope of a similar distinction for himself some day, when he should come to lie beside his brethren in the "good, strong, thick, stupefying incense smoke" of the choir. One miracle he has at least worked, in embalming for all time, he alone of his age, a complete specimen of the human conscience in embryo—that rudimentary religious and moral conscience of the thirteenth century, presenting a very different development of organs to that which we should have inferred from an exclusive anatomy of modern souls.

The friars, then, were the great civilizers of the thirteenth century; but everything is comparative; and we need not wonder that there is no longer the same place for them in the modern world. Some such movement, springing fresh from our own age, and helping us against our besetting sins, we may well pray to see; to the men themselves who were so much above their time, and helped so truly to make a better time for us, we owe a heavy debt of reverence and gratitude; but we have no right to shut our eyes to the real state of morals and civilization among them. All generations and all ages have the same perilous river to cross; and we shall learn a truer lesson by marking narrowly where our forefathers missed the ford, than by whispering pious legends of a bygone time when men passed dry-shod over the face of the waters.

It will be easier to realize how truly Heaven-sent was the ordinary friar, with all his weaknesses, if we look frankly at the condition of the secular clergy (themselves definitely in advance of the laity) during those seventy years which followed the sweeping reforms of the most powerful Pope of the middle ages. Sixteen popes come within Salimbene's scope; to only three of them does he afford hearty praise. He complains of their struggles with wordly sovereigns for wordly power—yet the friars were a sort of papal militia—and others of them he taxes severely with nepotism. Without alluding to the gluttony which con-

demned Martin the Fourth to Dante's purgatory, he reproaches him with embezzlement of crusade money, and extravagant expenditure in civil war. His general attitude toward the successor of St. Peter is the attitude of his age; a mixture of deference and free criticism which is strangely inconsistent, but thoroughly mediaeval. He believes that Innocent the Third dabbled in sorcery; that Alexander the Fourth and Honorius the Fourth were cut off by God for their lukewarm support of the Order of St. Francis. He condemns papal greed with great plainness, and is naturally still more plainspoken about the avarice, luxury, and uselessness of the cardinals. Of his bishops, one was rich and miserly, and suspected of heresy; another, on his deathbed, frankly repudiated any belief in transubstantiation, and owned to having accepted the mitre as a commercial speculation; a third would have been more in his place as a swineherd or a "leper" than as a bishop.

Heresy was rife in the Peninsula: even in France, the failure of St. Louis' crusade provoked an outburst of not merely anti-clerical but downright anti-Christian feeling. "For in those days when the friars begged alms in France in Christ's name, men gnashed their teeth at them and, before their faces, they would call some other beggar and give him money, saying, 'Take this in Mahomet's name, for he is mightier than Christ.'" Salimbene has plenty to tell us of false and suspected miracles, false and suspected relics; of the practical impossibility of enforcing anything like the theoretical ecclesiastical discipline; of church adherents who, after they had managed to drive the Imperialists into exile, turned and rent each other as fiercely as the Gueff party rent itself in Dante's Florence. On the corruption of the parish clergy he dwells with the emphasis natural to a friar; but his indictment, however terrible, receives ample confirmation from other sources. He describes what he found upon his missionary rounds—priestly usurers, priestly tavern-keepers: their church furniture sordid, their vestments filthy: the host itself all fly-blown; and we need not wonder now that St. Francis looked upon it as no small part of his mission to sweep neglected churches, and provide decent receptacles for the holy wafer in which, since 1215, every Catholic was bound to see the very flesh and blood of Christ. One day a friend of Salimbene's officiated on a feast day at a parish church. There was no stole, except the girdle of the priest's concubine, keys and all; "and when the friar turned round to say

*Dominus vobiscum*, the keys jingled in the ears of the congregation."

This brings us to the greatest scandal of the thirteenth century Church. Salimbene is at one with Bonaventura, Saint and Doctor of the Church, in accusing the parish clergy of widespread immorality, and of using the confessional as an engine of seduction. It would be out of place in this article to quote his accusations and anecdotes in full, even if my space sufficed; but here, too, the picture is abundantly supported by contemporary evidence. Salimbene's contemporary, for instance, the holy and energetic Archbishop Odo Rigaldi of Rouen, has left a diary of his diocesan visitations which records, for the first ten years, a rough average of one unchaste priest per five parishes.

The parish clergy, of course, complained bitterly of the way in which friars were allowed to usurp their functions, more especially those of confession and preaching; and this subject cropped up among others at the Council of Ravenna in 1261. Salimbene records the wrath of the presiding Archbishop: "To whom, then, shall I commit confessions if not to the friars? Shall I commit to the priest Gerard, here present, the hearing of women's confessions, when I know very well that he has a whole houseful of sons and daughters? And would that Gerard stood alone and without companions in this matter!" Many of these connections, as in contemporary England, were no doubt looked upon as a sort of morganatic marriage: but St. Bonaventura's statement that the Italian clergy were the more depraved of the two is again corroborated by Salimbene. "A hundred times" he has heard them quote *si non caste, tamen caute* (if not chastely, at least cautiously!), and attribute the words, with an ignorance startling even in that age, to St. Paul!

After all, the lower clergy did but follow the example of their betters. In spite of the fact that the two greatest Popes of the later Middle Ages had striven their hardest in the cause of celibacy, and that for two centuries this had been an established rule of the church, Salimbene found himself at one time obliged to discourage the advances of a nun who was daughter to a Cardinal Legate and granddaughter to a Pope. To another of the contemporary Popes he assigns children by name; and another time he breaks out with the impatient and no doubt too sweeping generalization "they promote their bastards, and call them nephews." Of the Bishops, whose immediate duty it was to visit and purify the parish clergy, he has strange stories to tell.



Take, for instance (and by no means the worst instance), the very Archbishop of Ravenna, whose righteous rebuke silenced the erring Gerard. This dignitary had a son and a daughter, the former of whom was always ready to get you a sufficient prebend from his father "for a consideration," while the latter was offered in marriage to a pious knight, who, however, liked neither her birth nor her dowry of church money. The Archbishop gave Salimbene the authentic corpse of Eliseus the prophet as readily as if it had been a cast-off coat: "For he cared more for wars than for relics of saints." He had half-roasted one servant on a spit, half or wholly drowned another, and left a third to be eaten up by rats in prison; "for he was scarcely less feared than Ezzelino da Romano." In his palace near Ravenna he was wont to pace the court from side to side "singing as he went some antiphon in praise of the Blessed Virgin: and if it were summer he would drink at each corner; for at each corner of his palace he had a pitcher of choice wine, set in the coldest water. For he was a mighty drinker." So also was his successor in the office of Papal Legate, who confided once to our good friar that he scarcely knew how any bishop could escape damnation. The Cistercian Caesarius of Heisterbach, in this same century, discusses the same question at some length, and is, if possible, still more pessimistic as to episcopal prospects in the next world!

I have left myself no space to treat fully of the lighter side of the chronicle—the author's naive curiosity, his humor, his happy and sympathetic portraits of the many good men he had known. Again, though Professor Norton has filled a whole article with quotations from Salimbene which complete or correct our knowledge of Dante's characters, he has even thus left out several of the most important passages. For indeed the chronicle itself is another *Commedia*, lacking, of course, the distinctive majesty of the altissimo poeta, but thronged with figures not less living and still more varied, and rich in those contrasts so characteristic of the Middle Ages and so incomprehensible to our own century—contrasts in externals, in faith, in morals, not only between man and man, but within one and the same personality.

The book is studded, like an illuminat-

ed missal, with brilliant miniatures—the servant girl tripping across the cathedral with a love-song on her lips, and thus inspiring brother Henry of Pisa with one of his sweetest sacred airs—the first recorded "climb" in the modern mountaineering sense, and the smoke-breathing dragon which the successful tourist found at the summit—the saint's toe which, after receiving unbounded honor from the multitude, was found to be a mere unconsecrated clove of garlic! Saints, canonised and uncanonised, find themselves here in company with "my friend Bonusdies the Jew" or with witty profligates like the Canon-Poet of Cologne; and among them swarm strange creatures half-saint half-sinner; founders of new Orders that blossom into full-blown heresies; religious vagabonds compounded in equal parts of Captain Costigan and Frate Ginepro; an abortive necromancer who turns to theology and just misses being Pope; and a Pope who, condescending to necromancy, raises a ghost not less plain-spoken than Salimbene himself: the great Frederick the Second, "Marvel of the World," ripping up living men to study the process of digestion, and the great Innocent the Third trying on the Holy Coat, to compare his own stature with Christ's.

It is a dizzy world—almost an incredible world to those who have never realized that the dry bones of this strange race lie about in thousands among contemporary records, and that Salimbene is only exceptional in his supreme gift of clothing them with flesh and breathing the spirit of life into them. Above all it is Dante's world; here we may almost reach out our hands and touch the bars against which his spirit beat, and within whose pale the bulk of mankind, then as now, struggled onward each in his own way toward his own conception of salvation—a conception by no means so definite in the thirteenth century even among the generality of thinking men as most church historians would have us believe. We are too prone to forget how deeply the great poet's mind is necessarily influenced—partly in attraction, still more in repulsion—by the sordid realities among which he lived. There can be no better commentary on the *Commedia* than a true picture of its contemporary social life, and in no one book can that life be studied with such profit and pleasure as in the Chronicle of Brother Salimbene.

## The Woman Out of Scotland.

By STEPHEN GWYN.

(From Blackwood's Magazine.)

In the Corranbinnie Channel, oh! the  
fleet was gathered thick:  
From the bridge to Catharine's Island  
you could travel deck to deck.  
From the east wind and the west wind  
smacks were mustered, big and  
small,  
To the bay of Corranbinnie, 'mid the  
cliffs of Donegal.

On the shore by Corranbinnie, 'neath a  
glimmering autumn sky,  
Men spoke low to one another, for the  
sea ran cruel high.  
No air of wind was stirring, but it  
stormed the crags with might,  
And on each low black spine of rock the  
wash was torn to white.  
Yet the bay was full of herring that to-  
morrow might be gone,  
And a rich and plenteous harvest there  
lay waiting to be won,  
So they moored their smacks up channel,  
from the surf they moored them far,  
And they pulled their creaking cobs out  
across the plunging bar.

Sunset flared and flickered wildly as the  
nets were shot that night,  
Overhead the circling sea-birds screamed  
in clamorous delight,  
For the shoals were up and moving; men  
could smell them on the tide,  
Fathom deep could spy the flashing where  
there turned a silver side,  
And the buoys dipped low and under, as  
the herring took the mesh—

Little cared such lucky fishers tho' the  
breeze was rising fresh.

On the sudden with a blackness and a  
gusty scud of wind  
From the west it swung to northward:  
came a raging sea behind.  
As a whale among the herring, so the  
storm among its prey  
Plunged, and drove them, scattered  
wildly, broadcast over all the bay.  
Oh! they cast their nets adrift then, with  
their store of silvery prize,  
But more than nets were missing when  
the morning cleared the skies.  
Some split on Carrigfodha, some where  
now the beacons are,  
But the most were swamped and shat-  
tered in the fury of the bar.

To the shore by Corranbinnie, when the  
sea was calm and fair,  
Came a woman out of Scotland, after  
word had traveled there.  
Her face was young and comely, but  
her eyes were strange and set;  
In her hand she bore a clasp-knife and a  
trail of herring-net.  
She knelt—oh! but her eyes were strange  
—she knelt beside the wave,  
She knelt as one might kneel beside a  
newly covered grave.  
Then on the bare broad sea-beach she  
stripped her to the skin,  
Out she waded in the water, deep and far  
she waded in.

Breast-deep by Corranbinnie, looking out  
across the bar,  
She gashed her white breast open, red  
and white she left the scar,  
And in the crimson fountain that trickled  
down her side  
She steeped the net to redness, then 'cast  
it on the tide:

"I, a widow out of Scotland, lay a curse  
upon this bay,  
On this bay that drowned our husbands,  
swept our share of life away.  
Too rich in fish you ever were, O Cor-  
ranbinnie shore!  
You lured the men that married us, you  
lured the sons we bore.  
From the light of our warm firesides to  
the shade of your cold cliffs  
They were lured to face the winter and  
its tempests in their skiffs.

By this net—'twas twined for herring  
and 'tis barked with widow's  
blood—  
I lay my curse upon you, O salt and bit-  
ter flood!  
Let never herring shoal here, let no man  
dip a net,

Till a widow's mighty sorrow shall have  
learned how to forget,  
Till the care that eats into me shall have  
passed and set me free,  
Till the boy that I have growing be too  
old to go to sea."

Blood flowed while she was speaking,  
and they say the sea was red  
From the strand by Killyhoe to the  
cliffs of Breaghy Head.  
For a generation's passing, if so be the  
truth is told,  
Came no fish to Corranbinnie, till the  
young men had grown old,  
But there came no fleet from Scotland,  
let the fish be there or no,  
For the witchcraft wrought upon them  
with the weight of woman's woe.

There are fish and fishers plenty now in  
Corranbinnie Bay,  
There are smacks with goodly tackle  
laden deep with precious prey,  
There are nets weighed down and heavy  
while the fishers count their share—  
And ashore are hearts more heavy with  
a weight of woman's care.



## Germany and Her Subjected Races, A STRUGGLE FOR THE SOIL, By ERIK GIVSKOV.

(From the Contemporary Review.)

**N**OTWITHSTANDING the great intellectual and economic achievements of German culture during the last fifty years, it cannot be denied that it is on the battlefields that Germany has won her most splendid victories. But for that very reason the victories are incomplete. To the East, to the North and to the West, Germany has conquered provinces inhabited by races of non-German blood and inclinations, and her attempts to Germanise these races have proved futile just on account of the military propensities of the German nation. For while you can conquer sword in hand, you cannot assimilate an alien race by the sword; but the Germans have been drilled into such excellent soldiers that they have become saturated by the military instinct and fail to see this simple truth. The subjugated races being unwilling to discard their mother-tongue and national culture in order to become Germans, only one means presents itself to the militaristic and militant German mind for achieving this matter-of-course purpose: coercion and force.

But the poor subjugated fragments of nationalities within the German frontier are giving Germany the much-needed lesson that force is no argument when it is desired to convince conquered races of the excellence of German culture. There are living in the East of Germany about 3,500,000 to 4,000,000 of Poles, and in the farthest North about 150,000 Danes, who have refused to renounce their nationality and language in order to be absorbed by *das Vaterland*. But while the Poles—who, as Count von Buelow expresses it, increase like rabbits—may and possibly

will some day in the future constitute a serious danger to the cohesion of the German Empire, and while, therefore, there is some explanation of the strict measures against them, it is quite out of the question that the few Danes can ever disturb the peace of the great Power to which they are linked against their will. But, nevertheless, the treatment meted out to these two nationalities has been very nearly identical and extremely harsh withal. It was, of course, hardly to be expected that Germany, always on new conquests bent, would suffer conquered races to retain their language and nationality, and for more than a generation every means imaginable has been employed in order to Germanise the Danes of Northern Sleswick and the Poles in the provinces along the Russian frontier. But all in vain, and the Prussian authorities, at length recognising the futility of their attempts at Germanisation, decided to try by acquiring their land either to drive them out or to make them an inferior race, and thus by depriving them of their foothold on the land make them an easy prey for Germanising efforts. It is the result of this fight for the land which, better than anything else, will show how very much more effective is the plowshare than the sword, even under such preposterous economic conditions as exist in Germany to-day, when a conquered race is fighting for its existence.

It was in 1886 that the Iron Chancellor started the fight against the Poles by the expulsion of more than 50,000 Polish laborers, natives of Austria and Russia. This measure not only hit the poor people who were driven away, it also and principally was directed against the

Polish owners of large landed estates in the Eastern provinces, who thereafter experienced great difficulty in obtaining the necessary number of farm-hands. This artificial scarcity of labor, together with the great decrease in price of agricultural products which had just taken place, entirely ruined many owners of large estates, and there were therefore a great number who wanted to sell. Bismarck then appointed a Committee of Colonization to buy Polish estates and parcel them out to German peasant farmers. The necessary funds were provided for by a sum of 100,000,000 marks (equal to £5,000,000), which was placed at the disposal of the Committee.

At the first moment the Poles were paralyzed. What were they to do to ward off such an attack aimed at the poorest among them? But they kept up a good heart and did the only reasonable thing: some wealthy Polish noblemen furnished a sum of 3,000,000 marks (equal to £150,000) whereby to fight the mighty Prussian Government, with its Committee of Colonization and well-nigh inexhaustible financial resources. With this capital of 3,000,000 marks a Polish land bank was started for the purpose of buying estates and reselling them in small holdings to Polish colonists. It appeared to be a very unequal battle, and so it was to start with; but Bismarck had not made sufficiently clear to himself, before opening the contest, the economic effects of so much money being poured out over the very poor provinces.

The immediate effect was, of course, that a great number of Polish owners sold their estates to the Committee. But instead of going to Monaco and gambling away the proceeds, as Bismarck had glibly foretold that they would, they put the money into the Polish land banks, of which by degrees there arose a great number. And thus every time the Committee bought an estate the Polish land banks were able to employ the purchase money in buying another estate, which was then parceled out and sold, but to Polish peasants. And the Poles always buying the land at its market value, while the Committee invariably paid an overprice, the Polish peasants bought cheaper from their banks than the Ger-

man farmers from the Committee, and therefore as a rule got on much better.

Although the effects just described made themselves felt very soon after the initiation of the scheme, the Committee was not deterred from persisting in carrying out the plan as first adopted. When the first 100,000,000 marks were spent, 100,000,000 more were granted, and then for the third time 250,000,000 or altogether £22,500,000. Although the 250,000,000 marks last granted are not yet spent, it is quite clear that such large amounts of money cannot be expended without to some considerable extent effecting at any rate part of the purpose for which they were granted. It cannot therefore cause surprise that the Committee of Colonization from its establishment in 1886 down to the 1st of January, 1904, bought 405 large estates and 226 peasant-farms, with a total area of 228,553 hectares of land, or more than 728 English square miles. The purchase-money for all this land was 175,353,630 marks, or very nearly £8,000,000. About half of it, or 328 square miles, has been parceled out and sold as small farms to 7,539 peasants for the sum of 54,000,000 marks, and a German population of about 49,000 has found a home on these farms.

But in addition to the work described, the Committee has had other work to do. The villages and hamlets created by the parceling out of large estates have had to be provided with churches, schools and other public buildings. It has therefore proved necessary to construct 25 churches, 17 chapels, 24 dwelling-houses for the vicars, 177 schools and 191 other municipal buildings, as also 497 private buildings, amongst which are a great number of inns and public-houses. Bricks and drain-pipes have been made at 61 brick manufactories established by the Committee, which has furthermore had to promote banks, agricultural schools, co-operative distilleries, dairies and stores, and to provide the poorer colonists with cattle, etc., as also with orchards. The amount expended in these directions was about 81,000,000 marks (£4,050,000). If this is added to the 175,000,000 marks expended as purchase-money, the total expense up till 31st December, 1903, is 256,000,000 marks, and after a deduction



of 54,000,000 marks taken as purchase-money for land sold, the total expense up to the said date is 202,000,000 marks, or £10,100,000.

On the face of it this is good work, whatever side issues may have been raised by it, whatever unexpected effects in other directions it may have had. Vast, badly-cultivated estates broken up and sold to a race of fairly intelligent and industrious peasant-farmers is certainly a thing to be desired everywhere.

But it is not at all the social-economic effects of the scheme which attracted the Iron Chancellor. He only wanted to obtain the land from the Polish owners in order to colonize it with Germans. And, as already stated, on the face of it it looks like success: but let us examine the matter a little more closely.

The purchase of land, regardless of expense, by the Committee of Colonization, and all the other money expended upon the land, has raised the sale price of the farms to such a height that the German colonists, who in economy and thrift do not come up to the standard of the Poles, have the greatest difficulty in making farming pay. And this difficulty is largely increased year by year because the great purchases of land are continually raising land-values, and thus a constantly growing portion of the products of the labor of the colonist is required to pay interest on the purchase-money. To this subject we shall soon return; in the meantime it may be worth while to examine a few of the figures given above a little more closely.

It is quite clear that no patriotic Pole would sell his estate to the German Government, with the certainty of seeing it resold to a number of German colonists, unless he were in such dire straits that he must sell in any case to avoid complete ruin. But the number of such men amongst the Poles is, even in Germany, rather limited, and the consequence is that the greater part of the land taken over by the Committee of Colonization was bought not from Polish but from German estate owners. Out of the 405 estates and 226 farms bought up to December 31st, 1903, only 160 estates and 123 farms, of a total area of 95,713 hectares (equal to 304 English square miles)

were bought from Poles, for about 70 million marks. But 245 estates and 103 farms, of a total area of 132,840 hectares (equal to 424 English square miles), were bought from Germans for an amount of 105 million marks. That is to say, only 42 per cent. of the land was bought from Polish owners; but even that was nearly all of it bought during the eighties, and it becomes more and more difficult for the Committee to acquire land from the Poles. Thus of the land bought during 1903, only 7 per cent. was owned by Poles, while 93 per cent. was owned by Germans; that is to say, out of 84 estates bought during 1903, only seven, belonging to four proprietors, of a total area of 3,067 hectares of land, were bought from Poles for 3,250,000 marks, while 77 estates (equal to 38,985 hectares) were bought from Germans for 39,000,000 marks. And the difficulty is increasing. While the Committee, during that same year, was hardly requested to buy any Polish land, there were offered to it no less than 421 estates and more than 200 farms belonging to Germans.

But, as already mentioned, the economic effect of such an artificially created demand for land is to increase land values. As soon as the Government starts buying land on a large scale the consequence is an increase of the land value far in advance of its natural growth. And either the Government must resell the land thus bought at a loss, or the colonists who buy Government farms must pay more for them than they are worth, and consequently start farming at a disadvantage. This is bad enough, but it is still worse when into the bargain they have to compete with farmers of another race such as the Poles, whose frugality and thrift make all competition well-nigh an impossibility. The result therefore is that eventually the German colonists must sell their farms to Polish laborers, who, as agricultural laborers, have emigrated to Western Germany, and to Denmark, and have subsequently returned with their savings and a fairly good experience of intensive farming as carried on in those countries.

And furthermore, also, the land of the Poles increases in value just as well as that of the Germans, owing to the pur-

chases of the Government. Not only those who have sold their farms have benefited by the increase; the great majority who still keep their properties have reaped the advantage accruing to them from the increased value of their farms. Having been able, owing to the increase, to obtain far greater loans on mortgages, they have used these loans partly for improvements on their farms, partly—through the land banks—for the purchase of land for their poorer brethren. In this way not only have the country districts, particularly of the provinces of Posen and West Prussia, acquired a very much improved aspect, but also the Polish land-purchases as carried on through the land banks have gone forward to an extent undreamed of by Bismarck; to such an extent indeed that while the Government purchases in 1903 amounted to 39,000 hectares, the Polish land-purchases fully equaled them. And nearly all this land was bought not from Poles but from Germans.

It is instructive to ascertain in figures what the increase of land values amounts to, because the same thing will happen wherever a Government, for whatever reason it may be, creates an artificial demand for land, and because the land value during the whole period has increased in exact proportion to the demand thus created. In 1886 the average price per hectare was only 568 marks, something like £12 per acre. During the 12 years following the price slowly rose to 760 marks per hectare, while the annual purchases of land amounted to from 2,500 to 8,000 hectares. But about this time the Polish organization was complete, while simultaneously the 250,000,000 marks above mentioned were granted to the Committee of Colonization. This was the signal for a battle royal for the land, and prices rose by leaps and bounds to about 800 marks for the years 1899-1901, to 842 marks in 1902, and in 1903, when the purchases of both the contending parties rose to an aggregate of nearly 80,000 hectares, or about 256 English square miles, the price leapt up to 1,007 marks per hectare, or about £22 or £23 per acre.

It may be guessed from what is already stated that the Poles have not only been

able to maintain their former hold on the land, but actually as peaceable conquerors are marching triumphantly westward. This is also the case, but we need not restrict ourselves to a guess, the "Statistisches Jahrbuch für den Preussischen Staat" for 1903 containing ample corroboration of it. According to this official handbook, there were parceled out in the years 1896 to 1901, in the Provinces of Posen and West Prussia, 7,828 estates by German activity, containing 617,200 hectares, and 9,079 estates by Polish activity, containing 213,700 hectares. Although the Germans have parceled out a very considerably larger area, the Poles have bought and parceled out a far greater number of properties. The advantage thus obtained is put into an even stronger light when we learn that during the same period by this parceling out there have been created only 15,941 German farms, with an area of 155,200 hectares, as against 22,289 Polish farms, with an area of 95,800 hectares, for these figures show that during these six years more than 6,000 Polish homes have been established over and above the number of German homes planted on old Polish soil. Moreover, the advantage thus gained by the Poles has been increased during the last two years.

As will be perceived, the Polish farms thus established are as a rule of a much smaller area than the German ones. This is partly owing to necessity, the poor Polish laborers who are being made freeholders having no more capital than what they have been able to put by out of their scant wages as agricultural laborers when migrating during the summer to richer countries. The German colonist, on the other hand, is generally the son of a well-to-do farmer, often with the "schneidig" appearance and all the pretensions of a German non-commissioned officer. He will not consent to become a peasant farmer, but wants more land and more comfort than the Pole. And, before anything else, he would never, as the Pole frequently does, leave his farm during the summer in order to make a few hard-earned pounds in the turnip fields of Denmark or Hanover. Therefore the German farms on an average have an area of about 26 acres, while the

Polish homesteads average only about 12 acres; but then the wife of the Pole can manage his little farm while the husband is away during the summer, earning the interest on the purchase-money.

While thus the Poles have formed more homesteads during the years mentioned than the German Committee of Colonization, backed though this Committee is by the mighty resources of the German Empire, the year-book also informs us of the exact number of properties which have gone over from Polish to German possession, and vice versa. In this field also the Poles have been decidedly victorious, the Germans having only acquired 3,772 estates from the Poles, as against 5,183 estates bought from Germans by Poles. The area thus lost during these years by the Germans amounts to 32,200 hectares or about 104 English square miles, and the loss is still increasing, having in 1902 amounted to more than 7,000 hectares, or about 24 square miles.

But the Poles have not been satisfied with maintaining and extending their position in the old Polish provinces of Posen and West Prussia. The ball Bismarck set in motion is, much against his intention, rolling onward and onward. Far down in Upper Silesia the Poles are buying and parceling out large estates, and in Pomerania 40 big landed estates have been bought to be parceled out to Polish peasant farmers.

\* \* \* \* \*

Bismarck did not live long enough—no man and no generation does—to reap the harvest or even to see ripen the seed he had sown when he initiated and continued his policy of force and coercion. But his successors have remained true and faithful to his principles. If force and coercion do not achieve the desired success, then there is only one means: more force and coercion. The wars engineered by Bismarck have fostered the present spurious pan-Germanism and made Germany a standing menace for every nation on earth. And the policy of repression initiated by Bismarck has resulted in the decay of the German nationality all along the Eastern frontier. Nemesis is awake, though she walks slowly. But of course whatever happens German nationality and German language must be the abso-

lute master within the German border. If the coercive measures hitherto employed have been insufficient to achieve this purpose, nay, if they have even acted in the opposite direction, then only one remedy presents itself to a Prussian mind: more coercion.

Consequently a law was recently passed, according to which permission to establish new homesteads may be refused if it is probable that national interests militate against it.

By this measure the Poles have been made pariahs in their own country, and have practically been forbidden to buy land of the soil of their own fatherland. The Germans, however, in spite of their very good will, are not much more than apprentices in the art of coercion: they might learn a good deal by a close study of the history of Phillip II., who by the invaluable aid of the Holy Inquisition succeeded in eradicating religious heresy in Spain, even as the German Government desires to do away with political heresy in Germany. But if they refuse to learn that lesson, there is every reason to fear that even this new law will not be of much avail.

For the national and economic awakening of the Poles in Germany is simply the reaction against force of a down-trodden race. And it will not be stemmed by any coercion stopping short of the method of Phillip II. At the last General Election the Polish votes had increased from 244,000 to 348,000, an increase of 104,000 in 5 years. A race rapidly growing in numbers, prosperity and intelligence will not consent to be deprived of its nationality and language, nor will any coercive measures succeed in preventing its members from acquiring land. Already means have been found to evade the law prohibiting the parceling out of the land to Poles, and as certainly as new coercion follows, so certainly it will be evaded.

If, however, the law is in any way capable of affecting the situation, it will be by decreasing land-values, owing to the restriction of sale. But if land-values should decrease to any considerable extent, the Polish landlords, who have made a fortune by selling their estates during the period of inflated prices, are

ready to buy all the estates—and as we have seen they are many—which German landlords offer for sale. It is therefore certain that just in the same proportion in which the law may be able to diminish the creation of new Polish peasant-farmers, it will create new Polish landlords. But at any rate peasant-farmers, as landed proprietors, will be Poles, not Germans, and it will still be the Germans, not the Poles, who are squeezed out by means of the millions so lavishly spent by the German Government.

While the system of coercion has thus failed ignominiously as applied to the Poles, the Germans are also fighting a losing battle along their Northern frontier, where for 40 years a little more than 100,000 Danes have endeavored to defend their nationality and their mother-tongue. And all this time the struggle has been going on between the powerful German Empire and this handful of Danes, under the most unfavorable conditions imaginable for the latter. For while the Poles are rapidly increasing their numbers and wealth, the Danes are fighting under great disadvantage just in these two very important respects.

By Clause 5 of the Treaty of Prague it was agreed that the population of Northern Sleswick should be allowed by a plebiscite to decide whether they would return to Danish allegiance or remain under Prussia. Relying on a speedy fulfilment of the promise contained in this clause, a very great number of Danes in Northern Sleswick emigrated to Denmark, hoping to return when a plebiscite has made the country Danish again, while many others went to America. It is estimated that by emigration this small province, with about 150,000 people, lost some 50,000 inhabitants, who took with them capital amounting to 112,000,000 marks, or about £5,540,000. And of course it was not the old and feeble, but the flower of the population, mainly young men, who left their country. Many more of the inhabitants, believing that the province would soon again become Danish, elected to retain their Danish citizenship while still remaining in Sleswick.

But Bismarck repealed Clause 5 of the Prague Treaty. And the people who had left their country were not permitted to

return, nor were those (estimated at about 6,000 adult men) who, while staying at home, had remained faithful to Denmark permitted to become Prussian citizens and thus acquire the right to vote. Depopulated and impoverished, the country had to choose between submission and continuation of the unequal fight against the overwhelming efforts of Germanisation. They did not hesitate; they chose to fight. And so well have they fought that after an unavoidable retrogression there is now a steady although slow progress in numbers and in economic conditions.

When a population of 150,000 during less than half a generation loses about a third of its numbers—mostly young men—and a large amount of capital, an initial decline is of course unavoidable. Some farmers sold their land to Germans when they emigrated, many more have subsequently been compelled to do it. Their sons having emigrated and not being permitted to return, they had no one to whom they could leave their farms, and the great drain of capital prevented many a young Danish man with German citizen rights from becoming a purchaser. And the great emigration had to such an extent depleted the country of young men that agricultural laborers were extremely difficult to obtain. The German farmers could obtain laborers from Denmark; but if a man had voted Danish at the elections he was not permitted to have Danish servants. And the immigrated German laborers were not only greatly inferior to the Danes, but the farmers did not understand their language. Under these conditions it is not to be wondered at that some of the Danish farmers in Sleswick, as they grew too old to manage their farms, lost hope and sold to Germans. It is much more wonderful that the decline has not only been arrested but has been followed by slow, steady progress.

When the Danes, on the repeal of the above-mentioned Clause 5, recognized that they had a long and uphill battle before them, they arrayed themselves for it, and they have successfully repelled the unceasing attack of their powerful foe. At school the Danish children are taught in German, a language they do

not understand; consequently they would grow up in ignorance were it not for the little knowledge their parents are able to impart. The country is deluged with officials, more numerous even than in Russia; German millionaires buy villas in great numbers in the beautiful country around the Sleswick fiords; all that is rich and noble belongs to the dominant race; still the population does not waver. It has its backbone in Danish culture. Danish literature and art are the mental property of even the peasant-farmer, and when the children—who do not emigrate any more—have grown up, they are sent to a Danish high school to improve their neglected education. And they return firm in their resolution to take up the battle where the old generation left it.

This is the reason why, in spite of her overpowering strength, Germany has been unable to make any impression on the little band of Danes on her Northern Frontier. In spite of German Colonisation Associations, in spite of German land banks and savings banks amply provided with capital from *das Vaterland*, and in spite of the German Government, which employs the large funds belonging to the Crown lands and forests for the purpose of buying land from the Danes, in spite of all this the Danes are slowly re-acquiring their paternal soil.

With regard to Sleswick, there are no statistics available like the figures in the Prussian Statistical Year-book. But by private initiative this want has been partly made good, a careful inquiry, undertaken in 1893, having been made into the national sentiment of every farmer in the whole of Northern Sleswick. This inquiry did not comprise cottagers and peasant farmers with less than two horses, and is necessarily rather incomplete; but it gives a fair picture of the state of national feeling of the whole country, the cottagers being if anything more Danish than the farmers.

According to this inquiry there were in Northern Sleswick 5,946 farms with more than two horses. Of these there were already in 1863, before the cession of the country to Prussia, 955 farms in the hands of men of decidedly German sympathies, while 256 were in possession of

waverers and 4,735 were owned by Danes. The large number of German sympathisers of course did not represent German-speaking men, nor even men in favor of a union with Prussia, but to a large extent only sympathisers with the idea of a united, independent Sleswick-Holstein. Still there they were, and when Prussia had annexed the country they had only a short step to take in order to become Prussians. And when, after 1864, the way to honor and favor lay with the Germans, it was naturally feared that their number would immensely increase. But nothing of this took place. What the Germans have gained they have gained by purchase from those Danes who owing to the circumstances described above could not keep their farms and could not find Danish purchasers.

And the gain is poor enough in itself. For after 30 years of oppression the position was only slightly changed in favor of the Germans, 4,629 farms being owned by Danes, 299 by waverers, and 1,018 by Germans; that is to say, the Danes had lost 106 farms, of which the Germans had gained 63 and the waverers 43.

Truly at that rate the Germans would have had work enough for several hundred years before they could even obtain a slight majority amongst the farmers of Northern Sleswick. But as the following figures will show, the Germans, far from being able to maintain even this progress, have reached their zenith and started on a retrograde movement, which still continues. For the young Danes do not emigrate any more; they stay at home, become Prussian soldiers, and take over the farms of their fathers. Consequently while in 1883 there were 4,626 Danish, 288 waverer, and 1,032 German farms, and in 1888 there were 4,603 Danish, 305 waverer and 1,038 German farms, the tide turned during the next five years, with the result that in 1893 there were 4,669 Danish, 299 waverer and 1,018 German farms. This, then, was the result of the Germanising efforts of the first 30 years, and no amount of renewed repression has been able to stem the tide. For the Danish farmers will not become Germans any more than their Polish fellow-citizens. They continue to



talk Danish, they teach the immigrated Germans to talk Danish, and, very frequently, the sons of these Germans become as zealous Danes as their neighbors. Even in the schools the Danish boys are making proselytes amongst the immigrated children, so it will probably be very nearly correct to put the proportion of farms at the present time in Danish and German possession down at the following figures: 4,678 Danes, 285 wavers, 983 Germans.

Forty years have elapsed since the overwhelmingly mighty Germany conquered Denmark and commenced Germanising the annexed provinces. Forty years have elapsed, and German culture and language find themselves very nearly in the same position with regard to the farmers as they were when Germany conquered them sword in hand. But what about the peasant farmers and cottagers; have they not deserted their old colors? No! no more than the farmers; perhaps rather less. A number of the young men have undoubtedly been tempted to enter the enormously large army of petty officials with which Prussia is trying in vain to swamp Sleswick. They have become school teachers, railway and postal employes, and whatever else the three thousand officials necessary to govern a population of hardly 150,000 are called. But even then they are not nearly all of them Germans at heart, it being for very many of them only a question of bread and butter. And at any rate they cease to be peasant farmers, while the holding from which they have come remains in Danish possession.

The peasant farmers and cottagers continue to remain Danish, and the reason of it is obvious. They have all experienced what Prussian militarism means, and have all had enough of it during their three years of military service. Most of them have started in life as agricultural laborers, and know how a German "Junker" treats his hands, and all of them have at one time or other had to do with the German authorities and learnt to appreciate the spirit of German bureaucracy for all it is worth. And finally most of them understand that if their life is one long dreary struggle for daily bread, it is because daily bread has been made artificially dear by the preposterous protective duties and all the other indirect taxation required to fill the insatiable German war-chest. They live too near Denmark not to compare their own condition with their fellow-workers there. While

the Danish farmers in Sleswick have found an impregnable fortress for themselves in Danish culture and Danish intellectual life, the cottagers have not yet lifted their heads above the soil. For them the economic question is of supreme importance. No wonder, then, when they compare their own lot with that of a Danish peasant farmer's, when they see what is done for him and how very much happier his lot is than theirs, no wonder, then, that they would gladly renounce the very expensive honor of belonging to the great German empire and be quite satisfied with owning allegiance to the diminutive but happy Denmark, where political and economic freedom is much more than empty words.

While thus the Germanising efforts have been a failure in the country districts, it is somewhat different in the towns. In the small towns of Northern Sleswick the German officials are aggregated in such enormous numbers as to give an impression of a successful Germanisation. In particular, by building a number of local railways enormously in excess of the needs of the country, the Government has had two objects in view: to fill the towns with railway-officials and economically to weaken the Danish taxpayers who have to find most of the money for these railways. But in spite of the railway building and in spite of all the other unsolicited public works that have been undertaken with these two objects in view, even in the towns the great majority of the population is Danish, and even there there would not be many Germans left if to-morrow the German officials and their retainers were to go back to the Vaterland.

\* \* \* \* \*

The German Empire was founded by the sword; it is kept together by the sword—the only tool which Germans, in spite of all their industrial and scientific ability, appear to understand the wielding of with real success. But the sword is not by any means a convincing argument against a subjugated race striving to defend its nationality and culture. And when the sword is met by the plowshare, then it will only be able to give a blow in the air. All the while the land is slowly but surely being plowed away from under the hand that wields the sword, and when some day the German sword is broken or perhaps itself made into plowshares, the conquered races will still speak their own language on their own soil.

## From a College Window.

### PART II.

(From the Cornhill Magazine.)

**T**HE sun flares red behind leafless elms and battlemented towers as I come in from a lonely walk beside the river; above the chimney-tops hangs a thin veil of drifting smoke, blue in the golden light. The games in the Common are just coming to an end; a stream of long-coated spectators sets towards the town, mingled with the parti-colored muddled figures of the players. I have been strolling half the afternoon along the river bank, watching the boats passing up and down; hearing the shrill cries of coxes, the measured plash of oars, the rhythmical rattle of rowlocks, intermingled at intervals with the harsh grinding of the chain-ferries. Five-and-twenty years ago I was rowing here myself in one of these boats, and I do not wish to renew the experience. I cannot conceive why and in what moment of feeble good-nature or misapplied patriotism I ever consented to lend a hand. I was not a good oar, and did not become a better one; I had no illusions about my performance, and any momentary complacency was generally sternly dispelled by the harsh criticism of the coach on the bank, when we rested for a moment to receive our meed of praise or blame. But though I have no sort of wish to repeat the process, to renew the slavery which I found frankly and consistently intolerable. I find myself looking on at the cheerful scene with an amusement in which mingles a shadow of pain, because I feel that I have parted with something, a certain buoyancy and elasticity of body, and perhaps spirit, of which I was not conscious at the time, but which I now realize that I must have possessed. It is with an admiration mingled with envy that I see these youthful, shapely figures, bare-necked and bare-kneed, swinging rhythmically past. I watch a brisk crew lift a boat out of the water by a boat-house; half of them duck underneath to get hold of the other side, and they march up the grating gravel in a solemn procession. I see a pair of cheerful young men, released from tub-

bing, execute a wild and inconsequent dance upon the water's edge; I see a solemn conference of deep import between a stroke and a coach. I see a neat, clean-limbed young man go airily up to a well-earned tea, without, I hope, a care or an anxiety in his mind, expecting and intending to spend an agreeable evening. "Oh, Jones of Trinity, oh, Smith of Queen's," I think to myself, "tua si bona noris! Make the best of the good time, my boy, before you go off to the office or the fourth-form room, or the country parish! Live virtuously, make honest friends, read the good old books, lay up a store of kindly recollections, of firelit rooms in venerable courts, of pleasant talks, of innocent festivities. Very fresh is the brisk morning air, very fragrant is the newly-lighted bird's-eye, very lively is the clink of knives and forks, very keen is the savor of the roast beef that floats up to the dark rafters of the College Hall. But the days are short and the terms are few; and do not forget to be a sensible as well as a good-humored young man."

Thackeray, in a delightful ballad, invites a pretty page to wait till he comes to forty years; well, I have waited—indeed, I have somewhat overshot the mark—and to-day the sight of all this brisk life, going on just as it used to do, with the same insouciance and the same merriment, makes me wish to reflect, to gather up the fragments, to see if it is all loss, all declension, or whether there is something left, some strength in what remains behind.

I have a theory that one ought to grow older in a tranquil and appropriate way, that one ought to be perfectly contented with one's time of life, that amusements and pursuits ought to alter naturally and easily, and not be regretfully abandoned. One ought not to be dragged protesting from the scene, catching desperately at every doorway and balustrade; one should walk off smiling. It is easier said than done. It is not a pleasant moment when a man first recognizes that he is out of place in the football field,

that he cannot stoop with the old agility to pick up a skimming stroke to cover-point, that dancing is rather too heating to be decorous, that he cannot walk all day without undue somnolence after dinner, or rush off after a heavy meal without indigestion. These are sad moments which we all of us reach, but which are better laughed over than fretted over. And a man who, out of sheer inability to part from boyhood, clings desperately and with apoplectic puffings to these things is an essentially grotesque figure. To listen to young men discussing one of these my belated contemporaries, and to hear one enforcing on another the amusement to be gained from watching the old buffer's manoeuvres, is a lesson against undue youthfulness. One can indeed give amusement without loss of dignity by being open to being induced to join in such things occasionally in an elderly way, without any attempt to disguise deficiencies. But that is the most that ought to be attempted. Perhaps the best way of all is to subside into the genial and interested looker-on, to be ready to applaud the game you cannot play, and to admire the dexterity you cannot rival.

What then, if any, are the gains that make up for the lack of youthful prowess? They are, I can contentedly say, many and great. In the first place, there is the loss of a quality which is productive of an extraordinary amount of pain among the young, the quality of self-consciousness. How often was one's peace of mind ruined by *gaucherie*, by shyness, by the painful consciousness of having nothing to say, and still more painful consciousness of having said the wrong thing in the wrong way! Of course, it was all immensely exaggerated. If one went into chapel, for instance, with a straw hat, which one had forgotten to remove, over a surplice, one had the feeling for several days that it was written in letters of fire on every wall. I was myself an ardent conversationalist in early years, and, with the charming omniscience of youth, fancied that my opinion was far better worth having than the opinions of dons encrusted with pedantry and prejudice. But if I found myself in the society of these petrified persons, by the time that I had composed a suitable remark, the slender opening had already closed, and my contribution was either not uttered at all, or hopelessly belated in its appearance. Or some deep generalization drawn from the dark backward of my vast experience would be produced, and either ruthlessly ignored or contemptu-

ously corrected by some unsympathetic elder of unyielding voice and formed opinions. And then there was the crushing sense, at the conclusion of one of these interviews, of having been put down as a tiresome and heavy young man. I fully believed in my own liveliness and sprightliness, but it seemed an impossible task to persuade my elders that these qualities were there. A good-natured, elderly friend used at times to rally me upon my shyness, and say that it all came from thinking too much about myself. It was as useless as if one told a man with a toothache that it was mere self-absorption that made him suffer. For I have no doubt that the disease of self-consciousness is incident to intelligent youth. Marie Bashkirtseff, in the terrible self-revealing journals which she wrote, describes a visit that she paid to someone who had expressed an interest in her and a desire to see her. She says that as she passed the threshold of the room she breathed a prayer, "O God, make me worth seeing!" How often used one to desire to make an impression, to make oneself felt and appreciated!

Well, all that uneasy craving has left me. I no longer have any particular desire for or expectation of being impressive. One likes, of course, to feel brisk and lively; but whereas in the old days I used to enter a circle with the intention of endeavoring to be felt, of giving pleasure and interest, I now go in the humble hope of receiving either. The result is that, having got rid to a great extent of this pompous and self-regarding attitude of mind, I not only find myself more at ease, but I also find other people infinitely more interesting. Instead of laying one's frigate alongside of another craft with the intention of conducting a boarding expedition, one pays a genial visit by means of the longboat with all the circumstances of courtesy and amiability. Instead of desiring to make conquests, I am glad enough to be tolerated. I dare, too, to say what I think, not alert for any symptoms of contradiction, but fully aware that my own point of view is but one of many, and quite prepared to revise it. In the old days I demanded agreement; I am now amused by divergence. In the old days I desired to convince; I am now only too thankful to be convinced of error and ignorance. I now no longer shrink from saying that I know nothing of a subject; in old days I used to make a pretence of omniscience, and had to submit irritably to being tamely unmasked. It seems to me that I must have been an unpleasant young man

enough, but I humbly hope that I was not so disagreeable as might appear.

Another privilege of advancing years is the decreasing tyranny of convention. I used to desire to do the right thing, to know the right people, to play the right games. I did not reflect whether it was worth the sacrifice of personal interest; it was all-important to be in the swim. Very gradually I discovered that other people troubled their heads very little about what one did; that the right people were often the most tiresome and the most conventional, and that the only games which were worth playing were the games which one enjoyed. I used to undergo miseries in staying at uncongenial houses, in accepting shooting invitations when I could not shoot, in going to dances because the people whom I knew were going. Of course one has plenty of disagreeable duties to perform in any case; but I discovered gradually that to adopt the principle of doing disagreeable things which were supposed to be amusing and agreeable was to misunderstand the whole situation.

Now, if I am asked to stay at a tiresome house, I refuse; I decline invitations to garden parties and public dinners and dances, because I know that they will bore me; and as to games, I never play them if I can help, because I find that they do not entertain me. Of course there are occasions when one is wanted to fill a gap, and then it is the duty of a Christian and a gentleman to conform, and to do it with a good grace. Again, I am not at the mercy of small prejudices, as I used to be. As a young man, if I disliked the cut of a person's whiskers or the fashion of his clothes, if I considered his manner to be abrupt or unpleasing, if I was not interested in his subjects, I set him down as an impossible person, and made no further attempt to form acquaintance.

Now I know that these are superficial things, and that a kind heart and an interesting personality are not inconsistent with boots of a grotesque shape and even with mutton-chop whiskers. In fact, I think that small oddities and differences have grown to have a distinct value and form a pleasing variety. If a person's manner is unattractive, I often find that it is nothing more than a shyness or an awkwardness which disappears the moment that familiarity is established. My standard is, in fact, lower, and I am more tolerant. I am not, I confess, wholly tolerant, but my intolerance is reserved for qualities and not for externals. I still fly swiftly from long-winded, pompous and contemptuous

persons; but if their company is unavoidable, I have at least learnt to hold my tongue. The other day I was at a country house where an old and extremely tiresome general laid down the law on the subject of the Mutiny, where he had fought as a youthful subaltern. I was pretty sure that he was making the most grotesque misstatements, but I was not in a position to contradict them. Next the General was a courteous, weary old gentleman, who sat with his fingertips pressed together, smiling and nodding at intervals. Half an hour later we were lighting our candles. The General strode fiercely up to bed, leaving a company of yawning and dispirited men behind. The old gentleman came up to me and, as he took a light, said with an inclination of his head in the direction of the parting figure, "The poor General is a good deal misinformed. I didn't choose to say anything, but I know something about the subject, because I was private secretary to the Secretary for War."

That was the right attitude, I thought, for the gentlemanly philosopher; and I have learnt from my old friend the lesson not to choose to say anything if a turbulent and pompous person lays down the law on subjects with which I happen to be acquainted.

Again, there is another gain that results from advancing years. I think it is true that there were sharper ecstasies in youth, keener perceptions, more passionate thrills; but then the mind also dipped more swiftly and helplessly into discouragement, dreariness and despair. I do not think that life is so rapturous, but it certainly is vastly more interesting. When I was young there were an abundance of things about which I did not care. I was all for poetry and art; I found history tedious, science tiresome, politics insupportable. Now I may thankfully say it is wholly different. The time of youth was the opening to me of many doors of life. Sometimes a door opened upon a mysterious and wonderful place, an enchanted forest, a solemn avenue, a sleeping glade; often, too, it opened into some dusty work-a-day place, full of busy forms bent over intolerable tasks, whizzing wheels, dark gleaming machinery, the din of the factory and the workshop. Sometimes, too, a door would open into a bare and melancholy place, a hillside strewn with stones, an interminable plain of sand; worst of all, a place would sometimes be revealed which was full of suffering, anguish and hopeless woe, shadowed with fears and sins. From such prospects I turned with

groans unutterable; but the air of the accursed place would hang about me for days. These surprises, these strange surmises crowded in fast upon me.

How different the world was from what the careless forecast of boyhood had pictured it! How strange, how beautiful, and yet how terrible! As life went on the beauty increased, and a calmer, quieter beauty made itself revealed; in youth I looked for strange, impressive, haunted beauties, things that might deeply stir and move; but year by year a simpler, sweeter, healthier kind of beauty made itself felt; such beauty as lies on the bare, lightly washed, faintly tinted hillside of winter, all delicate greens and browns, so far removed from the rich summer luxuriance, and yet so austere, so pure. I grew to love different books too. In youth one demanded a generous glow, a fire of passion, a richly tinged current of emotion; but by degrees came the love of sober, subdued reflection, a cooler world in which, if one could not rest, one might at least travel equably and gladly, with a far wider range of experience, a larger, if a fainter, hope. I grew to demand less of the world, less of Nature, less of people; and behold, a whole range of subtler and gentler emotions came into sight, like the blue hills of the distance, pure and low. The whole movement of the world, past and present, became intelligible and dear. I saw the humanity that lies behind political and constitutional questions, the strong, simple forces that move like a steady stream behind the froth and foam of personality. If in youth I believed that personality and influence could sway and mould the world, in later years I have come to see that the strongest and fiercest characters are only the river-wrack, the broken boughs, the torn grasses that whirl and spin in the tongue of the creeping flood, and that there is a dim resistless force behind them that marches on unheeding and drives them in the forefront of the inundation. Things that had seemed drearily theoretical, dry, axiomatic, platitudinal, showed themselves to be great generalizations from a torrent of human effort and mortal endeavor. And thus all the mass of detail and human relation that had been rudely set aside by the insolent prejudices of youth under the generic name of business, came slowly to have an intense and living significance. I cannot trace the process in detail; but I became aware of the fulness, the energy, the matchless interest of the world, and the vitality of a hundred thoughts

that had seemed to me the dreariest abstractions.

Then, too, the greatest gain of all, there comes a sort of patience. In youth mistakes seemed irreparable, calamities intolerable, ambitions realizable, disappointments unbearable. An anxiety hung like a dark impenetrable cloud, a disappointment poisoned the springs of life. But now I have learned that mistakes can often be set right, that anxieties fade, that calamities have sometimes a compensating joy, that an ambition realized is not always pleasurable, that a disappointment is often of itself a rich incentive to try again. One learns to look over troubles, instead of looking into them; one learns that hope is more unconquerable than grief. And so there flows into the gap the certainty that one can make more of misadventures, of unpromising people, of painful experiences than one had ever hoped. It may not be, nay, it is not so eager, so full-blooded a spirit; but it is a serene, a more interesting, a happier outlook.

And so, like Robinson Crusoe on his island, striking a balance of my advantages and disadvantages, I am inclined to think that the good points predominate. Of course there still remains the intensely human instinct, which survives all the lectures of moralists, the desire to eat one's cake and also to have it. One wants to keep the gains of middle life and not to part with the glow of youth. "The tragedy of growing old," says a brilliant writer, "is the remaining young;" that is to say, that the spirit does not age as fast as the body. The sorrows of life lie in the imagination, in the power to recall the good days that have been and the old sprightly feelings; and in the power, too, to forecast the slow overshadowing and decay of age. But Lord Beaconsfield once said that the worst evil one has to endure is the anticipation of the calamities that do not happen; and I am sure that the thing to aim at is to live as far as possible in the day and for the day. I do not mean in an epicurean fashion, by taking prodigally all the pleasure that one can get, like a spendthrift of the happiness that is meant to last a lifetime, but in the spirit of Newman's hymn:

I do not ask to see  
The distant scene; one step enough for me.

Even now I find that I am gaining a certain power, instinctively, I suppose, in making the most of the day and hour. In old days, if I had a disagreeable engagement ahead of me, something to



which I looked forward with anxiety or dislike, I used to find that it poisoned my cup. Now it is beginning to be the other way; and I find myself with a heightened sense of pleasure in the quiet and peaceful days that have to intervene before the fateful morning dawns. I used to awake in the morning on the days that were still my own before the day which I dreaded, and begin, in that agitated mood which used to accompany the return of consciousness after sleep, when the mind is alert but unbalanced, to anticipate the thing I feared, and feel that I could not face it. Now I tend to awake and say to myself, "Well, at any rate I have still to-day in my own hands;" and then the very day itself has a heightened value from the feeling that the uncomfortable experience lies ahead. I suppose that is the secret of the placid enjoyment which the very old so often display. They seem so near the dark gate, and yet so entirely indifferent to the thought of it; so absorbed in little leisurely trifles, happy with a childlike happiness.

And thus I went slowly back to College in that gathering gloom that seldom fails to bring a certain peace to the mind. The porter sat, with his feet on the fender, in his comfortable den, reading a paper. The lights were beginning to appear in the court, and the firelight flickered briskly upon walls hung with all the pleasant signs of youthful life, the groups, the family photographs, the suspended oar, the cap of glory. So when I entered my book-lined rooms and heard the kettle sing its comfortable song on the hearth, and reflected that I had a few letters to write, an interesting book to turn over, a pleasant Hall dinner to

look forward to, and that, after a space of talk, an undergraduate or two were coming to talk over a leisurely piece of work, an essay or a translation, I was more than ever inclined to acquiesce in my disabilities, to purr like an elderly cat, and to feel that while I had the priceless boon of leisure, set in a framework of small duties, there was much to be said for life, and that I was a poor creature if I could not be soberly content.

Of course I know that I have missed the nearer ties of life, the hearth, the home, the companionship of a wife, the joys and interests of growing girls and boys. But if a man is fatherly and kindhearted, he will find plenty of young men who are responsive to a paternal interest, and intensely grateful for the good-humored care of one who will listen to their troubles, their difficulties, and their dreams. I have two or three young friends who tell me what they are doing, and what they hope to do; I have many correspondents who were friends of mine as boys, who tell me from time to time how it goes with them in the bigger world, and who like in return to hear something of my own doings.

And so I sit, while the clock on the mantelpiece ticks out the pleasant minutes, and the fire winks and crumbles on the hearth, till the old gyp comes tapping at the door to learn my intentions for the evening; and then, again, I pass out into the court, the lighted windows of the Hall gleam with the ancient armorial glass, from staircase after staircase come troops of alert gowned figures, while overhead, above all the pleasant stir and murmur of life, hang in the dark sky the unchanging stars.



## What Is Christianity?

By SAMUEL McCOMB.

(From the Contemporary Review.)

**I**T is no exaggeration to say that this is, in the sphere of religion, the question of the hour. Various causes, speculative and practical, have conspired to make it the problem in a peculiar sense of our generation. The apologist finds his science discredited, for he is uncertain what elements in the complex structure of historical Christianity he is really concerned to defend as vital, and what to abandon as accidental; the student of comparative religion seeking to fix the place of our faith in relation to other forms of the religious spirit is compelled to go behind institutions and dogma to their inner essence, to that which gives them significance and value; the missionary, aware that our present ecclesiastical systems grew up ages before the emergence of the more philosophical idea of religion as a property of man as man, something bound up with the very texture of human nature, is anxious to set free the central realities of the Christian religion from the traditional vehicle, that they may enter into and possess the thought-forms of the Oriental mind; the preacher at home, in a questioning and critical age, amid the tottering thrones of tradition, turns from a pseudo-orthodoxy, with its blindness to the true perspective of values, to search for the things that cannot be shaken, and learn "the simplicity that is in Christ."

And yet the problem is among the most difficult and delicate the thinker can be called upon to face. For Christianity stands first among religions in many-sidedness, elasticity, capacity to assume different forms, to pass through the most diverse vicissitudes and undergo the greatest transformations. As Professor Carpenter remarks, "It is very early car-

ried forth into the world of Hellenic ideas and Roman law. It becomes heir to an empire. It establishes itself on the civilization of a vast secular order; and, when that decays, it receives new vigor through alliance with Teutonic peoples. Architecture and art become its hand-maidens. Poetry and music exalt it. . . . It is quickened afresh by contact with the Greek mind, as Aristotle is brought within the precincts of the Church. It is planted beyond the sea by the great missions, and gradually extends its arms all round the globe. The corruption of its hierarchy is arrested by the shock of the Reformation; a new outlook is gained over fresh fields of thought; new types of life can still arise. . . . The noblest European literatures are permeated with it; philosophies delight to bring themselves into accord with its teachings; it endeavors to assimilate the last great product of the human spirit—modern science."

Greek philosophy, Roman imperialism, Teutonic individualism—such have been the leading, though by no means the only, forces that have helped to shape the Christianity we know to-day. As we think of the manifold forms it has assumed—Catholicism, Roman and Greek, with their subordinate types; Protestantism, Anglican, Lutheran, Calvinistic, Unitarian, to mention only a few—we are tempted to give up in despair the possibility of ever reaching the fundamental unity, the ultimate reality out of which such differences have sprung. And yet, if in the spiritual world things are as Christianity says they are, if it is the medium of reality and not the mere echo of man's hopes and fears; in other words, if in it God has disclosed His purpose and the spiritual order of the world, then

we are justified in distinguishing between the Divine revelation as permanent, and the many interpretations of that revelation as in their nature transitory and temporary. Great as are the systems to which Christianity has given birth, Christianity itself is still greater.

Time was, indeed, when to think that Christianity was not adequately expressed in the traditional creeds was taken to be a mark of a profane and anti-Christian spirit. Catholic and Protestant, however much opposed elsewhere, agreed in the notion as axiomatic that man needed an infallible authority, whether incarnated in an institution or a book, and that one or other constituted the essence of the Christian religion. In Protestant circles, at least, this conception no longer obtains. Ever since Schleiermacher at the dawn of the nineteenth century addressed his famous "Discourses on Religion" "to the cultivated among its despisers," religious thinkers have been familiar with the distinction between the essence of a religion and its historical embodiments, and have applied it to the religion of Christ with varying degrees of success.

Matthew Arnold finds essential Christianity in the "method" of Jesus, which was one of "inwardness," combined with His secret of self-renouncement, working in and through the element of mildness and producing the impression of "sweet reasonableness"—all else is *Aberglaube*; Renan identifies it with the higher spirit of Judaism—"with its fertile principles of almsgiving and charity, its absolute faith in the future of humanity, and that joy of heart of which Judaism has always held the secret"—denuded only of the peculiar observances of the Jewish religion. Tolstoi sees in the Sermon on the Mount, as summed up in the saying, "Resist not evil," the heart of Christ's message and a principle in radical opposition to the bases of modern civilization. Martineau exalts the teaching of Jesus, when sifted by modern criticism, as the loftiest ethical programme for humanity, which independently of the authority of Christ commands the conscience and the will.

Now, diverse as are these points of view, they start from the same assump-

tion, the familiar antithesis of the modern pulpit between "the Christianity of Christ" and "the Christianity of the Churches"—the first being the religion Jesus lived and taught, the second being the one which his followers built on the apotheosis of His Person. But this contrast between the "Christianity of Christ" and the Christianity of the historic Christian Society, while superficially plausible, turns out, on close inspection, to involve very serious difficulties of its own. For, assuming for the moment its truth, we may well ask: How does it come about that the splendid triumphs of Christendom in the moral and spiritual transformation of humanity have been effected not through the realities of faith, the genuine report which Christ gives of the spiritual world, but through the fantastic ideas of the Church which modern insight has resolved into moonshine? In other words, why is it that it is not so much the sweet Galilean vision as the glorified and deified Son of God that has entered so powerfully into the hearts of men? And what kind of a world is it where phantasy can achieve so much and reality effect so little? But in truth, the antithesis is unreal and artificial. For the moment we seek to penetrate the sacred mystery of Christ's personal religion, "which broke on his soul with open vision of the Father," we are conscious of elements that separate His experience from ours. No feeling of guilt, no cry for forgiveness mars the perfect unity of His will with the Father's. At every moment He feels Himself at one with the Infinite. In His presence, as the Gospels reveal it, we are aware of a new spiritual quality, a unique self-consciousness. And it is this fact that historical Christianity, adequately or inadequately, has sought to interpret and to preserve.

It is obvious that the question could not be allowed to rest here. Some more satisfying answer was a necessity. This quest has been undertaken by two powerful schools of thought, the one philosophical and idealistic, the other historical and realistic, the one tracing descent from Hegel, the other receiving its impulse from Kant. The neo-Hegelian or Speculative explanation of Christianity

may be read in the brilliant pages of the Master of Balliol and Professor Pfeleiderer, to mention only its two greatest living expounders. Christianity in their view is to be understood only in the light of a motive power at work in the human mind, and which underlies all religions as their principle. This principle is implied in the lowest as in the highest religions, in "the sorcery and ghost-seeing of the savage" as in the noblest forms of Christianity. It is the presence of these three ideas, self, not-self, and God, and the way in which one or other is emphasized, that gives the scheme or frame in which all religions may be set. The not-self is predominant in objective or sensuous religions, as, for example, that of Greece, the self in subjective or rational religions, such as Buddhism and Hebraism, and the unity of self and not-self, or the idea of God, in Christianity as the absolute or spiritual religion. Jesus was the temporary organ through whom the immanent principle comes to expression. He is the highest illustration of the central principle of Christianity—self-realization through sacrifice. "Die to live"—this ethical maxim is the core of Christ's message and mission—all else is mythical or legendary dress. Christ is only the organ of a spirit or principle which cannot be expressed fully in an individual life, even the highest. The ideal Christ, "the Christ that is and the Christ that is to be," is of primary importance for faith and hope, and for this idealizing process the Christ that has been serves as a starting point.

What then becomes of the various doctrines of the Christian creed? They are by no means to be rejected, but viewing them as historically justifiable, the "husk" which preserved the precious "kernel," they may still be retained as valuable symbols of moral and religious truths. The doctrine of the Fall and Atonement may be sympathetically regarded as pictorial representations of the two opposed moral forces that run through all history, selfishness which is the essence of evil, and self-abnegation which is the spring of all good; the Incarnation is the symbol of that universal manifestation of the Divine in the hearts of men, that kinship of God and man

which is the fundamental fact of existence; the Resurrection is simply the projection into the outer world of events by the sensuous imagination of the great spiritual law that "he that loseth his life shall save it." And so on with the rest of the Christian credenda. To sum up: the ideal principle is conceived as so ruling the historical that Christianity ever tends to be superseded by the moral ideas which it has itself called forth, and which will penetrate society as a whole with their regenerative power, and thus, through a process of ethical culture, effect the spiritualization of humanity.

This explanation of Christianity is valuable for its grasp of the ideal significance of the evangelical history; its weakness lies in its failure to appreciate the history itself. The Gospel is weighed in the scales of a philosophical theory. The philosophic scheme is first in order of importance, Christianity is second, with the result that the Person of the Founder recedes more and more into the background, and the Idea of which He was the transient vehicle is more and more emphasized. Hence it is not too much to say that along this line our quest is hopeless. For the integrity of the historical reality is constantly being sacrificed to the necessities of the speculative theory.

The force of the Christian appeal to the human soul has not lain in the belief that Jesus was a greater Socrates who first exemplified the relation in which all men stand to God and laid down His life in defense of His teaching, but in the fact that at the heart of Christianity lives a peculiar and unique Person through whom men experience salvation and win blessedness. Rob faith of the spiritual presence which Christ alone reveals, reduce Him to the level of the first among equals in whom God has revealed Himself with varying degrees of fullness, and we break with the historic records, deny the most certain deposition of the Christian consciousness, and miss the vital secret of the Christian religion. For the glory and strength of Christianity is in this, that in the Person of its Founder the ideal and the historical realization are one.

The radical vice of this great specula-

tive endeavor is in making Christ a means to an end, not an end in Himself. His standing in history is purely accidental and episodic; His Gospel is independent of Himself and could conceivably have had another organ for its revelation. But if the voice of experience and history has a right to be heard, we must maintain that Christ's relation to His Gospel is not accidental but essential, not contingent but necessary. As He has been its Creator so is He still its Providence. Just as our world, divorced for a moment from the all-embracing energies of the immanent God, would fall into chaos and oblivion, so, we may well believe, would Christianity, apart from Jesus Christ as the source of holy inspiration, perish from the hearts and consciences of men. This is a matter on which history gives no uncertain sound. Whenever men have entertained mean and contracted views of His Person, the pulse of spiritual life has beat but feebly, "the enthusiasm of humanity" has lost its fine glow, and the spirit of self-sacrifice which in other and fresher times could throw contempt on death has shrunk in cowardice before its spiritual task, through very lack of its Divine and invisible nutriment.

The Ritschlian school, which is exercising such powerful influence in British and still more in American theological circles, confronts our question for the most part in a purely historical way, and uses historical methods of inquiry. Two notable products of this school, Dr. Harnack's "What is Christianity?" and Auguste Sabatier's "Religions of Authority and the Religion of the Spirit," have made English readers familiar with the point of view which claims to reconcile the demands of science and of the religious spirit. Though their mode of presentation differs, their conclusions and contentions are identical. While Dr. Harnack starts with a description of the essential elements in Christianity, as portrayed in the Gospels, and then follows their sad fortunes from the Apostolic age down to the Reformation, M. Sabatier opens with a critique of the Catholic and Protestant traditions, shows how they have broken down under the stress of criticism, and then expounds Chris-

tianity as modern thought conceives it, under the guidance of the teaching of Christ. Essential Christianity is to be found not in the Pauline system, much less in the later sacerdotal and hierarchical institutes of Catholicism, but in Jesus Christ and His Gospel. The Christian principle appears in its simple and naked essence in the soul of Jesus as feeling, intuition, inspiration: the Gospel is the popular description or expansion of this inner piety. Its fundamental feature cannot be mistaken. "The whole of Jesus' message," says Dr. Harnack, "may be reduced to these two heads—God as the Father and the human soul so ennobled that it can and does unite with Him."

"The God who is in Heaven," says M. Sabatier, "revealed Himself in the heart of Jesus as His Father; Jesus felt Himself to be living in God as His Son. And we find in almost every word He uttered the proof that He proposed to create the same filial relation between His disciples and God, that this should be the distinctive mark and essential content of that piety with which He bent every effort to inspire them." Here, then, is the Ritschlian answer to our question. The Fatherhood of God and the Sonship of man—these two thoughts exhaust the vital significance of the Christian religion. What of Christian doctrine as embodied in the creeds? It is as Matthew Arnold would say, "Pseudo-science," and illusion born of bad metaphysics, having nothing to do with religion, and in its very evolution writing its own condemnation. Its history has been a pathological process, a sign of disease rather than of health, and to-day it is spiritually and intellectually bankrupt, and unable to claim the adherence of cultivated men. And it is so because religion is not concerned with knowledge or belief but with feeling, with life. Christ brings to man the vital impulse, the message of eternal life, but all attempts to understand this experience, to verify it as real and belonging to a real world, and to find in it an explanation of ourselves and the whole of which we form a part, have been and are doomed to failure, and must be renounced as futile and mischievous. It is ours to accept the good which Christian-



ity offers and resign ourselves to ignorance of its ultimate and objective foundations, lest we should

Strive to wind ourselves too high  
For sinful man beneath the sky.

Mr. F. H. Bradley has wittily said that "metaphysic is the finding of bad reasons for what we believe upon instinct." The instinct of the Ritschlian school is sound: it craves for a Christianity that shall shine in its own light, move in the world unencumbered with the disputations and contentions and harassing debates of the intellect, and reveal itself as a supra-mundane blessing which no criticism can touch and no progress in culture can wither. But its metaphysic is bad, implying, as it does, a fundamental divorce between life and philosophy, feeling and understanding, faith and reason—dualisms which were once respected, but which the modern spirit will have none of. Man is a spiritual unity. How strange, then, if it should turn out that Christianity arrays him against himself, and while haunting the shrine of the conscience and the heart, refuses to consecrate the courts of reason! Rather must we believe that God is implicated in the whole of man's spiritual life, illumining the intellect as it sounds on

"Through words and things, a dim and perilous way,"

as well as feeding the fires of spiritual emotion and resolve. The mighty truths that have lifted man to ever new horizons have dawned on him through the impact of the Infinite Reality on his spirit; and to divorce his reason from that Reality is to surrender to a subtle and dangerous Deism.

The assumption which underlies the Ritschlian argument that every element of later or even foreign growth assimilated by Christianity is *ipso facto* alien to its spirit, and therefore to be judged excommunicate off-hand, is one which in the interests of Christianity must be challenged. It is, indeed, the business of the analytic historian to disengage such elements, to ask how they arose, and to trace them to their original home; but it

is the task of the constructive thinker to estimate their value and their capacity for entering into vital relations with the Christian faith. That faith has been a redeeming, consecrating, and assimilating power in history. And why should it not be so? Was there not, as the early Greek apologists maintained, "a Christianity before Christ?" And if there was, why should it not be recognized and its achievements utilized in the great historic movement of Christian thought?

To say that the traditional creed of Christendom is bankrupt and hopelessly discredited, is to be guilty of grave misrepresentation. That there are some things in it which thoughtful men can no longer accept, and other things which require re-statement in the light of modern knowledge, may be frankly admitted, but on the other hand, its great articles—such as the Creatorhood of God, the unique Lordship and Sonship of Christ, the value of His life and death as a means of reconciliation between the Heavenly Father and His estranged children, the reality of Christ's victory over death, and the assurance of immortality—are still cherished by millions of Christians, learned and unlearned alike. And the vast majority of those who reject these items of belief make short work of the attenuated Gospel of the latest and most fashionable phase of advanced Protestantism.

It is true, indeed, that in the reaction against the controversies of the schools and the artificialities of a Latinised Christianity, there is an attractiveness in the simple yet consoling doctrine of the Divine Fatherhood. "Here," we are told, "is pure and primitive Christianity—all else is husk and discoloration." And a certain intellectual relief may appear to result from throwing overboard as so much useless theological lumber the ideas organized by this Christian thought and experience of the past. Yet a little reflection would seem to show that the relief is more a seeming than a reality. You say, "God is Father"; but I live in a world which at moments I am tempted to deem both blind and brutal, and where this faith is sore bestead as it tries to hold up against the inexorable necessities of the natural order. Everywhere around

me I see overwhelming evidences of God's physical power, but alas! as Mr. Balfour reminds us, "the evidences of His moral interest have to be anxiously extracted, grain by grain, through the speculative analysis of our moral nature." How then am I to be assured of the reality of the Divine Fatherhood, of its being anything more than a fiction of the poetic imagination?

Prior to Christ's appearance the thought was in the world: Indian sage, Greek poet, and Jewish prophet knew it: yet its history was one of impotence and sterility. It was Christ that transformed it into an immutable certainty, and made it man's inalienable possession. The great mass of Christians in all ages have believed that Christ was able to do this because His being was rooted in God, His nature so related to God that He could say: "He that hath seen Me hath seen the Father." Since that great word was spoken God has been interpreted, however poorly, in terms of Christ: in the light of God's best, men have been enabled to face the world's worst. Only as Christ's Sonship is conceived as absolute and final can any adequate ground be discovered for such a splendid faith—the root of all our optimisms—as the universal sonship of humanity.

Here, then, we seem to have touched the essential purport of the Christian religion. We speak of Christ as the Founder of Christianity; it were more correct to say that He is its Foundation. "How strange," says Rothe, "that Christ should be considered the Founder of a religion!" Strange, indeed, when it is recalled that the very things which appear in all ethnic religions, a mode of worship and a prescribed belief, are absent from His teaching. That teaching, then, cannot constitute the sum and substance of Christianity, first because it leaves large tracts of life untouched; and, secondly, because the Teacher is greater than His words. We must not take a part for the whole. Not only His words, but His deeds; not only His life, but His death; not only His death, but His victory over death; in a word, His entire personality, with all that it was as well as all that it expressed, give the essential content of His faith. He knows Himself to be the

Messiah, God's final Messenger, because God's Son, after whom none greater can arise. This self-characterisation belongs to the oldest tradition. He alone is able to comprehend the Father and His purposes, and the Father alone comprehends the fullness of the Son's inner life, and because of this perfect reciprocity of Him and God, He is able to mediate the knowledge of God to men. Christianity takes its origin in this mystery of Christ's filial consciousness. The paradox which His life presents, "the co-existence of a self-consciousness that is more than human with the deepest humility before God," is understood in the light of the contrast between man's sonship and His. Man's sonship is imperfect, inadequate, dependent; His is perfect, ideal, archetypal. The latter is that the former may be. Christ, just because He is God's Son in perfection, is able to awaken sonship in man.

Apostolic thought and life are simply an endeavor to grasp and realise the riches of this revelation. St. Paul, with splendid insight, seizes on the thought of Christ's Divine Sonship as the central and constitutive principle of Christianity, and makes it the basis on which he builds his theological system. The God in whom he believed was a God who sent forth His Son that He might bring man into the blessedness and glory of the filial spirit. His theology might indeed be described as a doctrine of God, construed in terms of the ideal and absolute Sonship of Christ. The Epistle to the Hebrews is a hymn in honor of the Christ who as God's Son makes an end of the old order with its angelic mediators, sensuous sacrifices, legal institutions, venerable symbolisms, and inaugurates the new era in which humanity enters into its spiritual heritage—access to and filial fellowship with the Father. The author of the Fourth Gospel, who, if not St. John, was at least one of his disciples, interprets the creative providential and redeeming action of God through Christ, who is not only the Logos but the Son. His motive in writing his book was that men might believe that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God. The New Testament is permeated and dominated by the thought of Christ's supremacy. His spell

was so laid on its authors as to fill them with one all-absorbing passion, one unrelenting pursuit of an ideal that ever flew as they approached, the exhaustless grace and truth of the Infinite.

And the Apostolic age is typical of all the Christian centuries. The men in whom the fire of Christian passion burned most brightly, the nobler spirits of the race, types of humanity at its best, such as an Augustine, an a Kempis, a Melancthon, a Xavier, a Wesley, a Chalmers, a Newman, have set before them as the goal of their ambitions, "the prize of the upward calling of God in Christ Jesus." But that never satisfied ambition meant that Christ transcended their utmost aspiration and achievement. Under whatever forms they may have interpreted their faith, there was for them but one source of truth, the supreme manifestation of God in the Son of His love. We may well ask with Frederick Denison Maurice "whether for eighteen centuries we have been propagating a mockery when we have said that there is a Son of God, who is the Truth and can make us free?"

The Incarnation, the advent of God in the mind of Christ, the presence of the Absolute so far as the Absolute can enter into finite conditions, is the article with which Christianity stands or falls. Each age must relate this fact as it can to its ruling ideas, and interpretations which satisfy one generation become obsolete in the next; at times, as in our own age, it may be ignored or resisted

on some a priori ground, such as the impossibility of miracle, yet the fact itself has so entered into the religious life that under various disguises, now philosophical, now poetical, it gives the light, in which the universe takes on a new glory, and man appears the crowned heir of deathless hopes.

Christianity, then, centers in a Person. Through Him we gain certainty as to the nature of God, and the assurance that in some way good must be the final goal of ill. The heart of things is not cold and dead, but throbs with an infinite pity; man is not the helpless victim of nature's blind fatalisms, but the child of the Infinite, who knows he was not made to die, whose highest good is not at the mercy of time, but lies hidden in the hand of the Eternal. Christ is, as it were, an epitome of the world-programme, and the long reaches of history have as their end the realisation of the ideal incarnated in His person. He creates a new ethical spirit, founds a fellowship of souls, a kingdom of God in which the highest energies of the human spirit are organised in harmony with the Divine purpose. And He is and does all this because His Person comes out of the basal realities of the universe and is a revelation of ultimate spiritual fact. Other religions are greater than their founders: Christ transcends all the historical forms of His faith. This is the explanation of His past as it is the sure guarantee of His future triumphs.



## THE DARK MAN.

By NOA CHLSSON.

(From Longman's Magazine.)

I saw you pass with your love to mass,  
led by her tender hand,  
You dark man of Tirareagh, that could  
not understand

When women's eyes looked on you unless  
their lips spoke too—  
That you were young and you were fair  
and your blind eyes were blue.

You often heard the fairy pipes when  
others lay asleep,  
For blind men hear so keenly that not a  
mouse can creep

Unknown across the trodden floor though  
none with eyes could tell  
That on the shore of silence a foot had  
crushed a shell.

I knew you heard my people sing when  
moonlight bade them rise  
And go about their dancing, unseen of  
human eyes;

I've seen you walking in the dew as if  
you sought a tryst,  
But och! you sought no fairy girl, 'twas  
human lips you kissed.

I saw you pass to morning mass, a  
wedded man, ochone!

Your bride was smiling at your side with  
eyes to be your own—

She could not see me standing high in  
the springing corn,

A fairy with her love put by, and jeal-  
ousy newborn.

I saw you pass to morning mass, and that  
your eyes were blind,

I gladdened that you could not see how  
in the summer wind

Your wife's face blossomed like a rose  
while I was pale to see,  
As the first faint flowers that April sets  
on the cornel-tree.

I see two pass no longer; the blind man  
prays alone

And walks alone and sleeps alone, for in  
his breast's a stone,

A gray stone with no name thereon whose  
like all men may see

Up in the windy graveyard that fronts  
the Irish Sea.

The earth has got her own again, and  
down at Tirareagh

A lonely bed and hearth are his all hours  
of night and day,

Except the gray hour nearest morn when  
folk are nearest death,

I claim that hour and take it though man  
and priest gainsaith.

I sit at Aileen's spinning-wheel, I rest my  
weary head

Upon the breast that holds the dream of  
her when I have fled.

I fill the crock with milk for him, I blow  
upon the peat

Till the red glow in the cabin awakes  
the sleeping street.

Then when the neighbors enter and won-  
dering stand around,

And question if the buried wife some  
cranny place has found

And come again to serve her man with  
food and firelight gleam,

I leave them to their wonder, and the  
dark man to his dream.

## Crocodile Fishing.

By GEORGE MAXWELL.

(From Blackwood's Magazine.)

**A**H CHOW, my China boy, looked on with a quiet, appreciative smile, hovering gently in the background a yard or two behind my chair. We were in the back verandah of my bungalow; in front of me a strange Malay squatted on the floor, and beside him were weird implements—some gigantic hooks, four or five coils of rattan, a basket full of odds and ends, and four dead fowls. The Malay, as he came into the house, had told Ah Chow in answer to a question as to his business that we were going to catch crocodiles, and had imagined that by the bald communication he had conveyed to the China boy all that was necessary for a full comprehension of the matter. Ah Chow was naturally only the more puzzled by the information. Shooting, he flattered himself, he knew all about; he knew every gun and rifle in the glass-fronted baize-backed gun-rack, and the class of game that each was intended for. He rather thought that he knew something about fishing, too, and that there was not much one could teach him about the proper care of rods and tackle. Golf-clubs, raquets, and such accessories of mere amusement he did not see to himself,—the Tamil orderlies could be trusted to do that; but his eye was always upon them, and his hand ever ready to correct. He thought that he had seen every form of "play" the East had to offer, but frankly admitted to himself that the Malay's extraordinary paraphernalia was something new. He held it to be his duty in my interests to learn all he could of this new thing, and, though too proud and too shy to question the Malay in my presence, and thereby admit his ignorance, was determined not to miss anything that he could see.

Manap was the name of the Malay,—Abdulmanap bin Mohamed Ismail, to give him his full ceremonial name, and Manap Rimau or Tiger Manap, to give him his distinguishing name. He was a professional crocodile-catcher, making his living out of the reward offered by government for the extermination of these

animals. His skill and extraordinary daring in shooting tigers, also of course for the government reward, had earned him his sobriquet. He lived near the sea, close to the mangrove swamps where his work lay, and had come up to Taiping in answer to a letter from me. As he sat on the floor amid his paraphernalia he talked of indifferent subjects for the period prescribed by etiquette, and then I asked him to show me the lines he had brought with him.

"It is cooler in the house, Tuan, than by the lake; shall I bait the hooks here?" He pulled out a knife some twenty inches long and carefully thumbed the blade. "And the Tuan wants to know not only how to catch crocodiles but to learn the charms and lore in connection with it? Well, whatever it be that one intends to learn, one must start from the beginning. The boys at school begin with Alif, the first letter of the alphabet, and to catch crocodiles one must know the beginning of crocodiles. The first crocodile had its origin in the following manner: Siti Fatimah was the daughter of the Prophet Mahomed, and Petri Padang Gerinsing was the name of her nurse. One day the nurse took the sheath of a betel-nut palm-leaf, and on it moulded some clay into the shape of what is now a crocodile, and the palm-leaf sheath formed the belly of the animal. Of the joints of some sugar-cane she made its ribs. On its head she placed a pointed stone, and bits of turmeric formed its eyes; its tail was a leaf of the betel-nut palm. She then tried to give life to it, but at once it fell to pieces. Twice this happened; but the third time she prayed to the Almighty God for life for it, and at once the animal breathed and moved. For many years it was the plaything of the Prophet's daughter; but at last, with increasing size, it became disobedient, and, Petri Padang Gerinsing being by this time old and feeble, Siti Fatimah cursed the animal, saying, 'Thou shalt become the crocodile of the sea; nothing that thou shalt eat shall have taste for thee, and pleasure and desire shall not be known to thee.' She forthwith drew out all its



teeth and pulled the tonsils from its mouth, and then to close its mouth drove nails through from the upper to the lower jaw and from the lower to the upper jaw. The crocodile was allowed to escape, but soon found a way to open its jaw, and the nails driven in by Siti Fatimah have become the teeth that it now has."

Manap knew the folk-story off by heart, and probably repeated it in the identical words in which he had first heard it. "It is because the eyes of the first crocodile were made of turmeric that to this day a crocodile cannot struggle successfully against a man who knows the properties of turmeric. A piece of turmeric rubbed on the line will weaken the crocodile's resistance, and if we sprinkle the boat with water in which turmeric has been soaked the crocodile will not attack it. Turmeric rubbed on a crocodile's head quickly kills it."

"And this, Tuan, is the way to bait the hooks." From the coil of rattans he produced one about twenty yards long, a piece of stout native-made rope about three yards long attached to one end of it, and at the end of the rope was a hook. The fine strands of which the rope was composed were separate from one another, so that when the hook was taken by a crocodile they would slip into the interstices of its teeth, and afford nothing on to which the animal could bite.

The hook was some 7 inches long and  $3\frac{1}{2}$  inches across from point to shank. It was of native-wrought iron, and half way up the shank, on the side toward the point of the hook, was a loop. The rope was attached to the hook at this loop—that is to say, it was attached to the hook half way up the shank instead of at the end of the shank, as is the case in the ordinary hook. The point of the hook was not barbed, and the end of the shank was sharpened. The effect of this curious attachment is obvious: supposing the bait to be swallowed, a strain on the line would tend to pull the hook transversely across the gullet of the animal, the point of the hook would catch in some part of the throat, and as soon as this happens the sharpened shank-point would catch in the opposite side of the throat. An animal thus hooked could only escape by breaking the line.

"I brought fowls for bait, Tuan, because I was hurried. White fowls are the best, for the crocodile can see them farther; but if I had had time I would have shot a monkey. There is nothing that a crocodile likes better than one of the gray long-tailed monkeys. He sees them playing and leaping in the mangrove trees at high tide,

and trooping over the mud flats at low tide, and at all times they scream and scold and chatter at him. It is seldom that he catches one, but when he does it is very sweet to him."

Manap then took a fowl, which he had previously gutted and half plucked, and eyed it carefully, and, after looking at it and at the hook from every point of view, split it open down the breast. He then buried the length of the hook in the incision he had made. The bend of the hook fitted closely to the curve of the fowl's rump, and the hook's point was hidden under a wing, while the sharpened point of the shank could be felt near the fowl's neck. With some native fibre he then bound the bait as tightly as possible to the hook near the loop, taking great care not to impede the pivotal action of the loop. At the two extremities of the hook he tied on the bait with a much finer fibre, and tied it so that, while the meat could not slip and uncover the bone, yet, at a sudden jerk on the main line, the slender bands would snap and the hook point and shank point would start from the protecting covering and stand ready to pierce any part of the crocodile's gullet they might touch. It did not take him long to bait the four hooks he had brought, and he was then ready to make a start.

In the meantime I had explained the reason of my having sent for him. Taiping, the town in which we were, is the capital of the leading native state of the Malay Peninsula, and is happy in the possession of a beautiful public garden and an ornamental lake. Until they were made, their site was a wilderness of abandoned mine holes and spoil banks. The Chinese method of mining alluvial tin ore (the mineral on which the source of the wealth of Perak at present depends) is to open an enormous pit and to boldly remove the earth from it until the substratum that carries the tin ore is exposed. When the mine is worked and abandoned, there is left a hole which may vary from twenty to sixty feet in depth, and which, in exceptional cases, may extend for half a mile in length and a hundred yards or more in breadth; and beside this gigantic excavation, which in the rainy climate of the Peninsula quickly fills to the brim with water, there are mounds of corresponding extent where the overburden has been taken out and deposited.

To form the Taiping lake a series of such abandoned mines were connected, a dam erected at their lower end, and a small mountain stream deviated into the inclosure. Many of the old spoil banks

were left to form islands in the lake, some of them covered with closely mown turf and dotted with palms, while others, by way of contrast, were allowed to remain under the wild luxuriant growth of nature. A circular road, some two miles long, runs through the gardens and round the lake, and here the European community rides and drives in the afternoon; the golf links are on one side, and on the other is the race course. It is not the sort of place where one would expect to find crocodiles: one looks for them in tidal rivers or backwaters, but not in an artificial lake in a public garden.

Crocodiles have, however, the most extraordinary roving propensities, and often leave their native river to make journeys of many miles overland. In the interior of Perak they have been found in abandoned mine holes so far from any stream that it is difficult even to guess from which direction they have wandered, or to tell whether it was by accident or design that they discovered an isolated pool in a limitless extent of tropical forest. It made it none the less extraordinary, but it was easy to see how the crocodiles had got into the Taiping lake. The Squirrel River, though a small, shallow, gravelly stream, incapable of affording food or shelter to a crocodile, runs close by, and lower down joins a tidal river.

A crocodile could make its way either up the channel of the Squirrel or through the jungle on its bank for a distance of some three miles, and it would then be opposite the lake. After that, to travel some two or three hundred yards overland, and to cross a metalled cart-road, would afford but little difficulty. It is easy to see how it is done, but who can say why it is done? Why should a crocodile leave a river stocked with food, explore for miles an utterly unsuitable tributary, and then wander inland until it strikes a pool? One can only say that it does; and rumor had it that three of these brutes had found their way into the lake. So long as they confined their attention to the fish, and perhaps an occasional duck, no one objected to their presence; but when one of them began to take sheep off the bank as they came down to drink, and had even gone so far as to make an attempt on a cow, it was felt that the brutes ought to be exterminated. When children and ayahs were playing on the banks, anything might happen, and so I sent for Manap.

When the baits were all ready Manap went down to the lake to wait for me there, and with him went Ah Chow, nominally to see that he got the paddles, but really to gratify what he considered

pardonable if undignified curiosity. Everything was ready when I came, and Manap and I pushed off in a Malay dugout to reconnoitre the lake. It was fairly shallow towards the sides, but in the centre there were some very deep old mineholes; and to approach these pools, which were almost certainly where the crocodiles were to be found, one had to pass by one or another of the islands that I have mentioned.

We decided to leave a line at each entrance between the islands, and Manap proceeded to unwind one of the coils of the rattan, and straightened out the curves in it until it followed the canoe, floating on the top of the water like a yellow snake. Out of his basket he produced a piece of wood large enough to carry the hook and bait, and sufficiently buoyant to support its weight above the level of the water. To this wood he fastened the bait with some bamboo pegs, and then gently stopped the canoe between two islands, where a narrow entrance led to a deep secluded pool. Carefully placing the bait and its wooden support in the water so that it floated true and upright, he muttered the following invocation:—

"Sang Raga, Sang Ragai,  
Receive this gift from Siti Fatimah.  
If thou receive it not,  
The water will choke you,  
The bones of animals will choke you,  
The skins of animals will choke you,  
The blood of animals will choke you."

He then picked up the paddle and struck the water three resounding blows with the flat blade. "The crocodile will hear that," he turned to say, "and will come the sooner." He then pushed the bait about two or three yards away from the land so that it floated in open water, and carefully disposed the rattan-line along the bushes which fringed the island in such manner that none of it lay in the water. The end of the rattan was not fastened to anything, and the crocodile was free to carry off hook, line and bait whither it chose; but wherever it might go, the rattan would float on the water's surface and betray the presence of the crocodile. We placed the three other baits in suitable localities, and then had done all that we could for the present. The sun was setting, and as he paddled back Manap explained that a gorge-bait is necessary, and that it is useless to attempt to use a snap-bait. Even if, as sometimes happens, a crocodile seizes the bait the moment that it is put in the water, it must be given time to swallow it, for the hook will find no hold in the bony carti-

lage of its mouth. What surprised me more than anything was the smallness of the bait; it seemed strange than any animal addicted to carrying off cattle should deign to notice so insignificant a morsel as a chicken. "They will eat anything," Manap said—"frogs or rats, if they can get nothing bigger."

We were back at the lake a little after sunrise the next morning, and as soon as we got near the place where the first line had been set, we saw that the bait had disappeared. Manap's eyes glistened. He put everything in order in the canoe, pushed his jungle-knife, the boat-pole, and his compendious basket into the bows of the canoe, and paddled gently towards the spot. Suddenly his face fell. "Misbegotten child of Satan!" he muttered, then he turned to me. "See, Tuan, it is not a crocodile, but a scoundrelly iguana that has taken the bait, for there is the rattan still hanging on the bushes. A crocodile would have swam away to its retreat with line and all before it swallowed the bait."

We paddled up and found that the "scoundrelly iguana" had taken the bait out of the water, dragged it a few yards into the land, and had then stripped the hook clear, leaving only the bare metal. There was nothing to be done but to coil up the rattan and take it away. Most loathsome animals are these iguanas, to call them by their popular designation, though I believe that "monitor lizard" is their more proper name. They have wonderful powers of scent, and are always to be found near carrion. One often sees them, when sitting up for a tiger, over a "kill." They come shambling awkwardly through the undergrowth, and, after a careful scrutiny on every side, tear huge mouthfuls of flesh out of the carcass. The first time I saw one was many years ago, when the now respected head of department in the Hongkong Civil Service and I were both griffins, with only a few days' experience of the East. He shot it, partly because he did not know what it was, and we both examined the dead beast curiously.

"Iguana," he said; "very good eating, I am told—rather like fricasseed chicken."

I acquiesced, for, like every one else, I had heard of the similarity to fricasseed chicken, though why it should be fricasseed chicken rather than roast or boiled chicken is beyond me.

"I vote we have it for dinner," I added.

"Curious sort of tongue it's got—forked like a snake."

"It's not double,—by Jove! it's got

three tongues. Look here," and he bent down and gave a tug at what he imagined to be the third tongue, and pulled out by its tail an enormous dead rat! Apparently the iguana had only caught the rat the moment before it had met us, and had not had time to swallow it. At any rate we both left hurriedly, and iguana did not figure on the menu that night.

But to return to the subject: we found that the three other baits had not been touched, and we could do nothing therefore but objurgate the iguana, and go home to hope that a crocodile would soon be hungry. We went out again the same afternoon, when the heat of the day was over, and found another bait gone. Rattan-line and all had disappeared, and there was no doubt that it was a crocodile this time. We carefully examined a deep pool that lay close by, and then a second pool, and afterwards a third inner pool, from which the other led, and here we found the piece of wood on which the bait had floated. There were marks of crocodile's teeth on it. At the farthest corner of the pool we saw the end of the rattan-line floating on the water, and knew that the crocodile was at the other end of it.

Decks were cleared for action: Manap was of course barefooted, and I took off my shoes and stockings, so that my bare feet might have as good a hold as possible on the smooth bottom of the dug-out. Everything was pushed up into the bows except the barbed spear, which was to play an important part in the proceedings. This spear was made on the same principle as a harpoon. A rope is attached to a barbed iron spear-head, into a socket of which the spear shaft fits loosely; as soon as a blow has been driven home with the spear, the shaft detaches from the head, and the stricken animal is held by the rope and the barb.

I stood up in the middle of the canoe, and the spear with its coil of rope lay at my feet. Manap sat in the stern paddling gently. As we approached the rattan-line glided away mysteriously. The crocodile had seen us coming, and, unconscious of the fatal rattan which marked its course, had moved into deeper water. I seized the line and rapidly pulled in the slack; in an instant I felt the crocodile on the line, and jerked the line hard, so as to snap the slender fibre bands round the bait and to set the hook free to catch in the crocodile's gullet. Then I held on and drove the hook well home. The curious electric sensation that thrills a line when a fish is on it

told the crocodile was well hooked. At once it moved off into the deep water at the centre of the pool, dragging the canoe after it; the sensation of blind terror which the brute felt at the pain of the hook, and of the force which bound it to it knew not what, was plainly transmitted along the tautened line.

For some few yards it sullenly resisted as I slowly hauled in the line hand by hand; it was numb and sick with fright, but only for a few yards, and then it burst into a wild fury. For years it had been the tyrant of the lake, and since it had left its native river had never come into contact with anything stronger and more powerful than itself; and it would not yield the supremacy, much less its life, without a struggle. Wildly lashing the water, it turned to dive to the bottom and to break the rattan-line. I was brought almost to my knees, and had to pay out the line I had pulled in, and it was all that I could do to hold on to the end of the line while the crocodile towed us, canoe and all, towards the second pool. Again I hauled in the line with all my might, and Manap skilfully kept the canoe head on to the crocodile. In the contest I had the great factor in my favor that I had not so much to pull the crocodile up to the canoe as to pull the canoe up to the crocodile; but, on the other hand, my foothold in the unstable cockle-shell of a canoe was not always as sure as might be desired.

After a protracted struggle I managed to get the crocodile within a few yards of the canoe, and in the clear blue water of the pool we could see its yellow length under the canoe fighting and snapping at the line, and turning and twisting as it fought. But the sight of the canoe was too much for it, and with a desperate effort it tore the line out of my grasp until again only the end of it remained in my hands, and continued the struggle in the depths of the pool. Again I pulled in the line, and yard by yard it yielded. This time I saw that I could get it within reach of the canoe; and when it was within three or four yards of us I handed the line to Manap and picked up the spear.

"Stab it in the soft part of the throat, Tuan, or under the stomach, not in the back or sides; and stab quickly, for the line may be partly bitten through." With straining muscles Manap hauled on the line, and, swirling like "Ugudwash the sun-fish," the crocodile came up fighting through the water. As it came to the surface the water that had heaved and rocked to our exertions burst into a fury of foam. In the mid-

dle of the turmoil one could see four extended claws with every nail outstretched, a swinging, lashing tail, and a long flat head with open jaw: all were mixed into a horrid interminable knot like a Chinese dragon on a plate. For a second it straightened, and as it did so Manap hauled its head above the level of the water, and I had a clear view of a whitey-yellow throat, at which I stabbed with all my strength. Who is responsible for the traveller's tale that the crocodile's skin is impervious to steel weapons, and even to bullets? Into the soft yielding flesh I felt the spear-head enter to its hilt, and then I wrenched the spear-shaft free from the socket and seized the coil of rope at my feet. Thus we now had double hold on the crocodile, Manap grasping by the rattan-line and hook, and I by the barbed spear and rope.

If there had been a storm before, there was a tornado now. At one moment the open jaws would surge out of the broken water and snap together in unpleasant proximity to our legs; the next moment the heavy tail would swing free of the water, and, lashing through the air with the cut of a flicking whip and the weight of a falling tree, would hit the side of the canoe a blow that made it shiver. More than once the great claws got on the gunwale of the canoe, and it seemed as if in the blind turmoil the brute would get on board. We were both drenched from head to foot in the water, which flew in every direction, and the canoe rocked so violently in the waves of the commotion that there was no little risk of losing one's balance and falling in on top of the raging brute.

"We have him too close to the boat, Tuan; let out more line."

We slowly paid out the two lines, with the result that not only was the struggle continued at a safer distance, but the crocodile entangled itself in the lines. As it writhed and twisted, and turned on every side and in every direction, the rope caught an outstretched leg on one side, made a loop round it, and then caught in a leg on the other side. As each limb was caught we let out more line, so that, while of course the line was always taut, there was sufficient length of it between the crocodile and ourselves to enable the animal to entangle itself still further. In a few minutes all four legs were caught, and the crocodile's struggles became less violent; for although most of its power lay in its tail, yet the legs were needed to balance the body in the water, and without this balance its muscular efforts became ill-directed and uncertain.

Twice in its contortions the crocodile

slipped the ropes from its legs, and the struggle began anew until they were caught again. In the restraint of the entangling ropes the crocodile's efforts, though they increased rather than otherwise, had only a diminishing effect, and a few more minutes were all that was necessary. "I think that we can manage now." We both pulled our lines in until the crocodile was a few feet from the canoe. "Will the Tuan take both lines, one in each hand?" Manap handed his line over to me, and picked up a piece of stout box-cord some three or four yards long with a running noose at one end of it. "Now, Tuan, hold steady with the line on the spear-head, and pull hard on the hook-line, so as to bring his head as far as possible above the water." I followed the directions, and as the open mouth appeared above the water Manap dexterously slipped the noose over the animal's upper jaw and pulled it tight, some six inches behind the point of its nostrils. Then, snatching his opportunity, with a quick turn of his wrist he slipped the slack of the cord round under the lower jaw. By pulling on the cord he could now bring upper and lower jaw together and close the animal's mouth. "Pull him closer into the boat."

For a fraction of a second the animal was quiescent with its mouth bound by the single turn of the cord. Like lightning Manap in that time had twisted his wrist, and a second circle of the cord lay round the closed jaws. He drew the cord tight, and the teeth of each jaw pressed home into the sockets of the other. "Now pull his head over the gunwale of the canoe." As the long pointed head appeared over the side of the canoe, Manap firmly seized it by the nostril. It seemed the maddest thing possible. Here was a brute that a few seconds before had been raging like a devil incarnate; we were still half blinded by the spray it had flung in our faces; and the dug-out still rocked in the waves its wild struggles had raised. For a moment it was still, and a cord was round its mouth; but the cord might easily slip with any sudden movement, either of the crocodile or of ourselves, and there was nothing to show that the struggle was over—far from it.

One shuddered to think of what would have happened had the cord slipped; the hand that pressed so confidently on the brute's nostrils would be snapped and seized in a second. Manap would be taken overboard and worried and shaken like a rat by a terrier, and would drown before my eyes in the crocodile's embrace. But no such thing happened.

Manap grasped the point of the long narrow head with one hand, and with the other rapidly wound the cord round the clenched mouth, ending it off with a half-hitch knot. The extraordinary thing was that while Manap did this, though the time as a matter of fact was only two or three seconds, the crocodile remained comparatively still: the front feet, it is true, clawed wildly at the canoe's side, but they could not reach Manap's hands. The surging, swirling turmoil ceased, and from the moment that the cord was slipped round its jaws the crocodile appeared to give up all heart.

No sooner was the knot tied round the crocodile's mouth than Manap produced another cord and slipped it over a fore-leg, pulling the leg up to the animal's side; he then slipped the line over its back, and caught up the other fore-leg with it. He pulled the two fore-legs together over the crocodile's back as far as he could, and, passing the cord round them once or twice, tied it in a knot. With a third cord he noosed and tied together the two hind-legs. "Sudah," he said. "That is finished." What he had effected was perfectly marvellous. In one minute he had transformed a ravening water-dévil into a trussed-up monstrosity, and his only weapon had been three pieces of box-cord. The furious monster that, all open mouth, whirling tail, and outspread claws, had bent itself into strenuous coils like the Dragon of China, now lay long and limp beside the canoe. The tightly closed mouth and the legs tied awkwardly over its back made it look almost ridiculous. The fight was over.

"If the Tuan will hold the rattan-line, I will paddle the canoe ashore." The crocodile did not make another effort; a deep groan burst from its clenched mouth two or three times, and it allowed itself to be towed alongside the canoe like a dead thing. When we reached the edge of the lake Manap dragged it ashore by the golf-links, and killed it with a few blows of a heavy wooden bar. It was between nine and ten feet long, and the clear water of the lake had given it a most beautiful bright-yellow color. The girth of its body and its weight showed that it had been feeding well, and as it had taken to attacking cattle, it was time that it was caught. A man seized by it would have had no chance whatever of escape. Manap dragged the body off towards the police station for the Government reward, and as I turned to go to the club I caught a glimpse of Ah Chow moving



forward from behind some trees to give him a helping hand.

Such was the taking of the first crocodile that Manap and I caught together. Though we often set baits for the other two crocodiles that were said to inhabit the lake, we never caught them. But in the old mine-holes round Taiping I caught many afterwards, some with Manap and some without him. The second time that I went out with Manap I took the cord myself to tie up the crocodile's mouth. It was one of the most exciting moments I have ever experienced. As in other hazardous enterprises that require some nerve, such as playing with poisonous snakes or making parachute descents, that of which one most feels the want in one's maiden effort is the confidence which comes only by experience and success. It is not a thing in which one graduates; the maxim is inverted, and one must be perfect before one practices.

On another occasion I set some lines in an abandoned mine-hole adjoining a big mine where some twelve or fourteen hundred Chinese coolies were working. They saw us engaged with a crocodile at the water's edge, and, to satisfy their curiosity, flocked down upon us so thickly and so close that they nearly pressed us into the water on top of the struggling animal. It was only by threatening them with the spear that I was able to keep the barest space around us. Another time I set two lines in an abandoned mine-hole, and when I went the next morning could find no sign of them. We paddled round the water's edge and examined every inch most carefully, then we inspected a tiny creek that led into the hole and followed it for half a mile or so. Not a sign of any rattan: we followed the creek where it led out of the pool, and went down it for a mile. Again not a sign anywhere, and coming to the conclusion that some rascal of a Chinaman had seen the rattans and had stolen them, we cursed him heartily and went home disgusted.

About a week afterwards a note was sent to me from the police station to

say that a Malay had brought a crocodile there and said that he thought it belonged to me. I went over to the station, and there was one of my missing lines and attached to it was a crocodile. The Malay's story was that he was cutting fire-wood in the jungle about a mile from the pool where I had set my lines, and had seen the rattan lying on the ground. He naturally picked it up, and was considerably surprised to find a crocodile at the other end of it. It was a rather small one, and with assistance he killed it; and having heard of my lost lines, naturally concluded that this was one of them, and brought it to the police station. To his delight I told the police to pay over the Government reward to him. Nothing was ever heard of the other missing line. I imagine that both lines were taken by crocodiles, and that the animals, after swallowing the baits, had felt suspicious of the rattan-lines that followed them wherever they went, and had left the pool in the hope of getting rid of them. That the animal which the Malay came across should have been resting so far from the water is remarkable, and that the two animals should have taken the baits on the same day and both abandoned the pool to wander overland is most extraordinary.

Sometimes one hooks a crocodile that is too big to be tackled. "One should always have a second spear handy," was Manap's advice, "for sometimes the crocodile may 'amok' and attack the boat. If the crocodile floats up to the top and looks over the water to see what it is that pesters him, then, Tuan, shoot him at once if you have a rifle, or else drop the line and go home; for the next thing that he will do when he feels the line again will be to dash at the boat and board it. And then what is one to do?"

A crocodile twenty-four feet eight inches long hangs in the Taiping museum, and when one sees an animal of this size one may well echo Manap's question, "And then what is one to do?"



## The White Peril.

By GEORGE LYNCH.

(From the Nineteenth Century and After.)

The Russo-Japanese war marks an all-important epoch in the history of our intercourse with the East, and will probably prove to be a turning-point in the course of future events. Does it ever occur to us Westerners, who talk glibly of the Yellow Peril, to consider the past and the present situation from the Oriental's point of view, and examine how he regards us pale-faced races of the West? From the commencement of our intercourse with the Orient the menace of the White Peril must every year have appeared to be growing more and more alarming, until now, when Japan has proved itself strong enough to effectively cry "Hands off!" and to call a halt to our aggression. Despite the obstacle of the intense Oriental reserve, anybody who knows his East even partially, and has sympathetically gained the confidence of intelligent Chinamen and Japanese, can easily form an idea of their real feelings toward us. When we recall the history of our intercourse, their present attitude cannot be a matter of surprise; and if we consider it impartially and dispassionately we must admit that it is only the natural consequence and result of events.

*"Ce que les Russes payent en ce moment dans les mers du Japon et dans les gorges de la Mandchourie, ce n'est pas seulement leur politique avide et brutale en Orient, c'est la politique coloniale de l'Europe tout entière. Ce qu'ils exigent, ce ne sont pas seulement leurs crimes, ce sont les crimes de toute la chrétienté militaire et commerciale."*

The idea of the Yellow Peril, with which we have become familiar through the imaginative effusions of magazine writers, and which has been pictorially illustrated by the German Emperor in his celebrated cartoon, is purely speculative—the work of would-be prophets. There is nothing speculative or imaginary, however, about the idea of the White Peril; it has been carved out of the continent of Asia, and the picture painted in the yellow man's blood.

When the first explorers and traders visited China and Japan they were invariably well received by the inhabitants, who were willing to sanction their traffic provided they did not disturb social and political order, and complied with the regulations laid down for it.

After the fall of the Ming dynasty, during the fifteenth century, the far East was completely closed to everything foreign, and it was not until the Spanish and Portuguese adventurers came subsequently in the sixteenth century that news again reached Europe of China, and that intercourse was established which has continued to the present time. In 1506 it was that some Portuguese, after rounding the Cape, entered the Bogue, on the Canton River, and Dutchmen came to Macao in two or three large ships. In 1516 Rafael Perestrelo reached the Chinese coast, and Ferdinand Andrada in the following year. These were all well received by the people and the Emperor Ching-tih, and were allowed to open trade with Canton, until they began to make themselves intolerable by their disgraceful conduct. Simon Andrada, in punishment for his numerous crimes, was expelled from Canton, but voyaged northward and established settlements in Amoy and Ningpo. In the latter place the conduct of the foreigners soon became infamous.

"They outraged every law and set the feelings of the people at defiance. They refused to submit to the native authorities, and on one occasion, in revenge for one of their number having been cheated by a Chinaman, they sent an armed band into a neighboring village and plundered the natives, carrying off a number of women and young girls. By such deeds they brought down upon themselves the vengeance of the people, who rose and massacred 800 of the offenders and burnt thirty-five of their ships. At Chin-chow, in the province of Fukien, they invited disaster by similar misconduct. . . . By such acts as these the Portuguese brought discredit on the name of foreigners, who up to this time had been tolerated at Canton and elsewhere in consideration of the very profitable trade they had

developed, and by virtue of the rich bribes which they had poured into the pockets of the mandarins. But these gains were more than nullified by the outrages they had committed; and an edict was issued from Peking ordering all communication to be broken off with these rebellious people."

This has invariably been the history of first experiences of contact with Asiatics. The natives always received the strangers well, and continued to do so until the conduct of their visitors brought them to change their attitude toward them. When St. Francis Xavier reached the Chinese coast in 1552 he was, in consequence of the misdeeds of his countrymen, prevented from landing by the mandarins, and had to be content with stopping on the island of Shanchuan, where he died within sight of the land he had longed to convert.

When Catherine the First sent Count Vladislavich on a mission to Peking, he was cordially received by the Emperor Yung-cheng; and a treaty regulating trade, sanctioning the erection of a church, and sanctioning a mission consisting of ten members within the city was concluded. The Chinese set themselves, however, to discourage foreign trade; they held then, and told the Russians, as they have repeatedly told other nations since, that the people did not desire foreign trade, as their own country produced all the necessities and luxuries they required. Self-contained, self-supporting, they were self-contented; but their visitors took the view that they had the inalienable right to force trade upon them, whether they wished it or not. This principle seems to be taken for granted by all Western nations and acted upon, as they appear to consider that they are quite within their rights in pointing a cannon to the head of the Celestial and saying "Your commerce or your life."

Let us hear a Chinaman's views on this subject and on the cause of the first rupture between his country and the West:

"When your first strangers came to China (writes Hu Hung Ming) it was not at our invitation; so we received them, if not with enthusiasm, at least with tolerance. So long as they were content to observe our regulations we were willing to sanction their traffic. The first trouble arose over a matter which you yourselves have hardly ventured to defend—your own conduct. A considerable part of your trade was the trade in opium. The use of this drug, we observed, was destroying the health and the morals of our people, and we

therefore prohibited the trade. Your merchants, however, evaded the law; opium was smuggled in, till at last we were driven to take the matter into our own hands and to seize and destroy the whole stock of the forbidden drug. Your government made our action an excuse for war. You invaded our territory, exacted an indemnity, and took from us the island of Hong Kong. Was this an auspicious beginning? . . . We submitted because we must; we were not a military power. But do you suppose our sense of justice was not outraged? Or later, when every power in Europe, on some pretext or other, had seized and retained some part of our territory, do you suppose because we cannot resist that we do not feel?

"To a Chinaman who reviews the history of our relations with you during the past sixty years and more, must you not naturally appear to be little better than robbers and pirates? . . . Which of us throughout has been the aggressor—we who, putting our case at the worst, were obstinately resolved to maintain our society, customs, laws and polity against the influences of an alien civilisation, or you who, bent on commercial gains, were determined at all cost to force an entrance into our territory and to introduce along with your goods the leaven of your culture and ideas? If, in the collision that inevitably ensued, we gave cause of offence, we have at least the excuse of self-preservation. Our wrongs, if wrongs they were, were episodes on a substantial right; but yours were themselves the substance of your action. . . . Consider for a moment the conditions you have imposed on a proud and ancient empire, an empire which for centuries has believed itself to be at the head of civilisation.

"You have compelled us, against our will, to open our ports to your trade; you have forced us to permit the introduction of a drug which we believe is ruining our people; you have exempted your subjects residing amongst us from the operation of our laws; you have appropriated our coasting traffic; you claim the traffic of our inland waters. Every attempt on our part to resist your demands has been followed by new claims and new aggressions. And yet all this time you have posed as civilised peoples dealing with barbarians!"

The events of the past fifty years in China are suggestive of the Chinese punishment for patricide, when the murderer is done to death by having slices of flesh cut from his body. We began the execution with Hong Kong; France, with-

out the shadow of an excuse, carved off Cochin China; Russia, Port Arthur and Manchuria; Germany, Kiao-Chou, and so on, until the end of the empire as a nation seemed approaching. There are many, of course, who consider that this is the best thing that could happen to China, and that willy-nilly we ought to Westernise the people. When traveling in China, and having the opportunity of contrasting and comparing the conditions and manners of life of those living in the districts that have come under European influence with those of the interior, it is at least questionable if the lot of the former has been improved. It is still more questionable if the happiness of the individual during his arc of life between the cradle and the grave has been increased. The standard of material comfort has been slightly raised, but at a price.

Part of the wages of our civilisation is struggle, competition and unrest; of Oriental civilisation, peace, contentment and repose. Not the brutal idleness of the savage, but the reward of an industry unequalled upon earth. It is necessary to travel in the interior of China to get a true idea of the life of the country and its people; but here is a very true and vivid pen-picture drawn by a Chinaman:

"Far away in the East, under sunshine such as you never saw (for even such light as you have you stain and infect with sooty smoke), on the shore of a broad river stands the house where I was born. It is one among thousands; but every one stands in its own garden, simply painted in white or gray, modest, cheerful and clean. For many miles along the valley, one after the other, they lift their blue or red tiled roofs out of a sea of green, while here or there glitters out over a clump of trees the gold enamel of some tall pagoda. The river, crossed by frequent bridges and crowded with barges and junks, bears on its clear stream the traffic of thriving village markets. For prosperous peasants people all the districts, owning and tilling the fields their fathers owned and tilled before them. The soil on which they work, they may say, they and their ancestors have made. For see, almost to the summit what once were barren hills are waving green with cotton and rice, sugar, oranges and tea. Water drawn from the river bed girdles the slopes with silver, and, falling from channel to channel in a thousand bright cascades, plashing in cisterns, chuckling in pipes, soaking and oozing in the soil, distributes freely to all alike fertility, verdure and life.

"Hour after hour you may traverse, by tortuous paths, over tiny bridges, the works of the generations who have passed, the labors of their children of today, till you reach the point where man succumbs and nature has her way, covering the highest crags with a mantle of azure and gold and rose, gardenia, clematis, azalea, growing luxuriously wild. How often here have I sat for hours in a silence so intense that, as one of our poets has said, 'You may hear the shadows of the trees rustling on the ground'—a silence broken only now and again from far below by voices of laborers calling across the watercourses, or, at evening or dawn, by the sound of gong summoning to worship from the temples in the valley! Such silence—such sounds—such perfume—such color—the senses respond to their objects; they grow exquisite to a degree you cannot well conceive in your northern climate; and beauty, pressing in from without, moulds the spirit and mind insensibly to harmony with herself.

"If in China we have manners, if we have art, if we have morals, the reason, to those who can see, is not far to seek. Nature has taught us; and so far we are only more fortunate than you. But, also, we have had the grace to learn her lesson; and that, we think, we may ascribe to our intelligence. For consider, here in this lovely valley live thousands of souls without any law save that of custom, without any rule save that of their own hearths. Industrious they are, as you hardly know industry in Europe; but it is the industry of free men working for their kith and kin, on the lands they received from their fathers, to transmit, enriched by their labors, to their sons. . . . Healthy toil, sufficient leisure, frank hospitality, a content born of habit and undisturbed by commercial ambitions, a sense of beauty fostered by the loveliest nature in the world, and finding expression in gracious and dignified manners where it is not embodied in exquisite works of art—such are the characteristics of the people among whom I was born. . . . What have you to offer in its place, you our would-be civilisers? Your religion? Alas, it is in the name of that that you are doing unnamable deeds. Your morals? Where shall we find them? Your intelligence? Whither has it led? What counter picture have you to offer over here in England to this which I have drawn of life in China?"

The picture forced on the Chinaman's observation is that of the life in Shanghai, Tientsin, Hong Kong and the other

treaty ports. There he sees imposing buildings, magnificent ships, well-kept roads, cleanliness and all the evidences of civilisation by soap; but there the admirable features of the picture stop. The bars and brothels loom larger to the eyes of these people, who, except for the use of opium, which we have forced upon them, are temperate to a degree. Almost every street of these cities is dotted with saloons, where at evening the native can watch white men getting suddenly or rowdily drunk inside these garishly lighted dens, to the twanging of a piano played by a bar-room harlot, so that they come to believe that the principal pleasure and pastime of the European is drinking. The notorious houses, kept principally by American women, their horses and carriages, evidences of the lucrative nature of their occupation, he knows of. The most gentle, courteous and polite people in the world cannot but contrast their own manners with the domineering aggressiveness and coarseness of the majority of the Europeans with whom they come in contact. With so many glaring vices characterising these Westerners, they fail to understand why they should consider themselves called upon to draw the people away from the doctrines of Confucius and Buddha.

With very good reason they have come to regard the missionary as a menace, because these preachers of the gospel of the God of Peace have so often been but the forerunners of trouble and territorial robbery. While the ignorance and tactlessness of a great portion of them is notorious, the devotion and self-sacrifice of others is more than counterbalanced by the way the actions of the Christian nations gave the lie to the Christianity they profess. "Thou shalt not steal," "Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's goods," "Thou shalt not kill." If the "nots" were omitted, Westerners might then claim to living up to the precepts of their faith, and their profession of it would be understandable to the Chinese mind.

In the case of Japan, a courteous welcome and hospitality was extended both to the earliest explorers and traders and the missionaries who immediately followed them. Nothing could be more open-minded or liberal than the attitude of the Japanese to St. Francis Xavier, who landed in 1549, and who was followed by a large number of monks and priests who made astonishingly rapid progress in converting the natives to Christianity. In less than half a century there were several hundred thou-

sand Christians in Japan, and their numbers were steadily increasing, until the missionaries interfered, or were suspected of interfering, in politics, when the attitude of the rulers changed towards them.

It looked, towards the end of the sixteenth century, as if the whole population of Japan was on a fair way to become Christian; and how genuine was the conversion of these people is evident from the extreme difficulty which was experienced in compelling them to abandon the new religion which they had adopted. Tens of thousands suffered death willingly, and an immense number of others were deprived of all they possessed sooner than give it up. Innumerable edicts were launched against them, and wave after wave of violent persecution swept over the country for nearly fifty years, until Christianity, except in a few outlying spots, was practically exterminated. Notwithstanding all the things which Japan has adopted from the West, she has not changed the religion of the country for Christianity. The religion of the more educated portion of her population has been well described as that of an attitude of politeness towards possibilities, and there are fewer Christians in Japan at the present day than there were fifty years after the landing of St. Francis Xavier.

Mendez Pinto was the first European to visit Japan, in 1542. As in the case of China, the foreigners were received by the Japanese with the greatest courtesy, were treated as guests, and an arrangement immediately made that every other year a Portuguese vessel was to visit Kiushiu for trading purposes. This arrangement was continued for some years, until the riotous and turbulent conduct of the Portuguese thoroughly disgusted the Japanese and made intercourse with these foreigners intolerable. In April, 1600, a Dutch trading fleet, piloted by Bill Adams, an Englishman, arrived in Japan, and although the missionaries at this time were being persecuted, the new arrivals received a friendly welcome, and were allowed to open factories in several places.

In July, 1853, during the Shogunate of Iyeyoshi, the American Commodore Perry arrived at Yokohama, with the object of making an arrangement with the Japanese for the opening of some of their ports for the obtaining of supplies and for purposes of trade. The leaders of the people were divided in opinion as to whether this request should be granted or not. In the council of



Daimios one party, headed by Prince Mito, was opposed to allowing any intercourse with these foreigners. "Trade being their object," they said, "they will manage bit by bit to impoverish the country, after which they will treat us just as they like—perhaps behave with the greatest rudeness and insult us, and end by swallowing up Japan. If we do not drive them away now, we shall never have another opportunity." The other party, headed by the Shogun, held that Japan was not in a position to hold her own against foreigners, and that her best policy was to temporise and make treaties on the best terms she could until such time as she should acquire the possession and knowledge of Western arms. They were quick in realising that right was useless unless backed up by might, and, the counsels of this party prevailing, a treaty was concluded between the Shogun and Commodore Perry in 1854, which was followed by another in 1857; and in the next year Lord Elgin concluded a treaty on behalf of Great Britain on similar lines, the Japanese having the sagacity to stipulate that we were prohibited from importing any opium into their country. France and other European countries lost no time in following suit, and gaining equal privileges for trade.

The first actual conflict between Japanese and Westerners was at the battle of Kagoshima, when the native batteries were silenced and three of their ships sunk, on the 11th of August, 1863. This had the effect of convincing even the conservative Satsuma clan of the necessity of adopting the weapons of their conquerors, and made the whole people anxious to adopt the civilisation which possessed such weapons. Now here was shown the marked difference between these two peoples who had both been bombarded by the same cannon. The Chinese were willing to trust to the weak weapon of diplomacy, with its contingent liability of having to submit to dismemberment—the punishment of a thousand deaths. Their versatile, energetic and progressive neighbors were quick to grasp the situation and discern the only way by which they could preserve their national existence. To them, as to all Asiatic nations, the conquest of India stood out as an ominous warning ever present in their minds.

The revolution in Japan was the result not of any admiration for our civilisation, our culture, our arts, manners, religion or morals; it was adopted as the only means of defence against the White Peril. There is nothing in the world's

history to match the thoroughness with which they threw themselves into their self-imposed task or the steadfastness of purpose they displayed in carrying it out. It is very interesting to watch the prudence and self-restraint they have exercised in not allowing themselves to be tempted to any trial of strength before they were fully prepared. When they declared war against China they knew the task was easily within their power. When they were insidiously deprived of the possession of Port Arthur, it was touch and go whether the army would submit to it, and Marshal Oyama, by his personal influence, had all he could do in getting the troops to obey orders and evacuate it.

In 1873 Japan was very near coming into conflict with Russia over the question of Korea. The Iwakura embassy had come back from Europe much impressed with the military activity of the powers, but, above all, with the aggressive policy and attitude of Russia. In a report Tashimichi pointed out that Russia, perpetually pressing southwards, was now the chief peril for Japan, and, as a result, it became immediately the first object of Japanese policy to check Russia in Korea. As the best way of effecting this, many in the government were for declaring war immediately against Russia, and complete plans were formed for the conquest and occupation of Korea. But the prudent majority recognised that the time had not yet come for trying conclusions with Russia, and they carried their point. They said they might, and would, win by waiting until they had completed their preparations, but that it was premature to take on such a big risk as that of a war with one of the Europeans powers. From that time, however, the idea was implanted in the Japanese mind that sooner or later they would have to fight Russia.

The war with China was a sort of trial trip—eminently satisfactory in so far as it proved that they had mastered the use of Western weapons, and modified their mode of military operations in conformity with the best modern ideas. It was intensely mortifying to the entire nation that they should have suffered defeat in the diplomatic field, and that, against all principles of justice, they should see Port Arthur, the legitimate reward of their victory, taken from them by a nefarious conspiracy of the foreign powers—again emphasising to their minds the menace of the White Peril. The part they took in the expedition to the relief of the legations at Peking in 1900, a sort of international military parade,

was sufficient to show us who accompanied it to what a high state of efficiency the Japanese troops had been trained. I was in Japan a year before the outbreak of the present war, and there were abundant signs that the nation was preparing, and girding up its loins for the great struggle which was impending, and the imminence of which they made little secret of admitting.

I left Japan with the impression that war was inevitable, and that the outbreak of hostilities was merely a matter of a few months; but, as it takes two to make a quarrel, this opinion was somewhat modified, during my return home via Siberia and Russia, by finding there was practically a unanimous opinion amongst Russians of all classes that there would be no war, and that the game they were playing in the far East was merely one of bluff. They bluffed just a little too much, however, and, in the language of the game of poker, their hand was called.

When the first shots were fired upon the Variag and Koritz in Chemulpo harbour they were really something more than a declaration of war against Russia; they were, in a sense, replying to the guns of that pirate Perry, to those that had bombarded Shimonoseki, and to those that had reduced the forts of Kagoshima. It was the Asiatics, after long preparation, taking up arms to stem the aggression of the West; and at last the White Peril was to be faced and fought. The events of the past year have shown that the Japanese did not overestimate their strength or their resources; and, notwithstanding the element of uncertainty at the time of writing, introduced by the very able manner in which Admiral Rodjesvenski has succeeded in bringing his miscellaneous fleet into Eastern waters, there can be little doubt as to what will be the final result of the war. If the Russians continue the struggle it will be only a matter of time for Vladivostok to share the same fate as Port Arthur, and for the Russians to be driven beyond Harbin.

There is little doubt that one of the conditions of peace will be the evacuation of Manchuria by Russia, and the return of the island of Saghalien to Japan. Already the effects of the war have become apparent throughout China, and a fresh impetus has been given to the movement of what I have called the Japanisation of that country. During the past twelve months an unprecedented number of Chinese students have come to Japan—there are now over four thousand in Tokio alone, while Great

Britain, with its enormous trade with China, can only number eighty student visitors. While considerable importance may be attached to the influence these young men will have when they return home, an equal influence is being already exercised in China by the large number of Japanese instructors who have gone over to direct the reorganisation of the army and navy, and act as superintendents in the government arsenals. Notwithstanding the war being in progress, there has been a remarkable increase in Japan's trade with China during the past twelve months, which is indicative of the rapid expansion which is certain to take place at the conclusion of the war. In return for the restoration of Manchuria, the Japanese look to getting railway and mining concessions throughout Fokien, their sphere of influence opposite Formosa.

Unquestionably one of the results of the war will be the drawing of the two Asiatic empires more closely together; and as soon as the development of China will make her more valuable as an ally we shall probably see an offensive and defensive alliance concluded with Japan. It is obvious that the time has come when no further territory in Eastern Asia can be annexed by European powers, and it is not by any means improbable that before long a movement in the opposite direction may begin. Now that the Russians have been driven out of Port Arthur, we will soon be under notice to quit Wei-Hai-Wei. If for any reason Japan should pick a quarrel with Germany, and insist on their evacuating Kiao-Chou, it is difficult to see what effective opposition the Germans could make. Very much the same applies to France in the case of Cochin China. The menace of the White Peril is passing away, if it has not already passed, from Eastern Asia. The Monroe doctrine of the Pacific, if it has not been announced in so many words, exists as a reality in the minds of hundreds of thousands of Asiatics. There will be many who will find in this confirmation for their worst fears of the Yellow Peril. M. Anatole France says:

Aussitôt nous discernons un danger qui nous menace. S'il existe, qui l'a créé? Ce ne sont pas les Japonais qui sont venus chercher les Russes. Ce ne sont pas les jaunes qui sont venus chercher les blancs. Nous découvrons, à cette heure, le péril jaune. Il y a bien des années que les Asiatiques connaissent le péril blanc. Le sac du Palais d'Été, les massacres de Pékin, les noyades de Blagovetchensk, le démembrement de la Chine, n'étaient-ce

point la des sujets d'inquietude pour les Chinois? Et les Japonais se sentaient-ils en surete sous les canons de Port-Arthur? Nous avons cree le peril blanc. Le peril blanc a cree le peril jaune.

As the White has created the Yellow Peril, so will the passing of the White Peril lay the ghost of the other.

To any one really familiar with the peaceful character of the Chinese people, and conversant with their history, the idea of their ever becoming aggressively warlike is thoroughly absurd. It would certainly mean a radical and fundamental change in the whole disposition of the people, and the Chinese are not prone to change.

## THE DOWN BY MOONLIGHT.

By RALPH HODGSON.

(From the Saturday Review.)

The down looks new whose lonely slopes  
I climb;  
Yet is he old despite the dress he wears.  
Old as the dark and concrete with Time:

Waste with the affliction of uncounted  
years,  
A weary head he stretches to the pale  
Of Heaven. One bended arm of him up-  
rears

A shaggy fist, in seeming to assail  
Imagined lightnings fraught with new  
distress  
For his old brow: And one arm seems to  
trail

Its atrophied and bony nakedness  
Down to the streams that bless the living  
land,  
As if to mitigate the loneliness

He too would reach, as we, another's  
hand.  
So quiet this hour is grown, a whisper's  
fall  
Were sacrilege: within me as I stand,

Shy wonder, waking, seems a common  
brawl,  
And even thought itself is over loud.  
Desire alone is dumb. No plovers call,

And if owls fly, their flight is unavowed  
For cry I hear of theirs. Peace here and  
far;  
And save the moon's loved presence, one  
lit cloud  
Is sole 'twixt me and night's first listen-  
ing star.

## Sweden and Norway.

(From the Quarterly Review.)

The long quarrel between Sweden and Norway, now at last in process of settlement by the dissolution of a partnership of ninety years, which had long ceased to be a bond of union, and was rapidly becoming a galling fetter, is really, at bottom, a very simple matter. Removed from the arena of controversial dust and clamor, divested, so far as possible, of its technicalities, and steadily regarded from an historical point of view, the whole thing resolves itself into this: The invincible determination of a young, sensitive, ultra-democratic state to break away, at any cost, from a semi-aristocratic monarchy with which it was originally united much against its will, though greatly to its advantage.

On January 14, 1814, by the peace of Kiel, the great powers punished King Frederick VI. of Denmark for his obstinate attachment to Napoleon by compelling him to surrender Norway to the crown of Sweden as represented by the Swedish Crown-Prince, Charles John Bernadotte. For this decision there were some good political reasons; but Norway was not consulted in the matter. For the last 278 years she had, for all practical purposes, been as much a Danish province as Jutland or Zealand. In theory, no doubt, Norway was a separate, independent kingdom; but this theory originated in the desire of the princes of the reigning Danish House of Oldenburg to possess an hereditary title to Norway at a time when they had to submit to election in other portions of their realm. Norway still retained her own laws and her own judicial administration; in all state documents she was referred to as a kingdom apart; but the fact remains that from 1636 to 1814 she was an integral part of the Danish monarchy, with no separate control over either her foreign or her domestic affairs; and her provinces were ceded to foreign powers like any other portion of Danish territory. Copenhagen was the headquarters of the Norwegian administration; the kingdoms had common departments of state; and the common chancellery continued to be called the Danish chancellery. Norway

did not even obtain a university of her own till 1811.

It is necessary to insist upon this, because Norwegian controversialists habitually obscure the point at issue by introducing into their arguments the fiction of a pre-unional independent kingdom of Norway. Dr. Nansen is insistent on this head, and extremely indignant with Dr. Sven Hedin for being "ignorant of the fact that Norway was a kingdom." But Dr. Hedin did not say that Norway was never a kingdom. What he said was this: "At the time when the victors of Lutzen and Narva were arousing the admiration of the whole world, Norway was a Danish province; and she continued to be so till the year 1814." This may not be very flattering, but it is an historical fact. Proceeding from generals to particulars, Dr. Nansen is at pains to demonstrate, not only the independence of Norway before the union, but her magnanimity toward "hapless Sweden" in 1809. At that date, he says, "our commander-in-chief, Prince Christian Augustus, . . . agreed to a truce with the Swedish army," because "a weakening of Sweden's powers of resistance . . . would have threatened great danger to the future of the Scandinavian countries." What are the facts? Prince Christian Augustus, in the hope, afterward justified, of being declared crown-prince of Sweden on the deposition of Gustavus IV., so far forgot his duty to his own sovereign as to disobey express orders from Copenhagen and remain inactive on the Swedish frontier, to enable the Swedish army (whose officers had previously bribed him with the offer of a prospective crown) to proceed to Stockholm and carry out the revolution of 1809. Thus "the magnanimous attitude of our commander-in-chief" resolves itself into a shabby intrigue on the part of the Danish pretender to the Swedish throne, with which Norway had nothing whatever to do.

It was only when the powers resolved to separate her from Denmark in 1814 that the national spirit of Norway awoke, and a popular agitation for a

free and independent national existence began. The focus of this agitation was the Danish Prince Christian Frederick (afterward Christian VIII. of Denmark), who, since May, 1813, had occupied the post of Stadtholder of Norway. Christian Frederick, an intelligent and amiable prince, speedily won the hearts of the party of independence by repudiating the peace of Kiel, acknowledging the principle of the sovereignty of the people, and placing himself at the head of the national movement. On April 10, 1814, the representatives of the Norwegian people met at Eidsvold, and drew up an ultra-liberal constitution on the basis of the French constitution of 1791; and on May 17 Christian Frederick was elected King of Norway. His reign lasted but 143 days. The crown-prince of Sweden, Charles John, intervened; and, as the Norwegians rejected the mediation of the great powers and mobilised their army, he invaded Norway forthwith.

The brief struggle, pace Herr Garborg, was never for one moment doubtful. Despite some trifling successes of the valiant Norwegian, Col. Krebs, at Mastrand and Lier, the veteran ex-marshal of France soon held the little Norwegian army in the hollow of his hand; but he very shrewdly resolved not to exasperate a nation whom he meant to rule. The result of his moderation was the convention of Moss (August 14, 1814), which provided for the suspension of hostilities and the summoning of a national assembly, or Storting, Charles John engaging to recognise the Eidsvold constitution with such modifications as the union of the two kingdoms rendered necessary. When the Storting assembled at Christiania on October 7, Christian Frederick abdicated; and negotiations were entered into with Sweden for a constitutional union. On October 20, convinced of the futility of further resistance, the Norwegian delegates voted the union by seventy-two votes against five; and on November 4 the new constitution, declaring Norway an independent kingdom united to Sweden under a common king, was promulgated.

It is to be regretted that the "Storsvensk" or great Swedish party should so often have tried to make capital out of the "magnanimity" of Sweden in 1814. There can be no such thing as magnanimity in any sort of business prudently conducted, political business included; and Charles John, in his negotiations with the Norwegians, was influenced entirely by personal considerations. He was terribly anxious lest Norway, for which he had fished so long in troubled

waters, should slip through his grasping fingers after all, so he prudently outbid every other contingent competitor by giving her practically her own terms. But, whatever of dignity and glory Bernadotte and his dynasty may have hoped to win by the transaction, it was Norway, and Norway alone, that gained all the solid advantages of the compact. Not only had she got all she wanted, but she had got it, so to speak, a whole generation in advance. For, if one thing is more certain than another, it is this: Had she remained "a free and independent kingdom," united, as heretofore, with Denmark instead of with Sweden, she would have had to wait till 1848 for any constitution at all; and it is more than doubtful whether she would have obtained half as much from the King of Denmark in 1848 as she obtained from the King of Sweden in 1814. For Norway, then, the peace of Kiel was distinctly a blessing in disguise.

The Norwegian constitution, in fact, was as democratic as the most exacting democracy in 1814 could possibly desire. The executive authority was invested in the King assisted by a responsible Statsraad, or Council of State. The nation was to be represented in the Storting, an unicameral parliament, elected triennially and assembling every year at Christiania. The Storting alone had the right to levy taxes. The legislative authority was to be exercised by the King and the Storting conjointly; but the King was to have only a suspensive veto, except in the case of a proposed amendment of any paragraph of the constitution; and even this absolute veto could ultimately be overruled when the proposed constitutional amendment, in its original terms, had been voted by a two-thirds majority in three successive Storthings. Unfortunately, the paragraphs relating to the royal veto were so vaguely expressed as to allow of various interpretations, and thus opened the door to serious differences of opinion between the crown and the legislature.

To many Swedish statesmen of that day the concessions to Norway, not unnaturally, seemed excessive; and this opinion was no doubt responsible for the insertion in the Norwegian constitution of certain provisions, meant to be guarantees of Norway's loyal co-operation in the future. Such, for instance, were the clauses empowering the King of Norway to appoint a stadtholder, or viceroy, to rule the kingdom during his absence; the clause stipulating that members of the Norwegian Council of State should have no access to the Storting, so as to keep



the executive clear of the legislature; and the clauses placing the foreign policy of the united kingdoms as much as possible in the hands of Sweden. The Swedes cannot fairly be blamed for taking these precautions. From the first they took a statesmanlike view of the whole situation. Formerly, while still a great power, Sweden had been regarded by Europe as a sort of bulwark against Russia; and, even so late as 1790, when she still held Finland, she had been able, if with difficulty, to hold her own against the northern colossus. The subsequent loss of Finland materially weakened her; but European diplomacy considered that the acquisition of the kingdom of Norway would partly compensate her for the loss of the Grand-duchy.

That the foreign policy of united Scandinavia should be directed by Sweden for the common good, was taken for granted, and not unreasonably; for Sweden had a long and glorious diplomatic history behind her, while a raw young state like Norway, however promising and progressive, had still to learn the very rudiments of diplomacy. This aspect of the case has been unduly disregarded by the Norwegians. They seem to forget that the union "with the kingdom of Sweden under one king" was not for their exclusive advantage; it was also intended to guard the independence of Scandinavia and the peace of northern Europe.

Nevertheless, although it contained within it the seeds of disruption, the union worked smoothly enough at first. It was only when the aspirations of Norway grew with the growth of her material prosperity and her political ambition that the original constitution became, in some points, too straight for her. This especially applied to most of the Swedish guarantees; and one by one they were repealed, though not before the King had, again and again, wisely interposed his veto, in order to make quite sure that the alleged grievances were the grievances of the whole nation and not merely the pretensions of a clique. But the changes caused considerable friction; and more than once, between 1873 and 1883, the two Scandinavian nations hovered on the brink of war.

Throughout these disputes Norway's sensitive distrust of Sweden, a distrust natural enough perhaps in the smaller and weaker of two confederated states, but none the less regrettable, had been manifest enough. The earlier points at issue had been mainly extra-unional, or at any rate, had principally affected Norway; but now a question arose which

concerned both countries equally, a question as complicated as it was important, a question which was ultimately to wreck the union—the control of foreign affairs.

By section 28 of the Norwegian constitution, "diplomatic affairs" were expressly withdrawn from the direct cognisance of the Norwegian Council of State. All so-called "*Mellanriks* aren- den," or interstate affairs, such as matters concerning the union, or common affairs, or foreign affairs, were usually discussed in a "*Sammensat Statsraad*," or composite Council of State. This composite Council of State was termed "*Svensk-Norsk*," or Swedish-Norse, if delegates from the Norwegian Council of State were summoned to the Swedish Council of State, and "*Norsk-Svensk*," Norwegian-Swedish, in the reverse case.

This cumbrous system was still further complicated by the uncertainty which prevailed on two very important points, (1) how far affairs which concerned one kingdom directly and the other kingdom only indirectly were to be included among interstate affairs; and (2) the absence of any definite prescriptions in the Norwegian constitution for the conduct of foreign affairs, including the appointment of consular agents. Untrammelled as he was by any definite provisions of the Norwegian constitution, the King of Norway had an absolutely free hand in the matter; but, as the defective Norwegian constitution left him unprovided with any special Norwegian organ for the management of Norwegian foreign affairs, he had to make use of the Swedish Minister of Foreign Affairs, who acted on all such occasions as a sort of private secretary.

For the first seventy-one years of the union this arrangement served its purpose fairly well. The actual practice differed with the times. Down to 1836 consuls were appointed by the Swedish Council of State alone; but, after frequent complaints from the Norwegians on this head, it was decided by the ordinance of January 23, 1836, that consuls should henceforth be appointed by a composite Council of State; and by the royal decree of May 28, 1842, "all commercial treaties and conventions with foreign powers which concern the united kingdoms" were to be ratified by the same authority. But, even before this, composite Councils of State had generally taken charge of purely political affairs. Thus, on January 26, 1826, the note protesting against the Tsar's retention of the title "*Hereditary Prince of Norway*" was drawn up in the Swedish-Norse Council of State. On the other

hand, both the convention with Denmark of August 15, 1849, for the transport of auxiliary troops to Sleswig, and the question of the participation of Norway and Sweden in the Danish-German war of 1863-4, were settled in the Norse-Swedish Council of State. Moreover, in the earlier years of the union (from 1814 to 1846) ratifications of agreements and treaties with foreign powers which concerned Norway only, were always decided in the Norwegian Council of State, though such ratifications were generally issued and countersigned by the Swedish Minister of Foreign Affairs; while from 1846 to 1885 diplomatic affairs especially concerning Norway were always decided by the Norwegian Council of State alone.

So far there had been little or no serious friction between Sweden and Norway as to the conduct of foreign affairs; and, whenever differences arose, they were easily and amicably settled. But in the year 1885 the Swedish Government saw fit to remodel entirely its diplomatic system; and by section 11 of the constitution of that year it was decided that "all ministerial matters"—a term which included foreign affairs—should henceforth be decided by the Swedish Minister of Foreign Affairs. This, it need scarcely be said, was a complete reversal of the old system. It was no longer, as heretofore, the untrammelled King of Norway who had the control of Norway's foreign affairs. The direction of Norway's policy had passed, at least formally, into the hands of the Swedish Minister of Foreign Affairs, who was responsible to the Swedish Riksdag alone. That Norway now had a genuine grievance the moderates on both sides agree.

"To lack control over the proceedings of her own Council of State," remarks the Swede, Herr Flodstrom, "to be represented in her intercourse with foreign powers by the Foreign Minister of another country, is a condition of things which must needs be unsatisfactory and offensive to an independent state. It was Sweden's duty, not merely for the sake of Norway, but for the sake of the union also, to have given Norway full parity in the matter."

Herr Garborg, a Norwegian, says much the same.

"Norway's position was now distinctly worse than before. By thus remodeling her Foreign Office, without any reference to Norway, Sweden had practically admitted that diplomacy was not a common affair, and Norway was obliged to take the matter up; for, had she acquiesced in the change \* \* \* there would have been an end, not merely of

the parity between the two kingdoms, but of Norway's independence."

In justice to Sweden it must be added that she at once recognized that Norway had grounds for complaint by offering to negotiate on the subject. Unfortunately, by this time the Norwegians were in no mood for negotiation; and their peculiar tactics during the next few years go far to explain, if they cannot justify, Sweden's change of front in 1885. Every allowance must, of course, be made for the sensitiveness of the weaker of the confederated states under a strong sense of injury; but nothing can justify the unscrupulous violence with which the Norwegian demagogues did their utmost to stir up the people, not merely against Sweden, but against their own sovereign, to whom they owed so much.

The agitator who did more than any one else to hoist the independent Norwegian flag and make it as red a flag as possible was Bjornstjerne Bjornson, who flung himself into the struggle with all the fury of a berserker. His irritating articles in the Norwegian press, "laden to the brim with strong emotion and discharged, on the spur of the moment, in a white heat of passion;" his abusive speeches, "like sudden biting gusts of wind from the field;" and his reckless disregard of giving offence, embittered the controversy and obscured the real issue.

There is much to be said for the main contention of Norway, that her immense carrying-trade entitled her to a separate consular service; but this apparent reasonable claim was avowedly only the thin end of the wedge, the first instalment of the larger demand for a separate Foreign Office; and Swedish statesmen had now reason to fear that, if Norway were ever permitted to negotiate separately with foreign powers, the political independence of the Scandinavian peninsula might be seriously imperilled. To deny the possibility of such a contingency is deliberately to shut one's eyes to plain facts. The treasonable coquetting with Russia of ultra-Radicals like Bjornson and Ullman, who went so far as actually to propose the virtual cession of one of the ice-free Norwegian ports to that power, is significant enough. It is just because of this passionate impulsiveness, this narrow provincialism, this depreciation of international politics, on the part of Norway's protagonists, that Swedish statesmen, with their European experience, are so dubious of the success of a purely Norwegian Foreign Office. It is true that the enthusiasm of the Norwegian Radicals for Russia has some-

what cooled since the recent coup d'etat in Finland; but even now they ridicule the idea of Russian interference in Scandinavian affairs as an invention of the Swedish Chauvinists.

There is no need to describe in detail the various phases of the long, wearisome and futile attempt of the two countries to come to an understanding on the consular question. It has continued from February, 1891, when King Oscar, in his speech from the throne, announced to the Storting that he was about to lay before it and the Riksdag a project providing for the discussion, in a composite Council of State, of all questions relating to their common affairs, to the severing of the union by the Storting's manifesto of June 6, 1905. One thing, however, is quite certain. While, from the outset, the King and the Riksdag, with every intention of being fair to Norway, were working for the maintenance of the union, the Storting was really using the consulate question as the best expedient at hand for dissolving it. Herr Raeder, himself a Norwegian, aptly says:

"No sensible man could very well deny that politics lay at the bottom of the whole consulate squabble, inasmuch as the economical reasons alleged for a complete separation . . . were so inadequate that they could not possibly be impressed upon the understanding of the masses except by persistent agitation."

Finally, the Storting, in direct contravention of the Act of the Union, which enjoins that all matters concerning both kingdoms shall be discussed in a composite Council of State, passed in 1892 a resolution abolishing the common consular system without consulting the Swedish Council of State at all; whereupon the King exercised his constitutional prerogative and interposed his veto. The Riksdag, while supporting the King on purely unional grounds, expressed its willingness to reconsider the whole question of the Foreign Office and diplomacy of the united kingdoms, including the consular question; and on June 5, 1895, Norway consented to negotiate with Sweden on the subject. The result was the formation of a union commission to examine and report upon all the points in dispute. The report of this committee was read in the composite Council of State on October 21, 1898. The Norwegian Government had previously declared that a prolongation of the negotiations would be useless unless they were continued on the lines of a separate Foreign Office for each kingdom; to which the Swedish Council of State objected that separate organs for each king-

dom in the department of foreign affairs involved a principle erroneous in theory and unworkable in practice. At the same time it expressed its readiness to resume the negotiations on the basis of a continuance of a common Foreign Office and consular system. To this the Norwegians would not agree; and the commission was therefore dissolved.

On January 21, 1902, at the suggestion of the Swedish Minister of Foreign Affairs, Lagerheim, a second union commission was formed, to consider the advisability of a separate consular system for each of the united kingdoms, with the retention of a common diplomatic representation. The negotiations were conducted at Stockholm from October, 1902, to January, 1903, and were continued at Christiania during February and March, 1903. In their anxiety to meet the wishes of the Norwegians, the Swedish commissioners advised a composition on the following basis: (1) separate consular systems for Sweden and Norway, the consuls for each kingdom to be under the jurisdiction of the authorities appointed by the home government in each case; (2) the relations of the separate consuls to the Minister of Foreign Affairs to be regulated by laws of a like tenour, laws unalterable and unrepealable except with the consent of the authorities of both countries. The Swedish negotiators recognized, at the same time, that the actual position of the Minister of Foreign Affairs did not correspond with Norway's just claims to equality with the union; and they expressed the wish to take this question also into consideration. But the Norwegians declined further negotiations; and the commission finally came to the conclusion that the views of the two countries were so divergent that, for the present, an agreement was unattainable. Thus this second commission also proved abortive.

In the light of subsequent events it seems pretty clear that the Norwegian Government had by this time arrived at the conclusion that the whole was better than a part; in other words, that the dissolution of the union by a bold coup d'etat would be more profitable, and perhaps more dignified, than negotiations resulting, at the best, in concessions of a more or less conditional character on the part of Sweden. Anyhow, the subsequent policy of the Storting is intelligible only on this hypothesis. At the meeting of the Norwegian Council of State on April 5, 1905, the Ministry presented the Storting's resolution for the erection of a separate consular service for Norway for the approval of the

Crown; and the Prince Regent promptly vetoed it on the ground that the question was a common one, and could therefore only be settled constitutionally by an agreement with the confederated state of Sweden. On May 27, when King Oscar had resumed power, the Norwegian Government presented their resolution anew; and again it was vetoed, for the same reason as before. The Norwegian Ministry thereupon tendered their resignation. The King refused to accept it on the ground that no other government could be formed.

The crisis had now become acute. The Norwegians themselves put an end to it by an act which can only be described as revolutionary. On June 6 the Storting, unanimously and without debate, resolved, on the motion of its president, that, inasmuch as the ministry had resigned and his Majesty had declared himself unable to provide the country with an administration, therefore the constitutional monarchy had ceased to exercise its functions. The Storting thereupon empowered the retiring ministry to exercise provisionally the authority heretofore delegated to the King, and declared the union with Sweden to be dissolved, because the King had ceased to act as King of Norway. The Storting at the same time unanimously adopted an address to the King informing him of what had been done and inviting him to co-operate with them in forming a settled government by permitting a prince of his royal house to sit upon the Norwegian throne. The absurdity of inviting a monarch whom they had just dethroned to assist them to repeal the established constitutional order of succession which he had solemnly sworn to uphold, does not appear to have occurred to the Norwegians; but their subsequent acts demonstrated that the breach was meant to be final. The unional flag was hauled down, and a national flag, minus the emblem of the union, was hoisted in its place; the names of the King and the members of the royal family were expunged from the prayer books; and a Minister of Foreign Affairs for Norway was appointed.

The reply of the King to the manifesto and address of the Storting was dignified and emphatic. He reminded the Norwegians that a union voluntarily entered into by the representatives of both nations could not be dissolved by one of them without the consent of the other. Not till the Riksdag had pronounced its opinion and sanctioned the separation could the union be regarded as repealed. In his reply of June 10 to the president

of the Storting, he expressed his views still more explicitly, and justified his veto of the consular-service bill for Norway. In this document he demonstrated that, according to the Norwegian constitution, the right of the King of Norway to refuse his sanction to any bill of a single Storting, if he considered the welfare of the realm to demand it, was absolute. To this rule there was no exception, however many times the Storting might present its bill for the royal sanction. According to Section 79 of the same constitution, indeed, there was only one case in which a bill of the Storting might become law in Norway, even without the royal sanction; and that was the case of a bill which had been adopted, in its original form, by three successive Stortings, and was then presented for the royal sanction, and presented in vain. This unique case had not occurred. He pointed out, moreover, that it was not only his right but his duty, as unional King, to refuse his sanction to any measure adopted by one member, but concerning both members, of the union, as in the present instance, without the consent of the other party to the existing contract. He had always endeavored, he added, to give Norway her proper place within the union; but his duty toward the union had compelled him, in this instance, to act even in opposition to the Norwegian people. He had had to choose between breaking his oath as a constitutional sovereign and risking a breach with his Norwegian councillors; and his decision could not, for one instant, be doubtful.

From the strictly unional standpoint these arguments appear to be absolutely unanswerable. Certainly the Storting made no attempt to answer them from the constitutional point of view. On the other hand, from the purely Norwegian standpoint, it is obvious that the Storting had the right to demand an administration from the King; and he had declared his inability, in the circumstances, to give them one. If Sweden and the union could have been eliminated from the controversy, Oscar II. would certainly have been placed in an awkward dilemma; the Storting would have gained at least a technical victory. But Sweden and the union could not be so eliminated. Admitting to the full the force and justice of all Norway's pretensions, admitting that an absolute royal veto was "incompatible with anything that goes by the name of national independence and constitutional autonomy," as the leading Norwegian newspapers not unfairly argue, Norway was,

nevertheless, as much bound by the Act of Union as Sweden was, and had no right to dissolve it of her own accord. In fine, the whole affair amounts to this: the young, expansive Norwegian democracy was cramped by the restrictions of a monarchical union; and the time had come for her to burst her bonds and go her own way.

But the separation need not have been a rupture. Had the Norwegians declared straight out that the union had become inconvenient and oppressive, had they loyally invited the Swedes to co-operate with them in dissolving it amicably, there is no reason to suppose that they would have encountered any serious opposition from the sister state. Coercion on the part of Sweden is inconceivable. It is true that both by land and sea the forces of Sweden are vastly superior to those of Norway. Her eleven first-class warships would find little difficulty in blockading the four first-class

Norwegian warships in their own ports; nor could her army, if she were in earnest, be prevented for long from occupying the Norwegian capital, though, no doubt, the Norwegians would give a good account of themselves. But the occupation of Christiania would by no means be equivalent to the conquest of Norway, to say nothing of the intense national feeling which any warlike operations on the part of Sweden would provoke. The extraordinary Riksdag which assembled at Stockholm on June 20, and is now engaged in negotiating the terms of a separation with the Storting, has therefore wisely decided that anything like coercion is out of the question; and, though the debates may be heated (for the amour propre of Sweden has been deeply wounded), and substantial guarantees, safeguarding Sweden in the future, have rightly been demanded, there is no reason to anticipate any collision between the two countries.

---

## IN A COPY OF "IONICA."

---

William Cory, died June 11, 1892.

By C. R. S.

(From the Academy.)

Here, in these verses of a scholar's ease,  
We may win sunshine from St. Martin's summer,  
And with deep honor hail the latest  
comer

From that lost garden of the Hesperides.

Beauty and grace strewed flowers on the  
way;

Beauty and boyhood garlanded with  
sorrow,

These were the dreams of him who  
feared to-morrow

Because it might not bring back yesterday.

The sunset memories for which he prayed  
Have brought their after-glow; no  
frost can harden

The soil which he has tended; in his  
garden

The three white lilies grow and will not  
fade.

Let others do what he could only sing.

He hailed the younger heroes newly  
risen,

As sings the blithe canary in its prison  
Because it knows that somewhere it is  
spring.

So may our opening eyes shine year by  
year

"In deeper dream with wider range"  
hereafter;

And when we catch "the ring of boyish  
laughter"

May we remember him. "He is not here."



## Druella's Banburys.\*

By BERTRAND W. BABCOCK,

### PART ONE.



ADAME is served," said the flunkey.

With an expression born not of union between appetite and appetizing food J. T. Hobart, Esq., seated himself opposite Mrs. Jefferson Tilden Hobart. The table—Flemish oak—with its accentuating points of glass and lace pleased Mrs. Hobart. Her smile solicited approval. But Hobart looked beyond.

A serving man set a plate of soup before him. He viewed it in reflection, pushed it two inches away, then drew it slowly toward him.

"Yes, I'll take the soup," he said.

The musing quality of his voice surprised Mrs. Hobart.

"Why should you deliberate about such a simple matter?" she asked.

"I shall tell you a little later on——" His tone was pleasant, yet it bore a germ of determination—"after I have seen your other courses."

An entree and a pate de Richmond were brought in individual service to Hobart, who sat with jaws rigidly closed against whatever temptation might mount to his nostrils, until the man had gone. Then he pushed the food from him.

Unable to account for this deviation from the normal, his wife watched him anxiously.

"It is evident that you do not care for my luncheon," she said.

Hobart shook his head.

"You might have complimented me upon the appearance of the table."

"My dear girl—that is not the question. I have come to a decision and now is the time for me to make it known. Our entire future happiness is at stake."

"Your words are very vague"—Mrs.

Hobart was troubled—"and all I can understand is that you do not like my luncheon. I assure you I spent an anxious hour with the chef trying to find out what would please you."

"That's just it."

"What's just it?"

"Alice, I am not used to this cookery. I do not care for highly seasoned dishes. I never ate them at home and I have avoided them during the five years that I have been in New York."

"Then it's merely a question of your stomach. I thought you said that our entire future happiness was at stake." There was a slight scorn in her enunciation.

Her husband made a deprecatory gesture.

"I assure you, Alice, I have no desire to hurt you, but let us consider the matter in its broader aspect"—he met her smile—"yes, its broader aspect. You and I are living beyond our means."

She shrugged her shoulders.

"You know it costs money to keep house in New York," she said.

"But six servants for two people! In my opinion one is enough for a young lawyer's wife."

"I have been accustomed all my life to such things, you know, if you have not."

"Then you must disaccustom yourself. It is quite true that your father gave us this house, and equally true that he is a director in most of this town's corporations, but—I say this most kindly—that does not give us the right to live up to every cent I am able to rake together."

Apparently such reasoning had not been met by the young woman in her mental wanderings. Its force was lost upon her. Surprise, a certain anger, and a

\* Copyrighted, 1905, by Bertrand W. Babcock.

citizen-of-another-world contempt painted their marks in her features.

"But I have a certain social position to maintain," she protested.

"Your only position logically is that of the wife of a young lawyer who hopes to be better known twenty years hence." He was firm, without a trace of resentment.

"But if I were to discharge my servants, what would my mother think—my friends, all New York—that is, our set?"

"Alice, those are not the real considerations of life. It's a question of simple right living and one that you and I must decide at the start. We have been married a year now. I didn't say anything to you before because I didn't want our first days in our first real home to be spoiled. But I never thought that you would hire six servants. My law practice doesn't warrant it."

Mrs. Hobart continued in her dissent:

"At least you will admit that as my father's daughter I have a certain social position that I must keep up?"

Hobart struck the table in a gesture that at court had made the older judges smile.

"My dear woman, be reasonable," he said. "Your position as your father's daughter does not depend upon spending money or the way in which we live."

Mrs. Hobart in turn grew earnest.

"What would my father say if he knew that you didn't want to give me the things that I've had all my life? Answer me that."

Hobart laughed.

"What did your father say when you, unknown to me, asked him for a country place?"

Mrs. Hobart accepted the gage.

"He said that you ought to earn me one."

Her unfairness angered Hobart.

"He said nothing of the kind. He said, as he himself told me: 'Alice, you two are young people. Young people should live simply. I have already given you one house. You have no rent to pay. Economize in your household expenses and save enough to buy one.'"

Thus far Hobart had spoken the literal truth, but he thought the situation war-

ranted a few words which the magnate had not said.

"Yes," he concluded, "your father said, 'You might discharge a few of your servants and tell Alice not to hire a chef.'"

Mrs. Hobart half got to her feet.

"Well, anyway, I'm sick of the whole question," she announced with finality.

"Why of course you are. You've never considered it in your whole life. You've never wished to live simply."

He tried not to be unjust, but he could not restrain his anger. Then his wife shifted her ground and sent for reserves. With a rush they stood aggressively upon her eyelids, ready to charge down the slopes of complexion.

"You know—when we were married—I was quite ready to go with you to a cottage"—she countered his derisive smile—"well, anyway—to—a—flat." Her voice was tremulous.

"But you took good care that you didn't go to any cottage. You had an apartment where they served the meals and made me pay \$43 a week for the whole business."

"Little enough for our money. Three little alcoves they called rooms—"

Hobart leaned forward.

"From this time on," he announced, "there's going to be a change. I assume the entire direction of affairs. We shall live more simply."

His eyes were overpowering in the influence they radiated. For a moment the woman acknowledged her master. Her head bent. She did not reply.

Seeing this his bearing lost something of its absolutism.

"Now I'll tell you of a young couple who do things just about as they should be done," he said more easily, with more considerate human feeling.

"Who are these paragons of economic virtue?" She had caught the phrase from one of his political speeches.

"Druella Bogue and her husband."

In an instant the attitude of Mrs. Hobart changed. From mere ill-nature she passed to incipient jealousy. Her eyes sparkled while she watched her husband's face intently.

"Oh, that actress creature!" she snapped.

"Druella Bogue is not an actress now," continued Hobart, ignorant of the effect of his words. "She lives very quietly with her husband in a little Jersey town."

"She was an actress, though. Why, she traveled all over the country entirely without a chaperon."

The lawyer mounted the ramparts.

"Let me tell you," he said, "that Druella Ellis was an artist and that there was never the slightest breath—"

"Oh, I suppose that was because she hailed from your native village of Graytown."

The lawyer's bucolic pride arose.

"Graytown is not a village, but a small city."

"It is a pity you didn't marry her."

Hobart did not notice his wife's interjection of a new element, but continued:

"Now they live out there in Jersey in a little house. Druella does all her own work. And she cooks such wonderful things. Why she makes a sort of little pie, wrapped up and turned over in its own crust, filled with citron, raisins, and I don't know what—"

"Shall I have cook try to make some?"

Hobart shrugged his shoulders.

"Psh! Now those people are perfectly happy. They don't have to live as modestly as they do. Bogue's landscapes are quite a fad now. He earns more than I do. But they prefer it. Now, that's the way to be happy."

With these words Hobart struck his wife a figurative blow. She was again jealously suspicious.

"How does it come," she asked coldly, "that you've been seeing so much of the Bogues lately?"

Within his own mind Hobart resented the suggestion that emanated from her whole personality.

Calmly and precisely he answered her:

"I told you very recently that I was settling up the Hamilton estate in Westfield and that occasionally I had meals at the Bogues' house."

"You told me—nothing—of the kind." Each phrase was a separate vocal jab.

"I told you distinctly, but you with your maid—another fool extravagance—were too busy examining lace to hear me. However, that's all I have to say on that

subject." He arose. "I won't be home to-night for dinner."

"Going over to Jersey?"

"Yes."

"To settle up the Hamilton estate?" This with a sneer.

"Yes, to settle up the Hamilton estate"—with emphasis.

Mrs. Hobart took a deep breath. She grew pale, while her knees trembled. She, too, was standing.

"And incidentally to see Druella, and eat some of her dainty cooking?"

Still Hobart kept some self-control.

"If the Bogues—if Mr. and Mrs. Bogue—are so kind as to ask me to a meal at their home I certainly shall accept."

Almost in hysteria Mrs. Alice Richmond Hobart—as now she mentally wrote herself—rage, anger, jealousy, alarm radiating from her face as heat from the sun, glared at her husband.

"Papa told me just how it would be," she sobbed. "You—you—brute! You married me for my money. I married you, a gawky—tasteless countryman; I married beneath me and my parents didn't want me to."

"Whose money runs this house?" he demanded.

"Whose money bought this house?" she returned.

"Whose money runs this house? Answer."

"Yours—ours."

"Did I get any money for marrying you?"

"Some day papa will die and"—

"Did I get any money for marrying you?"

"N—o."

"If I had I'd have earned it."

His wife continued tremulously:

"You want me to live like a beggar and now you go chasing after an actress."

Sorry for his wife, rather than regretting his own attitude, Hobart tried to caress her. She flung off his arm with a violent movement. As he stepped back quickly a button of his whisking coat caught in the mesh of a lace table square. To the floor rolled cut glass, china, and flower decorations. He caught at the dangling lace and linen. It held

to his button, making a flood gate for restrained temper.

His free hand swept the table clear of its remaining orphaned china.

He raised his voice high above the crash of china and the sharper noise of glass.

"Damn!" he shouted, then stopped short in provincial dismay, while his wife stood astounded at this intrusion of a word she had never heard from him.

"Yes, DAMN!"—he had conquered restraint—it was a bolder "damn" than the other—"damn, damn, damn; you're wallowing in materialism!"

Setting a heavy sole upon a Limoges cup before him he ran down the stairway to the street door.

## II.

Druella descended the broad, single-landing stairway of the Queen Anne cottage. Some remnant of her stage self vision told her better than any reflecting medium of the quality of her appearance. Almost unconsciously she paused on the third step from the bottom that the probable audience of one might fully digest the trim figure in simple purple frock, overset by a lacy white apron covering skirt and bodice, with the coquettish cap of stiff whiteness crowning, as with a badge of honorable service, masses of fair hair.

But the audience of one in the alcoved workroom off the reception-hallway, after one glance, bent itself more resolutely over its easel.

Druella waited a moment, then a demure cough indicated her desire for applause. Still the audience refused to interrupt itself.

"You might at least look," said Druella, her rich inflection sketching humor and pretended petulance.

"I did look," said the audience.

"You might look again."

"I dare not."

"Why dare you not?"—taunting, tantalizing, inviting.

The audience nearly peeped.

"Because I should do no further work—because I should gaze, and gaze, and gaze upon a picture far lovelier than my brush, though wet with the pigment of

genius—which it isn't—could possibly imagine."

"Oh!" said Druella, her face showing pleasure, but her tone conveying reproof, "you play your part straight. You have no conception of the subtle value of oblique effects."

"You have defined coquetry," said her husband.

"Maybe. But now you may come and admire."

Instantly Bogue was upon his feet, through the door and close to the posturing Druella. She put his arms from about her.

"You do things so directly," she pouted. "You should stand off at a distance quite respectfully and admire. See?" She circled about that her attire might work its complete spell. Then noting mystification—half comprehension—in his face she completed her circle by drooping into his velvet encased arms.

"Little woman," said Bogue, "your light, dainty spirit—how do I hold you to me—how long?"

"You don't hold me."

"What!" in alarm.

"No."

"You are held—you admit?"

"Yes, I'm held."

"Well, what holds you?"

Druella dodged from his arms—they were at the foot of the stairway now—took a few characterizing steps and sang in ragtime:

"Honey, Ah's held

'Caus Ah's got a feelin'."

The words were dialect, yet the voice was vibrant with feeling. The husband stood rooted in wonder. Then he went toward her steadily. Druella eluded him, passing below his outstretched arm.

"Druella you're the most—"

"Can I never make of you anything more than a leading—" She paused in mockery.

"A leading—" his words came quickly.

"Juvenile, juvenile, juvenile."

"Ah, but the meaning in your voice!"

"Ah's got no feelin' for you now, suah." Her tone changed into a suggested earnestness. "Now back to your work. You are neglecting it. I must get dinner."

"Let me help you."

"Have you finished sketching in those trees?"

"No, but——"

"Then do so at once. You are very remiss."

"It was at your invitation I came."

Druella laughed.

"Say rather the invitation within yourself," she said, her smile making her words elude their meaning.

Protesting and hampering her words by constantly attempted but abortive caresses, he was led back into his work-room, seated upon the stool and his palette thrust over his little finger.

"Now then," said Druella severely, "if you will stay home from your New York studio under the promise of work, I'll see that you obtain no more valuable concessions"—she tapped her lips—"under false pretenses."

Bogue took up a brush to be rewarded with a swift kiss. He half arose to follow her, but the vision in lace and purple held up a warning finger.

"Exit Druella R. 3 E., while villain left alone works feverishly," she chanted, and was gone.

Bogue stared ahead of him, then with a sigh that did not signify unhappiness, he began anew upon the embryo landscape, following Druella's stage direction, "works feverishly." As the light faded and the clear twilight in the wintry horizon called him to the window, the preliminary sketching was done. Softly, upon tiptoe he slipped through the shining little butler's pantry to the kitchen entrance. Without making a sound he looked within.

Druella, her cap set at an angle of anguish, gown and apron spattered, was seated at the kitchen table; ranged about her in an irregular semicircle were most of the food materials and utensils in their establishment. In her left hand she held a large volume labeled "Cooks' Encyclopædia," over which her head bent in concentration. The other hand stirred blindly at a monstrous mass in a yellow bowl. Bogue laughed. The book slipped to the floor. Druella shot up her head incisively.

"You hypocrite!—you hypocrite!" he thundered in merriment.

"I wouldn't try high comedy if I were you," she said frigidly. "It's not your forte."

"No wonder you didn't want me in the kitchen, and you led me to believe that you cooked all those things out of your own knowledge."

"So I did—the most of them."

"Oh, ho!"

"Really, Cube, dear, you make too much of a little thing. Every good cook occasionally forgets the proportions."

"Indeed?"

"And I can prove to you that I'm not looking up anything new, because I'm making Banburys."

"Very good," said Bogue relenting, "I'll help you."

Swathed in an apron that Druella tied about him he was set to stir the contents of the yellow bowl while Druella prepared the flaky crust. As the critical moment for inserting the filling into the bags of dough approached, Druella glancing into the yellow bowl, gave an exclamation of annoyance:

"Oh, dear, I've forgotten the lemon peel."

Tragedy spoke in her tones and mobile features for a space. Then she began to regard her husband in the light of a new asset.

"Cube, dear, take off that apron, and run out to the grocer's quick and get me"—she noted the shade looming across Bogue's face—"get us three lemons."

The "get us" conquered. Almost gladly Bogue trotted the half mile, to the nearest grocer's and then the longer distance back again. Before his house a miserable figure skulked. It was Hobart, still feeling the pangs of his quarrel with his wife, desiring to go in and dine with the Bagues, yet hesitating to disobey the commands laid upon him by Mrs. Jefferson Tilden Hobart. Within was his kind of food, within there might also lurk the germs of further marital discipline.

The artist recognized him at once.

"You're just in time," he said, cordially. "Druella's making some Banburys."

"Druella's Banburys" swept from the heart and conscience of the insurgent husband all delaying emotion. Cheerfully he went into the reception hallway with Bogue. Leaving his guest there Bogue



sped into the kitchen, at whose doorway Druella waited impatiently. Snatching the lemons from him, Druella tore away the peel in tiny bits, chopped it in a wooden bowl and then dropped it into the filling. There were a few moments of quick, decisive work and Druella's Banburys were in the oven. Then Bogue told her of Hobart's presence. Druella frowned.

"It's too bad," she said. "Those Banburys are going to be a failure."

Anxious, questioning bites after the baking process was ended confirmed the forecast.

"Cube, dear, you and I can never eat such things as these, and with a guest—"

With the simulation of a bad actor Bogue ate one with gusto, then sat down in a corner with white lips.

"Really, they're not bad," he said. "Put them on the table anyway. He won't know the difference."

The artist's devotion to his wife's kitchen ideals won him "valuable concessions."

At the Bogue's dinner table that evening the whole being of Hobart radiated good nature. The ill temper of the luncheon at his own Murray Hill table gave way before the compelling savor of Druella's dinner, for in spite of the cook book and Bogue's witticisms Druella possessed the resources of a chef of delicate method. To Hobart the food upon which he had been reared, daintily served by Druella, was but the preparation to the meal's climax, Druella's Banburys. Under the stimulus of good food, good spirits, and good appetite he became mildly boastful, for in his heart he was proud of his marriage to a Richmond. His talk abounded in allusion to "my wife's cousin, my wife's father, my wife's uncle."

Bogue and Druella were bored, but they made allowances. As Druella put it to herself: "Poor man, his wife's ugly to him, and he's nearly starved on entrees."

At last Hobart's moment came. Druella's Banburys stood upon the table.

"I'm afraid they're not as good as they might be," said Bogue relating the incident of the cook book.

Druella interrupted him:

"For revenge I shall tell a state secret. You know, Mr. Hobart, how I call him 'Cube'? That's because his initials are H. H. (H3) H., which might be written '(H)3'. This you may know. But you do not know what the final 'H.' stands for!"

"Druella, I beg of you," protested Bogue.

"Hamlet," said Druella—her voice had its dry, rising cadence.

From his devotion to his favorite confection the lawyer was not to be diverted or dissuaded.

"Nonsense," he exclaimed. "These Banburys couldn't be better."

And he proved his words by eating four. Alternately the artist and his wife enjoyed and pitied this praise of a batch of Banburys which their sentiment could not render palatable. So it was in the nature of a joke that Druella proposed to Hobart as he was ready to return to town that he should take with him the Banburys that remained.

"We can make plenty more," she said, "and you may have them gladly."

"May I, indeed? You are more than generous. I tell you I appreciate this"—Druella handed him a parcel—"I'll keep these down in my desk in the office."

The two watched the lawyer selecting his road up the dark Jersey "street," the parcel of Banburys guarded as though its bearer suspected the Jersey loneliness were filled with Banbury assassins.

"What a fool that fellow is," said Bogue.

"Poor fellow," said Druella softly. Then she turned to Bogue—"Poor, poor Cube!"

"Poor Cube?"

Druella's eyes filled with tears, then she laughed gently.

"I was only thinking, dear," she said, "of how unhappy you'd be if you weren't married to me!"

(To be concluded.)

## The Delicate Child.

By HAROLD D. MEEKER, M. D.

The period of childhood is empirically reckoned for purposes of description from the end of the second year to the twelfth or fourteenth year. In order to appreciate under what conditions a child may properly be called delicate it is essential to possess some idea of what constitutes a normally developed child at a given age. It is obviously inappropriate to try to follow in detail the development of the various organs and parts of the body in an article of this nature. Within recent years, however, a vast amount of work has been done in taking measurements of school children of various ages and calculating averages from the large numbers thus observed. The accompanying table represents the result of observations by Bowditch on more than seven thousand children of American parentage in the public schools of Boston.

Age.	Sex.	Weight. Pounds.	Height. Inches.	Chest. Inches.
2 years...	Boys..	26 1-5	32 1-5	19 1-5
2 years...	Girls..	25 1-5	32 1-5	18
3 years...	Boys..	31.2	35	20.1
3 years...	Girls..	30	35	19.8
4 years...	Boys..	35	38	20.7
4 years...	Girls..	34	38	20.5
5 years...	Boys..	41.2	41.7	21.5
5 years...	Girls..	39.8	41.4	21.0
6 years...	Boys..	45.1	44.1	23.2
6 years...	Girls..	43.8	43.6	22.8
7 years...	Boys..	49.5	46.2	23.7
7 years...	Girls..	48.0	45.9	23.3
8 years...	Boys..	54.5	48.2	24.4
8 years...	Girls..	52.9	48.0	23.8
9 years...	Boys..	60	50.1	25.1
9 years...	Girls..	57.5	49.6	24.5
10 years...	Boys..	66.6	52.2	25.8
10 years...	Girls..	64.1	51.8	24.7
11 years...	Boys..	72.4	54.0	26.4
11 years...	Girls..	70.3	53.8	25.8
12 years...	Boys..	79.8	55.8	27.0
12 years...	Girls..	81.4	57.1	26.8
13 years...	Boys..	88.3	58.2	27.7
13 years...	Girls..	81.2	58.7	28.0
14 years...	Boys..	99.3	61.0	28.8
14 years...	Girls..	100.3	60.3	29.2

It will be observed that the two sexes gain in about the same ratio up to the eleventh year; from the eleventh to the thirteenth the girls gain much more rapidly, passing the boys and maintaining the lead up to the fourteenth year,

after which the boys regain the lead and continue to hold it.

While it is true that a delicate child is usually underweight and poorly developed, it does not necessarily follow that all poorly developed and underweight children are delicate. Unfortunately there are many children far below the average in strength and development, who possess marked susceptibility to all sorts of ailments. Such a condition may be predisposed to by hereditary weakness and directly influenced by congenital bodily defects, disease, poor hygiene and improper surroundings.

Heredity plays an important role in determining the growth and development of a child. Although questioned by Weisman, Francis Galton has computed that of the total heritage of the child, each of the two parents contributes one-fourth, each of the grandparents one-sixteenth and the remaining fourth handed down by more remote ancestry. It is a well recognized fact that a child, as an animated mirror, may reflect not only physiological and anatomical resemblances, but tendencies, traits and mannerisms of its parents. Many an unfortunate child has been the victim of senseless punishment, because an unreasoning parent has not taken kindly to a miniature reproduction of his or her own personality. The congenital resemblances anatomical, physiological or psychological may be abnormal in character. Thus certain defects of the eyes, ears, stomach, intestines and other organs present in a parent may assert themselves in the child. Physiological hereditary manifestations may be seen in the tendencies to thinness or obesity, longevity or short life, gout, chronic rheumatism and asthma.

It is a matter of popular knowledge that certain families are much more susceptible than the race in general to acquired pathological conditions such as tuberculosis, pneumonia, scarlet fever, diphtheria and other diseases. In a remarkable proportion of cases of mental and various nervous disturbances there is to be found a history, indicating an im-

perfect organization of the nervous system of the parents. In accordance with the law of the biologists that the characters last to be acquired by an individual are the first to be lost, it is evident that the individual whose full development is arrested is particularly liable to manifest more or less instability of the nervous system.

The start a child has had in its struggle for existence as an infant holds an important place among those conditions which directly influence its subsequent growth and development. Improper food, bad nursing habits, an unhygienic nursery, a mother with a large amount of self-confidence and a decidedly limited amount of gray-matter, proud of her ability to bring up children, a grandmother, perhaps, who has had experience and knows what to do, or a kind neighbor, it may be, who prescribes a course of feeding and presents to the baby a lovely rubber "comforter" to suck on—comforter perhaps for the neighbors, but a decided discomforter for the infant—these are but a few of the obstacles with which the little fellow has to contend in his fight for life during the first few weeks of his existence. Later he falls a victim to various ailments—bronchitis, perhaps diphtheria or whooping cough, rickets or scurvy. After worrying through a siege of summer diarrhoea he enters, if alive, into the period of childhood a pale, feeble, battered little individual, affording a most attractive playground for the hostile bacteria, associated with the acute infectious diseases of childhood. Such a description would illustrate in a measure the manner in which many children become truly delicate.

There is another class of so-called delicate children which may be illustrated. A mother brought her nine-year-old daughter to consult the family physician in regard to certain uncomfortable feelings in her stomach, poor appetite and a very tired feeling in the morning. Careful physical examination failed to show any cause for the discomfort complained of. It was learned that the child arose at 8 or 9 o'clock in the morning, according to how she felt, and breakfasted half an hour later on cereal, if she wished it, coffee, hot rolls and meat or eggs. She had been taken from school because she was not thought strong enough to study. She played around the house in the morning, when she was allowed to nibble cookies, eat bananas and have an occasional cup of tea, because she did not care for milk. Her lunch at half-past twelve consisted mainly of cake and tea,

because the daughter had no appetite for anything else. In the afternoon she had a drive or short walk, the reward for her walk being soda-water and chocolates. Her dinner was at half-past six, for which she had a poor appetite. The child was allowed to remain up until the older members of the family retired, because she was afraid to stay upstairs alone.

The mother justified her indulgences when she said that her daughter had always been delicate and that she was afraid to refuse her anything, for fear of provoking a nervous spell, which would be dangerous on account of the weak condition of the child's heart. In this instance the mother was more delicate in mind than the child was in body. There are many such instances, in which a delicate child becomes synonymous with a spoiled child. It may be that a child has had some severe illness and has received continued indulgence after the return of health as a demonstration of parental affection. This excuse does not justify a condition, which is such a gross injustice to the present and future welfare of the child and which reflects such discredit upon the intelligence of the parents.

There is yet another class of delicate children which deserves consideration, the class with unrecognized physical defects. Not infrequently a mother brings her child to the physician, and in an apologetic sort of way declares that she is tired of trying to make a manly boy of her son. Despite her best efforts, he will not play around with the boys and does not care for outdoor games, but merely wishes to lie around the house and do nothing. Such a mother is usually a strong, energetic woman, who has great ambitions for her son and considers it somewhat of a disgrace not to have strong children. She wants her boy to become a leader, a hustler. She may hint at some paternal trait to explain the listlessness of the child. After exhausting her resources, the doctor is consulted, it having occurred to her that possibly there may be something wrong with the child.

It must needs be a great shock to such a mother to learn that her child is afflicted with a grave form of heart disease or is suffering from tuberculosis of the spine, hip or knee, or some other serious ailment. Fainting attacks may be ascribed by the parents to over-eating, catching cold or fright. The backache, the stiff neck and the pain in the hip or knee are often considered rheumatic. Some sort of liniment is used according

to the label on the bottle and the child is told to run out and play and get the blood circulating.

To offset the influences of certain hereditary tendencies is, indeed, a difficult, often an impossible, task. Many anatomical and physiological defects may be remedied, but to modify the mental and nervous tendencies or to combat susceptibilities dependent upon hereditary tendencies requires the most earnest co-operation on the part of the parents with a physician. To be even partly successful oftentimes necessitates more attention on the part of the physician to the parents than to the child. The parents must be educated to appreciate that their child has inherited various susceptibilities, which will require special training and education to offset.

It is impossible in many cases to procure the best surroundings for a child, but it is of value to know what they should be. The nursery should be high and well ventilated and have a sunny exposure. The window should be high enough from the floor to prevent the children from pressing their faces against the glass to look out and thus catching cold from the currents of air penetrating the window casings. Gas should never be allowed to burn all night in the room. An open grate fire is best for heating purposes, hot air next best, a steam radiator bad and a gas stove far worse. Most nurseries are overheated. A thermometer should be in the room and the temperature kept between 68 degrees and 72 degrees Fahrenheit during the day. A hardwood floor without a slippery polish is best, with smooth carpet rugs which can be easily cleaned. Although nowadays there is less danger from arsenic poisoning from wallpapers, a painted room is better, as the walls may be readily washed.

A child should be brought up to sleep alone. A rocking cradle is an unnecessary and harmful piece of furniture. An iron crib with high sides is best. The hangings and unnecessary curtains with which the mother is usually so desirous of draping the bed should be dispensed with. It is to be remembered that a child puts everything it gets hold of into its mouth. Therefore it should not have toys with colors that can be soaked off. The average infant should be bathed once a day with warm water at a temperature of 98 degrees Fahrenheit. The bath should be short and the child quickly dried. As the child gets older the temperature should be gradually decreased until at the end of the first year it is 90 degrees Fahrenheit. Older chil-

dren may be sponged at the close of the bath with water at a temperature of 68 to 70 degrees.

The clothing of a child should be light, warm and loose enough to allow perfect freedom of motion of the legs, arms, respiratory and abdominal muscles. In summer great care should be taken to meet changes in the temperature with changes in the wraps. There is a strong tendency to dress small children too warmly. Examination as to the warmth of the feet is important; if they are cold more clothes should be put on and a hot water bag put in the crib if necessary. The notion that a child must wear a certain number of clothes during a certain season and that the heavy shirt should not be replaced by a lighter one before a certain day in May is productive of much harm. The "cuteness" of the children running around with bare legs is certainly offset by the ill effects observed, especially in a climate as changeable as that of New York.

A child's training in proper habits of sleep should be begun in early infancy. A healthy infant during the first six months will sleep sixteen to eighteen hours a day. At one year an infant should sleep two to three hours during the day and eleven or twelve at night. At two years a nap of one or two hours during the day and eleven or twelve hours at night is the proper amount. The daily nap should be kept up for the first four years with as much regularity as possible. At four years eleven to twelve hours of sleep are required. The minimum hours of sleep from six to ten years should be ten to eleven hours, while from ten to sixteen years nine hours are required.

The baby gets its exercise by crying, kicking its legs and throwing its arms around. It is a good plan to place a baby every day in the center of a large bed in a warm room and let him kick around, unhampered with dresses. Infants who are able to walk usually get enough exercise, unless they are restrained. In older children all forms of outdoor exercises should be encouraged. A wise parent shows approval by displaying an interest in the outdoor games of the children and by providing increased facilities for play. The games and exercises of the sexes require no distinction up to the eleventh year. When a child is delicate, exercise is an essential which demands careful regulation. It should always be moderate, allowing a point of muscular fatigue to be reached, but never exhaustion. The spe-

cific needs of an individual child may be met by special exercises regulated by the physician.

All but the earliest years of childhood are now regularly occupied in attendance upon schools. However important education may be, it should never be sought at the expense of the child's health. Fortunately the tendencies of the times are to construct schoolrooms so as to give proper light, heat and ventilation. The results of investigations as to the immediate effects of the hours of study and confinement upon the nervous system of the child go to show that our school sessions are too long, that application to individual subjects are too long and that the periods of relaxation are too infrequent. No one system is good for all children. Each child should be gauged for itself and not forced into any general system. Many a child suffers from impaired health as a result of overtaxation of the actively growing brain by too much stimulation; he is dosed with tonics when rest from school is all that is required. In most instances no time is lost in sending children to school at a somewhat later age than is usually supposed to be necessary. Parents should keep rigid supervision over their children, noting from their behavior whether they are mentally tired at the close of the daily session.

The custom of dosing children with various so-called home remedies is productive of much harm. No child should ever receive a dose of medicine without a clear and definite indication, and the average parent is by no means qualified to decide. The tendency of children to recovery from minor ailments is striking, if Nature is allowed to assume charge of the case. It is difficult to overcome the parental prejudices that every symptom in a child calls for some specific remedy, while the importance of hygienic surroundings, good nursing and proper feeding is greatly underestimated.

Errors of diet furnish a starting point for many disorders of childhood. Up to the seventh year the food should be very finely divided because mastication during those years is exceedingly imperfect. From the third to the sixth year four meals should be given daily,—for example, at 7.30 and 11 a. m., and 1.30 and 6 p. m. After the sixth year three meals are sufficient. If a child shows a disinclination to eat, food should never be forced upon him. If food is habitually refused at meal time, nothing should be allowed between meals, and under no consideration should a child be tempted with indigestible sweetmeats, when ordinary food is refused.

Children under six years of age should not be allowed the following articles:

**MEAT**—Pork, sausage, ham, corned beef and liver and bacon.

**VEGETABLES**—Onions, raw celery, radishes, lettuce, cucumbers, beets, egg-plant and potatoes (except baked or boiled).

**BREAD**—Hot bread, muffins, griddle cakes.

**CAKE**—All rich cakes, especially fruit cake.

**DESSERTS**—Pastry of all kinds, preserves, candies and nuts.

**FRUITS**—Bananas, all preserved and dried fruits.

**DRINKS**—Tea, coffee, cider and all alcoholic beverages.

It may be of advantage to remember that childhood of itself predisposes to certain diseases, and that a delicate child is handicapped by an increased susceptibility. Hereditary weaknesses predispose to a delicate organism, physical or mental, and the organism is directly influenced by the start in life during the period of infancy and by disease, environment, hygiene and food.





## The Editor's Miscellany.

**I**N its new typographical dress The Eclectic Magazine will continue to cherish jealously its ideal of more than sixty years, that of giving to its readers in the course of each year a catholic collection of the literature of the world. Unsafe as are epigrams generally in point of truth, it does seem that the only conservatism lies in progress. Sir Walter Scott, in his introductory chapter to "Waverley," in which he debates with his readers the reasons why he gave to his story the supplemental title, "Sixty Years Since," has his own illustration of the change in men and manners wrought by sixty years. "The proud peer," he declares, "who can now only ruin his neighbor according to law, by protracted suits, is the genuine descendant of the baron who wrapped the castle of his competitor in flames and knocked him on the head as he endeavored to escape from the conflagration." As men progress and manners also, so do the form and dress of their literature. As one slight instance, the reader of The Eclectic Magazine now and then used to find his monthly copy provided with a steel engraving as a frontispiece, while in the present number he meets with a half-tone portrait.

\* \* \*

In winning the praise of President Roosevelt for his volume of verse, Edwin Arlington Robinson has stirred up among the critics of this country the sort of debate which in Great Britain was wont to follow Mr. Gladstone's approval of a literary production which met the canons of his taste. If an author writes because of inborn pressure (call it by a number of names), he may long to satisfy the most expert critical minds to be found among literary men. If a writer deliberately works that he may obtain the largest attention among readers, he may prefer the indorsement of public men, whose word may be trusted to instruct delegations of American read-

ers to declare their approval also. Perhaps the author's mainsprings of action are neither flesh nor fowl exclusively.

\* \* \*

The "Academy," speaking in its London atmosphere, pronounces that the "Hecla Sandwich" of Edward U. Valentine "is written in the American language. The author talks of an 'inebriating voice,' of a courtship being 'generally acceded.' His spelling is American, of course, and he often says things in the fresh American way. 'Nature had presented her with a tear-bottle for a heart, and she had removed the stopper,' he tells you of a lady who cries in and out of season. But the interest and value of the book do not depend on a few pithy sayings. It presents a leisurely and very charming picture of a Quaker settlement in Pennsylvania in 1856: a settlement of prosperous ironfounders and their workpeople. The great Hecla furnace that has brought fortune to the Sandwiths glows in the background of this, their family history; and we are as much concerned for its continued success as for the happy ending of Hecla Sandwith's love-story. Both Hecla and her step-sister Harmony are drawn with delicate precision, and leave that impression of high purity and conscientiousness which we are used to associate with the old Quaker ideals. Hetty Waln, with her sharp tongue and her mania for house-cleaning, stands in amusing contrast to the poetic figures of her cousins; but we think that a woman of Hecla's dignity and refinement would have known how to stop Hetty's prying and impertinent interference with her private business. Indeed, we had always supposed that the Quaker upbringing imposed a decorous reticence of speech and thought; and it was with a sense of shock that we followed these Quakers in their unashamed discussion of their neighbors' love-affairs. It is possible, however, that the author is true to life, and the gossips of an American Quaker settlement may marry and give in marriage as brazenly and inconsiderately as he says they do. The hero, Richard Hallett, is an Englishman, and he boarded with a lady who talked of Shakespeare as the Bird of Avon."